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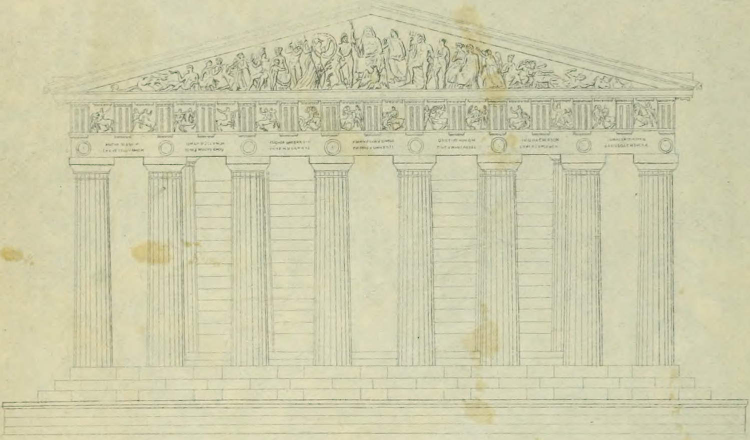

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J. R. WALTER,
H. G. TALCOTT,
W. T. CARTER,
EDITORS.

WINONA.

Ye noble monarchs of the wild,
  Of valiant heart and true;
Of strength as of the aged oaks,
  Which long have sheltered you;

Of lofty mien and native grace,
  And spirit free as air,
I love your praises to recite,
  And sing your honor fair!

Like eagle, on the sun's bright orb
  Unmoved your eye would gaze;
Unswerving as the arrow's flight
  You trod the forest maze.

In battle strong, in council wise,
  And mighty in the chase,
In love as true as your tried spears;—
  Ye die a noble race.

The rivers of your fatherland
  Have felt the light canoe;
And often 'mid the war-whoop's peal
  Your shafts of battle flew.

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Wide o'er the prairies of the West
  Ye chased the buffalo,
And blushing forests saw your fires,
  In ages long ago.

But Time with dusky wings has flown
  Across the redman's way;
Has clouded all his brightest hopes,
  And left no cheering ray.

The forest falls beneath the stroke
  That sounds her children's knell,
And furnace fires and anvil blows
  Disturb the silent dell.

The rivers, once so free and gay,
  Obey the white man's will;
And patient bear the laden keel,
  Or turn the busy mill.

Now stately buildings proudly raise
  Their beauty towards the sky,
Where once the peaceful wigwam stood
  With brooklet babbling by.

How sadly, toward the western wave
  The Indian wends his way!
And dazzling in the pappoose' face
  The evening sunbeams play.

Before, the chieftain gloomy sees
  Pacific's crested wave;
Behind, the tide of progress rolls
  Which sweeps him to his grave.

They perish; but they leave behind
  Memorials to abide,—
The hallowed ashes of their sires,
  The legends of their pride.

But, though the Indian star has set,
  Its beams they linger still;
They pierce the white man's bosom warm,
  His heart they radiant fill.

O'er every deer-glade, every hill
  And every limpid stream,
There hangs some story wild of war,
  Or tale of "love's young dream."

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Our Minnesota her wild pride
  In many a word proclaims;
And laughing waters down her hills
  Go singing their sweet names.

The forest whispers tales of peace,
  The beachlet tells the wave;
And hill-sides sing in louder notes
  The stories of the brave.

Pause traveller by Lake Pepin's side
  And hear the Grand Rock tell
Of lovely maid's devotion true
  That only loved too well.

A chieftain had an only child,
  A maiden, o'er whose head
Had seventeen bright summer suns
  A wealth of beauty shed.

Full many a brave Winona's heart
  Had sought, but sought in vain;
She rather chose that her young life
  Should free and gay remain.

Until her father harsh and stern
  By selfish motives led,
A warrior chieftain of his tribe
  Commanded her to wed.

And fruitless were the maiden's tears
  Though copious were they shed;
"Than wed the man she did not love"
  'Twere better far be dead.

A few long days passed slowly by,
  When came a stranger there;
On mission from a neighboring tribe,
  A treaty to prepare.

Tall was his form, his manly breast
  With proud emotions swelled,
And in his dark and flashing eye
  A stream of passion welled.

Winona felt a sudden thrill
  She ne'er had felt before,
When, welcoming her father's guest,
  She met him at the wigwam door.

His eye returned her magic glance,
And sweet her welcome fell
Upon his eager thirsting ear
As sound of silver bell.

The pleasant days flew gaily on
And oft they might be seen
To sit beside some rippling rill,
Upon the moss-bank green.

Or wandering in the forest glade,
To pluck the wild flowers bright,
While in the branches overhead
The little birds sang light;

Or in the birch canoe to glide
Across the lake's expanse,
Where not a charm was wanting there
To youthful hearts entrance.

But soon, too soon, the morning dawned
When home the chief must go;
They parted sadly, and he left
The maid in deepest woe.

She wandered through those happy glades
Which she in joy had passed,
The wild-flowers withered looked, the green
Seemed but a desert waste.

How oft we see all nature smile
When those we love are near,
But gone our friends, and oh, how sad
Once joyous scenes appear.

But now the fatal time drew nigh
Which the old chief had set
For her to wed the man he chose;—
Relentless was he yet.

She clung around her father's knees
While from her eyes the tears
Flowed down in streams of agony,
Her breast heaved with its fears.

But Spartan-like the cruel chief
Unmoved beheld her woe
And bade her rise and dry her tears
And to her wigwam go.

She fled from out his presence dread
  To go, she knew not where;
She came upon the Grand Rock's edge
  And sat down sadly there.

She gazed into the spirit land
  And saw the prospect rare,
She saw the good with garlands crowned,
  And hearts united there.

Then came to her a firm resolve
  That she would never live
To share the fortunes of a man
  To whom she did not give

Her heart, and all the richest things
  A lovely maid can bring
To bless the life and death of him
  To whom her heart cords cling.

But soon an eager band drew nigh,
  In search of her they came,
And then she heard a hated voice
  To loudly call her name.

Then proudly turning to the man,
  Who dared thus claim her hand.
She speaks, and solemn stillness gives
  Respect to her demand:

"See, cruel man, a maiden's woe,
  But see her dawning joy;
She goes to meet her lover where
  No spoiler can destroy."

Lo! on that crag which overhangs
  The river's turbid wave,
Behold upon its quivering edge
  That maiden sad and brave.

She stands as bird with eager wing,
  About to soar on high,
And though destruction seems to yawn,
  She sees it life to die.

The crimson rose blooms on her cheek,
  The glances from her eye,
Are like the rays Aurora shoots
  Across the Northern sky.

Her rounding bosom swells and falls,
  As throbs her bursting heart,
And wild her tresses to the breeze
  In flowing splendor part.

She waves farewell her tiny hand,
  And lingers in the sad endeavor;
But like a snow-flake down the cliff
  Has floated,—and is gone forever.

Father of Waters, roll fore'er
  O'er dark Winona's grave;
Her spirit hovers round the place
  Her body sleeps beneath the wave.

Devotion! ah, thy temple pure
  Is in a woman's heart,
And when the tendrils of her love
  Are fastened, naught can part.

AUTUMN.

As cold November sends her chilly blasts
O'er nature's visage flushed with golden hues,
The verdant fields bedecked with nature's pearls
Send raptured music to my sleeping muse,
And bid me sound a requiem to the passing year,
While nature's bounteous goddess sheds a tear.

Could poets rhyme with loftiest zeal inspired,
Portray such beauty as earth's smiling face,
Or painter's brush adorn in brighter hues,
October's forests dyed with nature's grace,
I'd now invoke all earthly powers combined,
To paint the picture on each placid mind.

But chilly winds come howling o'er the hills,
And winter's frosty steps come following on;
And towering oaks lay bare their stalwart limbs,
And splendor leaves her gorgeous shining throne;
The merry snow birds chant their happy glee,
While their companions to the southward flee.

Ye rustic laborers scarred with honest toil
Who in the scorching noonday sun have stood,
That harvest time with her so bounteous hand

Might crown with plenteous fruits your fortitude,
Join in my song, and make the echo ring
From lofty mountain peak to babbling spring.

The lofty beams are loaded with the fruits
Of springtime's labors and of summer's toils,
And fortune with her ever plenteous hand
Returns with glowing face her welcomed spoils,
While lowing cattle wander o'er the hills,
Through faded rushes and o'er crusted rills.

The tender wheat is gathered in the sheaf,
And yellow pumpkins spot the cornfield o'er;
The rosy apples gathered from the trees,
And golden maize adorn the garret floor,
While all the household gather 'round the hearth
Fill with fantastic joy and lively mirth.

The old grandsire with gray and faded locks,
Repeats the stories of some by-gone day,
When women held the plow to turn the soil,
And laughing girls went forth to turn the hay;
While son and father fought the bloody wars
For *Independence* and the Stripes and Stars.

The noble grandson now his tale relates,
While battling *treason* on a southern plain,
And burning tears run down each ruddy cheek,
Remembering how the patriots true were slain;
While songs of praise are sung by every one,
For battles nobly fought and victory won.

Now from the church-tower piercing high in air,
The tolling bell makes known the midnight hour;
The glowing firebrands smoulder on the hearth,
While each their solemn thankfulness outpour
In meek thanksgiving to th' eternal One,
Who gives to them a fair Autumnal sun.

MEMORY.

Through the medium of the eye and ear, the vast storehouse of the brain is capable of grasping so many and such varied thoughts and scenes. As thought, by these means, is conveyed with the rapidity of lightning to our ever-acting, delicately perceptive minds, so rapidly would they vanish, were it not that an all-seeing, omniscient God had placed over them a keeper. Yes, “Memory is the warder of the brain," as a great poet has truly said. The workings and retentive powers of the mind are truly wonderful. When we consider that within the small compass of our heads there is that which is empowered with the means of reaching forth, grasping and *retaining* thoughts so diversified, knowledge so miscellaneous, we are struck with wonder that it could be so, thankfulness that it is so; and veneration to Him who made it so.

But annul for one moment the functions of memory, and the accumulated thoughts and knowledge of a lifetime would be ejected from our elastic minds. Imagination, with its delicately tufted wings, would soar away to cull rich flowers of beauty from the fields of Fancy, only to be forgotten when we turned our thoughts to other and more commonplace ideas. The mind would be capable of retaining one thought only at any one time, and that but for a moment.—Education would be impossible. The beauties of the classics, the stern, exact sciences could no longer mingle in a mind from which each was alternately rejected. We would live exclusively in the present—the past would be a mere blank. The rich comforts to be derived from past associations would be gone. No longer would "fond memory bring the light of other days around us." The pleasure and usefulness of a knowledge of the past events of our own life; the light of history, the stirring, rending and bloody revolutions of our own and other lands, alike, all would be darkened. No longer could the lives, doings, and words of the great and good be held up to our view for emulation. Gratitude would hold no place in our hearts—because kindness would be forgotten as soon as confessed. Each other's names would be forgotten; intercourse would be almost impossible. The pleasure of ficticious reading would be but momentary. Even God would be forgotten. Wherein would man differ from a brute without this beautiful principle of Memory? All our thoughts, all our acquirements, all our pleasant associations in life, like Saturn's children, would be devoured as soon as born. We all know and have experienced the pleasures of the presence, the usefulness and happiness of the exercise of Memory. How thankful then should we be for it; how much should we try to improve it! As every earthly enjoyment is mixed with sorrow, so Memory in the discharge of its duty has many sad offices to perform. What would the murderer give to forget his past crimes. In hell it is the sad, painful duty of memory to punish its inmates. In the other world, is not the memory of innocence murdered, old age, youth, beauty, alike cruelly treated, taunting Robespierre forever? What would each one of us do to blot from our memory some dark stain?

The wonderful instances of retentive memories on record are truly wonderful—almost passing belief. But, endowed with this principle, men have produced results almost miraculous. Of them, the following are instances: — Seneca is said to have been able to repeat two thousand (2000) verses at once, in their order, and rehearse them backward, without omitting a single syllable. Cyrus is reported to have known each man in his great army by name. Mithridates, ruling over twenty-three (23) nations, speaking different languages, could speak with each in his own language. Cyneus was sent by Pyrrhus on an expedition to the Roman Senate; on the day after his arrival, he knew and saluted by name each of the Senators, and the whole order of the Roman gentry. Euler, a celebrated philosopher and mathematician, could repeat the Æenid from from beginning to end, and indicate to the top and bottom line of each page in the edition he used; although blind, he composed a work on the inequalities of the planetary motions. the calculations, and great mental work in which he did in his capacious mind. by the aid of his memory. Oritus, a Corsican boy, could repeat forty thousand (40,000) words backward and forward, in the same exact order, in which they had been dictated to him by his teacher. Thomas Dick, in his "Future State," speaks of one who could repeat the Old and New Testaments from beginning to end, and could tell the chapter and verse, of any lines from the Bible put to him. Thus we saw what Memory is capable of doing for us, if we but use her. What what mighty works can be attained, what happiness secured! Endowed with an active, perception, wonderful mind, crowned with Memory, "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form. how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God!"

LINES OF A FRIEND

SUGGESTED BY THE MARRIAGE OF A MUTUAL FRIEND.

Marriage is a blessed state
When each does love the other mate,—
But 'tis a risky step at best,
Unless you have a fat bequest
Wherewith to buy both dress and grub,—
In married life that's just the rub;
For love, however pure it be,
Cannot make grim hunger flee,
Nor can it clothe the naked back
When poverty becomes your track.
But while single you remain,
You can at least a living gain,
It does not matter how or where,—
You can do it here or there.
So if you ever contemplate

Entering the connubial state,
Look well before you make the leap,
To ascertain if you can keep
A small tribe that must needs appear
As a consequence most clear.
Be like the frog of which hear tell
Who gazing into a deep well
Did not leap in because in doubt,
Whether once in he could get out.

MODERN AMUSEMENTS.

The moral and intellectual standard of a nation can be, in a great measure, determined by the character of their amusements. If those, while they amuse, involve thought, the conclusion is that the masses are educated. On the other hand, if low and degraded, show an uncultivated mind. As it has been with orations, so is it with ages.—The ebb and flow of civilization is plainly marked by the current dissipations. Considering this age and country from this stand point, how low, how degraded are we. The barbarous ages seem again to dawn upon the world. When an educated audience will sit for two hours and listen to the senseless repartee of a bad libertine with painted face, innocence is defiled, virtue contaminated, and the soul polluted by sin; which, in part, consists in listening to and encouraging the utterance of lewd and vicious thoughts. The minstrel troupes which are at present travelling through the country in every direction, must not only degrade their hearers, but also by the familiarity with evil necessary for success, and by the act of becoming fools for fools to gaze at, tend to sink lower in vice the already debauched minstrels. The silly twaddle, received with applause from the lips of the privileged, would consign a well dressed gentleman in respectable society to a mad-house; and if not that, would at least cause his absence from the company, to recover from the effects of the liquor which he would be supposed to have imbibed. Yet these who personate men as nearest allied to the brute, amass large fortunes as rewards for their noble (?) efforts. They bear away with them, alike, the pittance of the poor and the wealth of the opulent. Thus, while they degrade they impoverish. Seeing this (i. e.) the degrading effects upon the minstrel and his hearer, ought not some measures to be taken by which their influence can be counterbalanced, if not destroyed?

The preservation of virtue and our morals demand that this outrage upon decency should cease at *once and forever*, and that some social and intellectual pleasure take its place.

IF.

Of all the words in a language,
Be it English, or Latin, or Greek,
The word "if" is most to be dreaded,
Its inventors must have been weak.
It's forever upsetting our notions,
Which with care we have studied and planned,
And they fall like the house of the foolish,
Who lay their foundation in sand.
It forever involves a condition,—
A doubt which we can't comprehend,
And it leaves the whole world in a query,
To know its mysterious end.
What youth in this grand institution,
Erected for science and art,
Has not met with an "if" so repugnant
In life's drama, while acting his part.
Be it pleasure or pain he's pursuing,
Be it riches, or honor, or fame,
Whether favored with fortune or power,
"*If*" bears its full sway just the same.
Some youth may aspire to perfection,
Hoarding Latin or Greek in his pate,
Yet if "*if*" should chance to so will it,
He might get a "six" for an "eight."
A true youth of sound sense and knowledge,
May study—e'en make himself sick,
What of that "in the great day of judgment,"
"If" he fails to be made "*valedic?*"
A lad of some promise and beauty,
May "blow" and may "talk very fine,"
But then he's of minor importance,
"*If*" he happens to be off "the nine."
A long list of "patrons of Satan"
May be summoned to come to "Room 9,"
And there on the floor before "Uncle,"
May be anxiously waiting "the fine."
He growls out a long condemnation,
And from "Phillips" they're quickly expelled,
But an "if" or "however" soon follows,
And all fears of a "ship" are repelled.
Some "rogue," as the world will have it,
May be bound a few apples to steal,
But "if" caught in the very performance,

How his soul and his "greenbacks" would feel.
But turning from petty recitals,
Let us look to our national ends,
Let us see how a word so belittled,
The goddess of freedom befriends;
The traitors to freedom and union,
The mockers of liberty's sway,
Might have hurled back the brave loyal millions,
If an "if" hadn't been in their way.
Their flag stained with blood fratricidal,
Would have waived o'er this glorious hall.
And where liberties halo surrounds us,
The slave to his master might call,
But "if" was their mightiest foreman.
Their flag on a triumph would wave,
If the "ribs" had a little more courage,
And our forces were not quite so brave.
Thus we see that a word of two letters,
Makes the greatest of changes for all:
And that trifles are very important,
To the mighty as well as the small.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

The battle of Freedom—the four years war was a long and a hard conflict; but the result settled disputes which years of strife in the halls of Congress might not have ended. The issue between the progress of Freedom and slavery's rule, in this country at least, has been at length decided. and never again will an American citizen be compelled to bow his head with shame when reproached for the one blot upon our escutcheon. Not less have the results been productive of good abroad. Germany, though a monarchy, yet *now* one of the most liberal European governments, has already, in a brief conflict, opened the way for a more enlightened Freedom, and at no very distant day we may hope she will be the foremost democracy in the Old World. Italy also has again afforded proof of *her* determination to become free and united.

What vast strides in freedom, justice and men's rights will history attribute to the past few years!

But let us devote a few thoughts to our own condition. Not many years hence and we, who are now employing the spring-time of youth in making preparations for the busy harvest awaiting our labors and the sterner realities of life. will be bearing our share of life's burden, and mingling in the confusion and turmoil of the busy world. *But* upon the employment and appreciation of our advantages depends our success hereafter. Then let the few years we pass at Phillips and at college, be a period to which our thoughts can never recur but with the knowledge that our time was well spent. But if. on the contrary we allow ourselves to form habits of idleness and neglect our opportunities, sooner or later the time will certainly arrive when we will experience the bitter fruit of our misspent time.

To not a few the recollection will come with terrible force. Then will memory present before us the deeds of other days—our attempts and failures—our broken promises, and all our weaknesses. Then will the faces of the loved and lost seem to leave their happy homes and visit us awhile. Perhaps some loving mother seems to repeat to her erring son her precepts of love, and again bids him persevere in honor's ways; or the indulgent father again sighs sadly for his willful boy. Then comes bitter repentance for the past; but alas, too late! And now, fellow students, let us think calmly before we allow ourselves to form those habits of idleness which yield so sad a result, —and when we form our resolution to persevere in duty and honor's course, let us remember Philo's noble motto: "*Scire est regere.*"

WORKS OF THE IMAGINATION.

The present age is replete with wonders, and neither tongue nor pen can enumerate the thousand novelties for which the nineteenth century is distinguished. Mankind is constantly progressing in science and in art, and the ever revolving wheel of progress is sweeping all things in its path in its approach to the goal of perfection. But, amid the din of moving civilization the very impulse which sets the ball in motion is regarded as less than nothing. The works of the imagination—works of mighty genius, have become the object of severe reproach. True it is that they have their imperfections, their faults and their evil allurements, but when properly perused they seem to elevate rather than to degrade,—to increase, rather than to decrease the understanding. Would its hostile critics but dwell upon the grandeur of imagination's temple, they could but cease to condemn the thousands of pure and spotless crystals with which the imagination adorns her productions. Two-penny literature is not our theme—that line of productions might be contained under our perhaps too broad assertions, but what blessing ever enriched a people, that was not diluted with some weak pretensions.

Should we regard Pope as a standard of authority, when he says "Whatever is, is right," we might believe our theories to be conclusive; should we place confidence in the thoughts and deeds of other masters we might come to a like conclusion, but all these may be applied to different ends.

None can judge better for yourselves than your own judgment, and relying upon this alone we base our statements. Imagination's works always free our minds from the every-day thoughts which are forever making us feel that life has no such realities as fond dreams have pictured, and we sink into the gulf of despondency, while a composition of some dreamy authors, waifs with a sound discourse of a metaphysical character would seem to fill up the yawning chasms with which our weary pilgrimage is dotted, and say to our dormant imagination: "Act well your part in the grand drama of life, and when you make your exit you can exclaim 'welcome ye vast unknown.'"

It is not to be wondered at that many have no taste for imaginative literature, and that such are its most virulent opposers; the geologist may delight only to frequent his cabinet, the astronomer may only take pleasure in gazing at the heavens, but why should he condemn what he has no interest in? The student plying over his daily tasks endeavoring to glean from them some "pearl of great price," often sees elaborate works condemning the works of the imagination; but, when the enthusiasm which nerves him on to struggle grows cold, and only imaginations chaplet can rekindle the withering fagot, then he welcomes her charms.

Then lift the veil of shadows from the glittering productions of unequaled genius and follow line by line the songs which immortal bards have sung, and impress upon memory's casket the glittering jewels of the imagination.

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY A LITTLE BIRD'S FLYING INTO THE AUTHOR'S ROOM ABOUT DAYBREAK, OCT. 4TH, 1866.

Whence art thou, spirit of the air,
  That flittest round my room
While in the crimson east the glare
  Of morn dispels night's gloom?

What motives guide thy errant wing?
  What omens dost thou hear?
O tell,—and mayest thou sweetly sing,
  Propitious to my prayer.

Ah! weary is my head, and dim
  My eyes with classic lore;
O'er Virgil's page my senses swim;
  Thy comfort I implore.

The feathered songster gives no heed,
But constant wings her flight;
She but for freedom seems to plead,
Distracted in her fright.

So, captured, sadly to the breeze
I give the timorous thing;
Her warbled thanks with sweetness please
My heart;—she's on the wing.

Another spirit is within
My house of earthly clay,
And answers for the bird—"Begin
The labors of the day.

"With mind resolved to work and win,
To wait and suffer long,
A God is near to strengthen him
Whose will to do is strong.

"Complain not of these weary hours,
At length they crowned shall be
With Honor's richest brightest flowers
For all eternity."

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

All classes, all people have some common sympathies. We all have (unless utterly depraved) certain tastes, certain instinctive likes and dislikes. We all are subject to certain influences, and among the most prominent of these is music. Music with its soft and silvery tones, soothes and softens all our feelings and our hearts beat in unison with its sweet strains. Music with its thrilling notes, 'mid the din of the battle-field has inspired many a heart and hand to do and dare for the right; 'mid the trials of life has incited many a poor, feeble, shrinking man, to noble and heroic deeds. Music with its awe-inspiring tones has turned the thoughts of many men to their maker and their God.

During the French revolution the French people razed that citadel of oppression to the ground, their souls fired by the inspiring strains of "La Marsellaise."

How often, during the last five years have our noble boys in blue, gone upon the battle-field, their hearts throbbing, and their whole souls filled with enthusiasm, as they hear the grand old tones of the "Star-Spangled Banner"; how their eyes have glistened and their hands grasped their muskets as they looked upon that starry flag, how they bled and how they died on those battle-fields, urged on by "the music of the Union."

How often in past ages have martyrs suffered; how often have they pined in gloomy dungeons; how often have they died at the stake; their hearts quickened by the strains of a hymn, breathing forth their sublime devotion to the cause of Christ.

How many a poor benighted soul, dark with gloomy doubts, no love for the Saviour lighting its pathway through this earthly pilgrimage has become illumined with heavenly love, upon hearing one of those grand old psalms, welling forth from the hearts of christians praising their God and their Redeemer.

For ages past, for ages yet to come, the soft strains of the evening hymn, the deep and solemn tones of the funeral-chant, the inspiring and thrilling notes of the battle-anthem have weilded and will weild a vast and mighty influence.

"ADVANTAGE OF A BOOK."

Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough, or too much already. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which in nine cases out of ten is what drives him out to the ale-house, to his own ruin and the ruin and disgrace of his family. It transports him into a livelier, a gayer, and more diversified scene, and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the moment as much as if he were intoxicated, and has the pleasure of finding his hard earned money in his pocket the next day, or else expended in the purchase of necessaries for his family.

He returns to his work in health and sobriety, and no matter what his disposition be, or the character of the work he has been reading, he will have something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation. But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good, and of a good class, what a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open. He may read aloud, or have his wife, or eldest boy or girl, read, or pass from hand to hand; all have the benefit of it, all contribute to the gratification of the rest, and a feeling of interest is excited in each one. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. Reading and intellectual acquirements are the master keys by which every one may read his innermost thoughts and desires. They prepare him in life to live, and when death shall come, to die.

"OUR BUM."

Muses, send your mightiest powers
  Into my poor wandering mind,
While I write of my adventure,
  In an uncouth form combined.

Stories will arise from nothing,
  Quaint adventures sure will come;
And to make my story shorter,
  Let me now relate "our bum."

Wednesday, blessed day for school-boys,
  While the sun was yet on high,
I and "Pompey," being thirsty,
  Went some cider for to buy.

Wandering over hills and vallies,
  Up the lane and down the hill,
Slowly wended we our footsteps,
  To the distant cider mill.

After having reached the mansion,
  Of the stately rustic brown,
We inquired for lord and master—
  But, alas, he'd "gone to town."

Then in accents loud and hearty,
  Pompey to the urchin said—
"Can't you give us some good cider,
  If for it you're fully paid?"

"No!" said he, in tone triumphant,
  "Father says he never sells;"—
And he scampered to the mansion,
  Where a lovely "Fem. Sem." dwells.

Time soon brought this radiant maiden,
  From the lordly farmer's roof,
And she walked so pert and stately,—
  How she eyed us! oh, 'twas tough.

"Come this way." she sweetly muttered,—
  On we came with eager pace,
And followed in her tiny footsteps,
  To the humble cider place.

"Father told me not to barter
Any cider to the boys,
That did hail from Phillips' quarters,
If I did he'd make a noise."

"But," said she, with smile so lovely,
"Seeing that you've walked so far,
And are so deuced pretty looking,
I will *give in spite of pa!*—"

"Ahem!" said we, "you're mighty generous,
And you're duced handsome too,
And, to tell the truth, my lady,
We will ever stand by you."

Then she filled the shining goblets,
With the cider clear and sweet,
And we drank two brimming glasses,
And each one then took a seat.

"Splendid day," she sweetly muttered,
"Yes," said Pompey, so did I,
"What think you of '*peanut blossoms?*'"
Then she drew a heavy sigh.

"Won't you take some more good cider?"
"No," said we, with voice combined,
"We prefer to talk some nonsense,—
Say about the women-kind."

Then we talked and joked and flirted,
For an hour an hour, or so,
Then we took a final parting,
And each one said "he must go."

Then she bade us both good evening,
Saying "you must come again,"
Yes, we will, my darling maiden,
And we started up the lane.

But the vision's gone forever,
Yes, the lovely "Fem. Sem.'s" gone,
Oh ye rapid wings of day-time,
Check your headlong speeding on.

DANIEL WEBSTER AS AN ORATOR.

Daniel Webster was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men of his age, and indeed of those who in any age have risen to fame and honor by their powers of oratory. He ranks with such men as Clay, Calhoun, Pinkney, Choate and Ames, who are distinguished alike for their genius, wisdom and oratorical abilities, but in profundity of thought and deep research, he outstripped them all. An anecdote is related of him illustrating this remark. While a lawyer, a will was brought to him for his opinion, and was told that a lawyer well known at that time, had given an opinion adverse to it. He told the client to come in a week and then he would receive an answer; meantime Webster read the will every morning and evening, thought it over and carefully perused each word and sentence, but could find no flaw in it. The week passed in this way, and the client returned for an answer; but Webster begged another week, pleading press of busines as an excuse for not being able to give an opinion. The week was granted and passed in the same manner as the previous one, until the night before he was to give his answer, when suddenly the point came to his mind like a flash of lightning, he studied up his authorities, so that when his client came next day he was ready with his opinion.

In personal appearance Webster was, doubtless, the most impressive figure of his age; his form and features were massive, and his head was grander than Goethe's or Shakespeare's, which were noted for their intellectual beauty. His complexion dark, but ruddy when excited; his eyes not large, but seeming large in their deep sockets; his bust which the Italian artists actually thought was an ideal of Olympian Jove; and his broad and massive brow towering over all, united to form the majestic, the "God-like Webster." He was always scrupulously neat in his appearance, often leaving the Senate Chamber before its close in order to enjoy the luxury of dressing.

His speeches are among the most remarkable that will live in history, they are distinguished by deep thought, close research, and clearness. In his speeches he did not appeal to the feelings of his hearers, but to their thinking and reasoning faculties; and it has been said by one that it was harder *not* to follow him in an argument than to *follow* some poorer logician. In writing his speeches he could not grasp the whole subject in all its branches at once, as could Clay, but was obliged by his mighty intellect to bring matter out of chaos, and order from confusion. He very rarely embellished his speeches with poetical flights, but endeavored to mean something when he spoke, and when he spoke to say exactly what he meant; and he was so truthful that some one has said that "Webster can't speak against what he knows to be true. Webster's style of writing is heavy, but it is heavy with its massive thoughts. "It is a style fit for the iron pen of history to write on monuments of stone."

In the manner of delivering his speeches, Webster's personal appearance was a great element of his success. He had a deep full voice which, when he was excited, sounded like the rumbling of distant thunder. His gestures were plain, and more forcible than elegant. He spoke like a thorough-bred American. When Grattan, the brilliant Irish orator first spoke in the English House of Commons, all said this man is not an Irishman, but a Frenchman, so odd and violent were his ways. But there was nothing of this in Webster—he was the simple, true American. When he spoke he was very calm and deliberate; nothing seemed to ruffle his composure; in fact,

> "He looked a Roman Senator, in the days when Rome survived."

And here we will close, briefly reminding our hearers, as an incentive, that Daniel Webster, whose name will last as long as time, as being one of the most eloquent men that ever lived, when a student in Phillips Academy *flunked dead* on his first trial to declaim.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SEMINOLE WAR.

'Twas in the year 1842, when a band of Seminole Indians, headed by Osceola, one of the most bloodthirsty chiefs of that tribe, made a descent upon Indian Key, a small island about 60 miles south of Florida. There were at this time about a dozen families living here. Upon one side of the island might be seen a large house, built one half on land the other half over the water, and under this half was a turtle crawl, a place where they used to keep turtles to fatten, and which was about half full of water. Into this crawl a trap door led from a lower room. This house was occupied by Dr. Perrine, his wife, two daughters, and a son Henry, a boy of fifteen or sixteen years. The eldest daughter, at the time of which I am writing, was very ill, almost at the point of death. 'Twas in a cool night in Autumn, 1842, that the family, with the exception of the Dr., who was watching with his daughter, were awakened from their slumbers by the yells of Indians, the cracking of rifles, and the falling of broken glass. Frightened nearly to death, they crept into the sick room, and entreated their father to save them. Telling them to remain quiet, the doctor went out upon the roof of the house, and addressed them in Spanish; he told them he was a great medicine man, and that the Great Spirit would be angry with them if they harmed him; whereupon they set up a great shout and left the house. Returning to his family, he took the sick daughter in his arms, and bidding them follow, he descended into one of the lower rooms over the crawl.

Opening the trap door, he bade them descend, and handing the sick one down to them, he told them to remain quiet if they valued their lives, while he would conceal the door, and endeavor to save his own life in some other way. Closing the door, he drew a large chest over it, and returned to his study. In the house there were three revolvers and one rifle, but unfortunately he could find but one cap. So, returning to the crawl, he asked his son if he knew of any; being told by him that he did not, he bade all good bye, and returning to his study proceeded to fasten the door, which, being eight inches thick, and studded with heavy nails, was able to stand a great deal. In the meantime the yells of the Indians grew more distinct, and maddened by the liquor they had obtained at some of the houses, they approached the doctor's, firing their guns and yelling like so many devils. Upon entering the house and seeing no one, they paused, and one was heard to say, "Ole folks all up stairs, babies too. We have their scalps;" and with a loud yell they rushed up stairs. They soon stopped, and were heard pounding upon the study door, which, resisting for a while, at length gave in with a loud crash, and the report of Dr. Perrine's pistol was heard, mingled with a savage yell of agony, and immediately the doctor was heard to groan and cry out "O, my God!" and all was still. In a few moments the red devils were yelling and acting like madmen in front of the house, which they had set on fire. The family below were now in great agony, caused by the coals of fire dropping upon their heads and bare shoulders. To remedy this they were forced to throw water over them continually, and this splashing was heard by the Indians. Whereupon one of their number returned, opened the door and looked down. At this critical moment God aided them. A large turtle rose to the top and splashed around in a lively manner, and supposing him to be the maker of the noise heard, the Indian withdrew, and they were safe from discovery for a while longer. Henry now expressed his determination to get out of that place, declaring he would rather be killed by the Indians than burnt to death, and squeezing his way between the piles forming the sides, swam towards the wharf. By this time the Indians had all left the island, with the exception of one boat load, and these were carousing in one of the stores on the wharf. Watching his opportunity, he unfastened the canoe, and taking the rope in his teeth, swam back to the burning house he had just before left. By diving down to the bottom of the piles which surrounded the crawl, he succeeded after great effort in removing one, and helping his mother and sisters in, they proceeded out to sea. In the canoe were two ash oars and a light paddle, and working these very lively, they succeeded in getting nearly out of rifle shot before being discovered, and the first intimation they had of this, came in the shape of four rifle balls, two of which broke the oars, and the other two imbedded themselves in the bow of the canoe, so close to Henry that he, thinking himself shot, fell overboard. They now gave themselves up for lost, but Henry, regaining his boat with the paddle, told them they had nothing to fear from them, as they had no boat, and by working his paddle he succeeded in getting beyond the range of their rifles, though the next volley fell just behind them. After paddling for a couple of hours they were picked up by a boat sent out from a ship for that purpose. They found on board the ship eight or ten persons, they being the sole survivors of about seventy or eighty who the night before had retired to rest in good health and spirits. The next day a boat's crew went ashore to see if they could find any traces of the inhabitants. Finding none, they collected the bones of the doctor, and decently interred them at the foot of an orange tree, which had been a great favorite with him during his life.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The affairs of the little world of Phillips Academy have been prosperous, although not particularly exciting, during the term which is rapidly drawing to a close. One of the most prominent subjects of interest has been the visit of Mr. Peabody, in reference to which one of the Boston papers, speaking of his attendance at the exercised in public speaking, says: "The school rose with tumultuous cheering and greeted him with true school-boy enthusiasm." When the announcement of the donation was made on the following day, it was received with great applause. The students think, however, that the money should have been donated for the establishment of a gymnasium.

The excitement of last term in regard to base-ball has in a measure subsided, and our ground is almost deserted at times when it used to ring with merry voices. However there was a match between the "Active" and "Enterprise" clubs, October 6th, resulting in a victory for the former with a score of 42 runs to 8, and at another match October 17th, the score stood "Active" 49, "Enterprise" 8.

Philo seems particularly prosperous. Not only are the Seniors well represented in her proceedings, but the other classes have contributed men whose ability as speakers and composers leave no doubt that her future career under such leaders will be brilliant. We cannot complain of our success in obtaining pieces for the "Mirror," and judging from the following communication, some of our members, even when sleepy, have and interest in the paper:

To the 2*nd Editor:* —

As you ask me to write you an article, sir,
To read in your paper to-night,
I must waken my Muse with a good tickle, sir,
And keep my own sleepy eyes bright.

But 'tis hard after working for hours over stuff
Such as Virgil and Kühner are like,
To find that one yet has not labored enough,
But must make still another good strike;—

But, knowing full well from experience there
So lately acquired by poor me,
That a place for *repose* is no "Editor's Chair,"
I must *compose* a little dit-*ty*,—
for thee,
and see,
If I cannot by so doing earn recompense,
For keeping the good "golden rule,"
By getting my own "Mirror" over the fence,
With credit to 'self and the school.

Once, seated with her by a silvery stream,
Where enchanted with music from lyres
Of the fairies who danced there in Luna's bright gleam
I pressed her inflamed with love's fires,—

Excuse me for writing such nonsense as this,
For I'm too near asleep to be bright;
And I'm sorry to say what I say so amiss,
So I'll say nothing more but—
Good night.

Though this interest is manifested, we regret that a meeting, a few weeks ago, was adjourned on account of an Indian concert. The only comfort that can be taken for this injudicious act, is the thought that the singers deserved some encouragement for a good joke which one of their number got off when announcing the concert to the school. In the most sober tones of Indian dignity, he remarked that he wished to state distinctly that the admission was only *twenty-five cents.* That they had been charging *fifty cents* in all other parts of the country, but upon coming to New England they had been advised to *lower their price of admission.* The house came down, and the gentleman fancied he had been eloquent.

Andover has had several public entertainments this term. The lectures on France have been a source of profit and *amusement* to many, particularly those who were so fortunate as to secure season tickets. We are told that the hard seats of the chapel were made soft by the *elevating* character of his language, and that the whole air was perfumed by his flowers of rhetoric.

Not least among the recent entertainments was the festival given for the Andover poor. On that occasion the handsome town hall was tastefully decorated, and at the well-furnished tables visitors were regaled by delicacies from fairy hands. Through the "post office" some were made conscious of their sins of omission and commission, and others were informed of virtues which they never dreamed of possessing. It was unfortunate, however, when by a misdirection of envelopes, a lady was complimented upon the fine proportions of her beard, and a gentleman upon the beauty of his waterfall. But such things will happen. Select readings by a gentleman well known and deservedly popular, and singing by the Lockhart Society, added much to the pleasure of the evening.

Although in violation of custom, we will not make remarks upon the "Fem. Sems.," but will, with regard to them, observe respectful silence.

The leaves have fallen from the proud old elms which adorn "Zion's hill," and the approach of winter is announced by many a herald. With joyful anticipations we await the time for skating, when the ring of steel shall be heard on the crystal surface of our park, and already our eager fancy hears the merry bells of sleighing.

In a few short days we shall be at home; what more need we say than *home* to express all the delights of vacation. Recruited mentally and physically may we return to our duties, and may the Winter term to all of us be productive of much improvement.

In conclusion we would thank our fellow members for the kind feeling they have ever manifested towards us, and would repeat the sentiment in which every Philomathean should unite, "Old Philo must and shall be honored still."

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JOSEPH R. WALTER,
GEO. F. BABBITT,
ALMADUS WILKINSON, } EDITORS.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

An old friend has departed from our midst. Our companion in many a scene of pleasure and of pain, he is endeared to us no less by the soothing balm he offered to our transitory troubles, than by the delights he brought. Youthful and vigorous at the beginning of our friendship, at the time of his departure he was chilled by the frosts of age; though, like many an aged person mellowed by time, his nature denied us no pleasure we had been wont to enjoy. Slowly and sadly he left our door, and the tears of sorrow as they fell were transformed into flakes of snow. Dear, ever dear, we hold the memory of our departed one; and in the wreath of recollections which his forehead wore when last we looked upon it, the flowers which sadder scenes had there entwined, but served the part of a sweet relief in the combined effect.

A new friend is with us. As became the solemnity attendant upon our parting with the old guest whose place he was to take, he did not bound in upon us beaming with all the brightness of a snow reflected sun, nor was his coming heralded by the chimes of merry bells; but in the silent dead of night he came, and when the next morning dawned, we scarce perceived a stranger in our midst. Now, we begin to feel his presence, and enlivening with the cheerful aspect which he wears, he invites us to his friendship. As we take the hand of the Old Year, and weep over it in parting, let us no less heartily welcome with a cheerful grasp the Young Year, his successor.

The beginning of each new epoch of life should induce us to a rigid scrutiny of past actions, present situation, and future prospects. As a traveller who is ascending some mountain pauses upon each minor peak which rises in his path, to look back over the country which he has traversed, and then turns to scan the way before in order to shape his course to the best advantage, so let us pause at this period, which is but a minor peak in our upward path to eternity, and look back over the days gone by, drawing from them the experience lessons valuable for the future. In the year that is gone, we recall much that is pleasing, and much that gives us pain. With delight we live over again the moments spent in bowers of pleasure; we thrill at the thought of honors won in the battle of life, and we are charmed to feel the never ending satisfaction of conscience for noble conduct.—But there is a darker side to the picture. On the other hand we ask in vain for honors which bore no fruit, we lament for talents wasted and opportunities thrown away, and we mourn over thoughtless misdeeds and deeper crimes. But let us not survey the past merely to sorrow over its unpleasant features, or to revel in delightful memories, but let us do it for the purpose which should guide all our actions,—for our self-improvement. Man is created to raise himself to a nobler nature, and all his efforts should tend to this. The handiwork of the apprentice would ill become the Master-workman, for experience must beget at every birth a progeny superior to its predecessor. Let us then apply the lessons of the past to use for days to come. Let us, as this New Year in all its freshness invites us to make a new stand in life, examine ourselves severely, and resolving firmly to be men, we may hope for a future with all the delights which former years have known, but with no cloud to obscure the beauty of its heaven.

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO RACE.

BY J. H. HINCKS.

Among the complicated questions of American politics, there is no question more prolific of thought, more important in its results, and more difficult of solution than the part the negro is to play in the future of the Great Republic. The contemplation of this subject affords at once a source for the profoundest political speculation and a question of the greatest practical importance for our consideration. The complications arising from the presence of this race amongst us were early introduced into the politics of the country, and have grown with its growth and strengthened with its increasing years. Slavery embarassed the people of the United States at the time of the formation of the Constitution, and led them to mar the unity of our political structure by embodying in the organic law of the land principles against which they had successfully contended for seven years. Having succeeded in fettering the national council, and in placing the people of the United States in the equivocal position of demanding one set of rights for themselves and acting upon entirely different principles in their dealings with others, slavery continued to increase in power, to embarrass the government more and more, until its corrupting influence became so palpable, and it so threatened to subvert the foundations of the government, that it drew upon itself universal attention and became the centre of political agitation. How to turn back this tide of corruption, and extirpate the entire system of slavery, at once a stain upon the republic and an obstacle to its prosperity and advancement, for many years was the great political problem of the American people. This problem was at length violently solved by the late civil war. By the Presidential fiat, subsequently ratified by the Constitutional amendment, the entire slave population of the South was raised immediately to a condition of freedom. Thus the immediate problem before the American people was solved, but with its solution opened another and broader question, directly affecting the welfare of the country and requiring the wisest adjustment.

There are in our country five millions of these freedmen, or nearly one-sixth of the entire population of the country. Alienated by the strongest physical deficiencies, ill-fitted by ignorance and degradation arising from generations of servitude for citizenship in a republican form of government whose strength lies in the intelligence of its citizens, what part they are to play in the future of the country, what must be done to infuse into them the appreciation of our institutions, and that attachment for them, which alone can effectually incorporate them into our political system, and cause their strength to contribute to and not diminish the strength of the state. We may at the outset take it for granted that the negro is to remain permanently in the country, and that this question cannot be solved by his expatriation or by any disappearance of the race. If the race could flourish and increase under the yoke of servitude, we cannot expect that it will diminish and disappear under the more favorable circumstances of liberty.

The Indian race indeed melted away before the advance of white civilization, but the habits and characteristics of the race were so diverse from those of the negro, that we can establish no parallel from this. The haughty spirit of the Indian could not brook captivity, and we find that he soon died when reduced to the same bondage under which the negro thrived. If then, this race is to remain permanently with us, and form a part of the body politic, it is necessary that we should deliberately and permanently establish the relations in which he is to stand to the state. It stands in a position to-day which we do not desire it to occupy in the future. We must now remedy the evil before it shall become strengthened, and shall gather precedent by advancing time. The great source of danger arising from the presence of the negro in the country lies in the fact that by reason of the wide physical difference in the races, this element cannot be merged in the common stock, but must remain separate and distinct. Those who come to our shrines from other countries, soon lose their nationality and blend into the American race. But the negro carries about with him a mark as damning as that of Cain, which debars him at once from all social position, and stamps him indelibly as a distinct, and more than that, inferior race The bond of sympathy which common suffering and inferiority create, is that which makes this element a dangerous one to the state. The wrong of an individual will arouse the resentment of a race. The right denied to one will find a million defenders. The entire race will act together, making the cause of one their common cause, co-operating for the attainment of a common object. In looking over nations of the past, we cannot fail to remember how great a source of weakness has been the friction of the various classes, and how potent an instrument in effecting their overthrow. Ancient Rome was continually convulsed by the strife of plebeian and patrician, and at times brought to the verge of ruin. Yet the distinction between the patrician and plebeian was an artificial one, a mere distinction of rank, not a radical difference in race and interests. The preservation of the Commonwealth, the defence of liberty, and the sacredness of the rights of a Roman citizen, were the interest of both alike. But what cares the negro for the preservation of a Commonwealth, from all parts of which he is debarred. What cares he for the preservation of liberty, who is continually under the tyranny of the law? What interest to him in defending the rights of citizenship when all are to him denied? This tendency to union in this race, arising from consanguinity of blood, if heightened by common wrongs and abuse, will create a dangerous element in the state.

The only solution of the difficulty is to confer at once upon the negro all rights and to disarm that jealousy before it shall have had time to form. Let the same wise policy which led the American people to prefer to yield some of their power at the ballot box to foreigners rather than to have a large resident population outside of their political system, be adopted in dealing with the negro.

Let him be allowed equal educational privileges with the white and then he will appreciate the advantages of education, and will have an appreciation of his duties as a citizen. Let all the privileges and protections of the law be accorded to him and then he will be ready to fight for its maintainance. Let suffrage be conferred upon him, and then he will be proud of the government of which he is a part, and willing to pour out his blood in its defence. In this way only can this marked distinction of classes be modified and the interests of the negro be identified with those of the country. Only by these means can the negro element be incorporated into the body politic, and our governmental structure built upon a solid and enduring foundation.

But if the American people shall have preferred to adopt the other plan, to withhold civil and political rights from the powerful class in their midst, to render yet wider that distinction already existing between the races, and thus lay the foundation for future disaffection, and may be of revolution, then their edifice will be built upon the sand, and will fall before future waves and storms.

THE YOUNG KENTUCKIAN.

[*A Scene at a way station on the Georgia railroad.*]

BY H. H. MANNING.

The sharp, quick crack of a rifle
Rang out one night on the air.—
Then came a low wail of anguish,
And a groan of wild despair.

A band of rebel sentinels
Gather near a train of cars,
Over which is gaily floating
Dixie's flag of stars and bars.

They gather round the prostrate form
Of a drummer boy in blue;
Noble boy from old Kentucky!
Old Kentucky, *stanch and true*..

A young lieutenant, gaily dressed,
"With a gesture of command,"
Makes his way to where the drummer
Bleeding lies upon the sand.

A haughty curl is on his lip,
Fury flashes from his eyes,
But there's not one look of pity,
Not one token of surprise.

He asks not to know the reason
Why the boy lies bleeding there;
He asks not to know the reason
Of those cries that rend the air.

But he asks how it could happen
That the Yankee got so far,
Before he was seen and wounded
By the sentries near the car.

Then he turns,—and ascertaining
That the drummer is not dead,
He draws a pistol from his belt,
Charged with powder and with lead.

He cocks the instrument of death,
With a firm, unflinching hand,
And he takes deliberate aim
At the boy upon the sand.

The boy's warm blood is flowing fast,
Yet he's strength enough to speak,
And he clasps his hands together,
While the tears course down his cheek.

And he begs and pleads, in anguish,
'Tis for life that he doth plead;
But the brutal young lieutenant
Does not for a moment heed.

The murderous weapon which he holds,
Is aimed at the drummer's breast,
And upon the fatal trigger,
Now his finger it doth rest.

Only one more wail of anguish
Rings out wildly on the air.
From the young Kentuckian's lips
Comes but one more frantic prayer.

And *that* prayer is not to rebels,
That *last* prayer is to his God,
Who alone, the boy doth pity,
Weltering in his own dark blood.

Then—HARK! Three quick reports are heard!
Three groans,—and all is o'er,
The poor Kentucky drummer boy
Will beat his calls—no more.

GENESEE FALLS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

Having been detained over Sunday at Rochester, N. Y., by one of the chances of travel, we started out from the hotel in the afternoon to visit Genesee Falls. We crossed the Central Railroad bridge a short distance from the Scranton House, and turning down the river proceeded a few paces until our progress was stopped by a fence, apparently designed as a means of levying a tax upon everyone who might desire a sight of the natural curiosities of the place. A gate found and five cents paid, the fence offered no further obstacles. As we entered our ears were saluted by the sound of revelry, and upon looking round saw some Germans enjoying their beer and the music of a fiddle and harp. How revolting it was! That the interesting objects of nature should become objects of traffic is unpleasant enough to the sensitive mind, but to have at such places the Sabbath air polluted by drunken voices and low music is unbearable. Glad to escape from these scenes, we hurried on and found ourselves in a large enclosed field along one side of which was the ravine where flowed the Genesee. By the recession of the falls the river has worn for itself a channel over a hundred feet deep. So precipitous are the sides of this that it would be a feat of much danger to accomplish their descent, if indeed, it were at all possible. The fall is unequally divided by a nearly perpendicular ridge of rocks, on either side of which the water comes down wreathing with spray its dim curtained outlines. One is affected with a strange desire to stand upon the flat rock which caps this ridge, and near at hand gaze upon the river as it parts gracefully and with apparent deliberation on either hand, and only seems to hasten when the gulph yawns under it. There is an innate longing in the human breast, a longing to do unusual things. Every one seems desirous to do something that no one else has ever attempted. Nor would we complain of this spirit, for in its different modifications it moves the world in her career of advancement. Encourage, therefore, a bold spirit that longs to burst the trammels of custom; for the same impulse that prompted the boy at the Great Natural Bridge in Virginia to cut his name high on the cliff beside George Washington's, prompts others to aspire to write on the cliff tablet of fame their inteription high up by the names of greatness.

The Fall is remarkably regular in its outlines, and though also surrounded by every indication of the presence of Pallas, it still presents those charms which nature never can entirely lose. A short distance above, the bridge is in prominent view, but underneath its massive arches we have glimpses of a small cataract, in whose prevailing emerald tint the rocks have plentifully scattered snow-white masses and the shimmering glances of sunset have enriched by many a golden, many an iridescent hue. On each side the gray walls of mills with their prison windows look down upon the river, their sombre effect heightened by the silence of Sabbath which holds their busy inmates in repose. At the foot of the main cataract the water moves slowly around as if at a loss to understand its new position, and then recovering itself it moves off with gradually accelerating speed until a mile or two below, it takes another plunge. It is fit that there should be solemn calmness in the water which lingers at this place, for it is a human grave. A few years since, a man attained some celebrity by jumping over several of our largest cataracts. After successfully performing this feat at Niagara and once before at Genesee, he again made the leap here while intoxicated, and never rose again. Methinks I see the excited multitude on that day assembled at every available point of view near the falls, and straining their eager eyes with expectant curiosity;—I see the frail form of a ladder projecting over the edge of the fall. Along this a man advances. His step is unsteady and his brain reels under the influence of liquor. He feels his unfitness for the attempt. He looks upon the thousand faces which are turned upon him. He cannot withdraw. He makes his bow and with reckless impulse leaps from the ladder. A gurgle is in the pool below and Samuel Patch is a man no more.

The sun was rapidly declining in the west as I lay stretched upon the grass on the edge of the ravine. The whole air seemed filled with soothing principle, as it shone with the soft light of an autumn afternoon, and bore to my half conscious ear the chimes of distant church bells, mingling their music with the continuous roar of the falling water. A rainbow faintly tinged the snowy spray as it rose from the depths, and seemed an incense lighted by the presence of a deity. My senses were charmed; I was transported to a different world of thought, and ideas as they passed slowly through my mind, seemed visions of another existence. In all their beauty this awe inspiring thought was ever present. This water had been rolling, rolling, rolling for countless ages. A mighty city had grown upon its verge. The Indian in former days had burst through the forest at its edge, had stood in wonder and paid his vows to its majesty. Yea! before Man was, it was. Acorns had grown to oaks, and tufted with their mossy beards of age those oaks had perished to give place to younger generations. When the fiat "Let there be light" went forth, the sun with glowing eye had looked in admiration upon it. Before, in the long night of darkness the silence of a barren land was stunned by the thunder of its unseen waters. Fed by an Almighty hand the stream no pause has known and never shall its roaring cease until, bowed by its own might to a level with the kindred flood below, its peaceful waters shall flow on in silence to the lake, and only its deep furrow in the earth shall indicate that once they fell.

EUROPE AND EUROPEAN IDEAS.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

With what wonder, we had almost said admiration, do we contemplate the wisdom and power of allied Europe, as century after century she courses down the flood of time, gathering in her course fresh power with which to defend her shores, and fresh ideas with which to re-model her government as the exigencies of time and circumstances may demand.

History sufficiently makes known to us the many revolutions she has passed through, both in matters political and social; it portrays the wonderful genius of a Napoleon Bonaparte, and all the products of such a genius; it acquaints us with the daring spirit of a Cromwell, and therewith the attendant results of such a spirit; it tells us of Austria, with her Maria Theresa; of Russia, with her Alexander; and of all the illustrious characters which have served to illumine the galaxy of European fame, and of the characteristic events contemporary with them. But how insignificant are the events which history records compared with those which memory embraces. Look with inquiring glance over Europe's broad domain. The once masters are becoming, not slaves, but equal to those who were formerly subjects. The once humble votaries of reform are becoming the heroes of their time.

England no longer submits herself to the haughty mandates of George III, nor, indeed, does she adore the regal name as she was accustomed to do. Her people, she perceives, are not wholly her aristocracy, and her nobility not superior to her mechanics, who, enlightened and industrious, ask to participate in the government's administration, and through the agencies of such sagacious statesmen as John Bright, John Stuart Mill, and their coadjutors, they cannot despair of attaining it. Such a radical change in affairs is worthy of comment no less than the late war, which has inculcated new ideas in other European nations, and which was brought to such a speedy close. A war, which, though the result of disputed territory, has brought about unlooked for results, and revealed the abilities of the conquering power's hitherto obscured hero,—Bismark! Prussia may well be proud of him, and Germany, for whose liberties he defied exile, and even the gallows, may well do him honor! A man of rare talents, who has proved his ability in the field, and who promises to prove worthy of equal merit in legislative deliberations, can but become the leading man of Europe.

Austria, that inveterate foe of all inalienable rights, humbled by liberty loving patriots, sees her glory only through the glass of equality. With equal admiration we behold Russia taking a long stride from serfdom to freedom.

The voices of Cretan insurrectionists sound in the ears of the Turkish sultan, crying, "Liberty to those who dare demand it."

France, though having failed to establish a republican government, recognizes, in the dim, distant future, an Empire only in name, and the people's Emperor the exponent of the popular voice. In thus reviewing the nations of Europe, the faithful pen can hardly pass over in silence beautiful Italy, which Madame D'Stael so poetically terms "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," once so powerful and mighty, having taught mankind with its wisdom, can we not wish her better days? The way of progress has revealed itself to her, and only by the voice of the Pope, thundering from the lofty dome of the Vatican, are they enticed from its path, and his voice will be made powerless by the threatened separation of church and state.

But with not less might are ideas being matured and radical opinions strengthened in separate European nations than in Europe taken as a unit; no one of her powers lies quiet in the balance, but as one stupendous whole they outweigh the hitherto shallow ideas of national life.

Present European ideas are wholly unprecedented in the annals of her existence, and Europe presents a far more pleasing aspect than the present century could have looked for, and the precedent established, the idea inculcated, the prospect so auspicious, it but remains to be matured by her people into the full bloom of prosperity, integrity, and equality.

YOUTH IS NOT THE PLEASANTEST PERIOD OF LIFE.

BY B. C. WILLIAMS.

The poet hath sung "Lusty youth is the very May morn of delight," and those in the prime of life have said "Youth is the season of pleasure." It seems to us just looking forward to early manhood, that manhood is the time of enjoyment, and old age the season of reflection. During the first years of existence the powers and faculties of man are moulded; during the youthful days they develope, and manhood is the period when the cultivated faculties are at their acme.

More weighty arguments than the equality of school-boy trials and the fierce griefs of life's prime can be brought to bear upon this subject. The vague uneasiness that expectation and knowledge of something in the mind waiting for opportunity to bring forth:—the consciousness of dormant pewer continually harrassing while it matures, detracts from the pleasures of swiftly passing youth.

The birth-throes of new powers and the education of those already born, is fiercer woe and harder work than the trials and defeats of real life. It is not silently and without effort that the existence of a a new power of mind is made known. A trial, a defeat is necessary. Even as we are ushered into the world weak and without strength, so are the different powers of man brought into existence. These powers require development. How is the development to be accomplished? The only school in which weak powers can be strengthened is the school of experience. Must not, then, the temptations, the victories, the defeats, the remorse drag down the soul to deeper depths of bitterness, since they effect a mind unused to such attacks.

But man perfected is prepared to more keenly enjoy the pleasures and more easily overcome the trials of the world, just as the full grown oak with ease withstands the storm that bows the sapling to the ground and experiences more pleasure from the passing zephyrs.

Manhood is what is looked forward to, anticipated and longed for. Man in his full vigor plunges into the struggle for honor, position and wealth, with a full consciousness of strength, the possession of which alone gives real pleasure. Then the victories of man over man and the rewards of victory add zest to the conflict.

Life is like a hill, one side of which we climb in youth; during manhood we stand upon its summit, and with tottering step old age descends the other side to plunge into the dark waters of oblivion's sluggish tide. 'Tis only those who chase the butterfly of pleasure till middle age finds them half way up, that in querulous tones complain of lost youth. They have reason to complain of the lost opportunities of their earlier years, but not of lost youth, for youth is still theirs. They seldom reach the perfection of manhood, but with half formed mind join in the conflict of life only to be defeated, and because they do not experience the greater pleasures of manhood, wail for the lesser enjoyments of youth.

Manhood is real; youth is visionary. Manhood is the substance; youth the foreshadowing. Manhood has a fixed purpose; youth is uncertain, wavering. Manhood is perfect; youth is imperfect.

If these conclusions are correct, it is for our good to mature ourselves as speedily as possible, so that we may the more easily bear our sorrows and appreciate to their fullest extent our allotted pleasures.

LONGINGS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

I have a thirst that burns, my darling,
I long—how fondly, none can know—
To drink in deep the streams of gladness
That thy presence makes to flow.

I long, I long to see thee, darling,
See bright thoughts play o'er thy face;
See thy dark eye, soul-filled, beaming;
Gaze upon embodied grace.

I long, I long to hear, my darling,
Heavenly cadence in thy voice;
Hear the leaf-song of thy garments;—
How my heart-strings would rejoice!

I long to touch thy hand, my darling,
Feel through all my frame its thrill;
Learn if thou, so like an angel,
Art in truth a mortal still.

The months have slowly moved, my darling,
Since we parted, and ah me!
As exile yearns for home's dear heaven,
So my spirit yearns for thee.

CICERO AND ERASMUS.

BY R. S. MARTIN.

Germany has long been proverbial for what is technically called "mysticism." Perhaps it would be better termed if called folly in a philisophical garb. But in the huge mass of airy ideas and windy disquisitions which have been accumulated by the Teuton in his mad desire to be original, and in his pantings for philosophy there have been found the germs of mighty truths, and stray thoughts which have been the missing links in noble systems. Their brilliant fancies when their minds have seemed to soar aloft, borne as it were heavenward by the graceful wreaths that rise from their pipes, and the delicious fumes of their darling beverage, have served as apt illustrations for the metaphysician, the basis of beautiful tales from the votary of the Muses, and as the theme of loud wailings from the pulpit at human degeneracy. But, alas! the ground of their fancies is fast falling to the ground. Notwithstanding the philanthropic exertions of the band of martyr spirits who have nobly defended the truth in its long and bitter conflict with the so-called Christian, God is being drawn down to the level of the finite mind. To return, however, to my theme, although German ideas are, for the most part, decidedly ethereal, yet history has occasionally lent her aid even to some of the emptiest among them. A leading journal has lately stated that a distinguished German has revived the Pythagorean theory of the transmigration of souls, and has given it his sanction and earnest belief. Moreover, he asserts that sixteen hundred years ago he lived another life, and retains dim recollections of some events which then transpired. It is not my purpose to discuss here the truth or falsity of his belief, but merely to furnish an instance, which, were there others to support it, would tend to confirm the truth of his doctrines. A short time ago, I was studying the character of Erasmus the greatest scholar of the age in which he lived, and was struck with the marked resemblance which exists between his character and that of the great Roman orator and philosopher. In the course of these studies, I casually observed that about sixteen hundred years had elapsed after the time of Cicero before Erasmus appeared upon the stage of life. The circumstance has led me to pen these lines.

The characters both of Erasmus and Cicero were plastic and were moulded by their surroundings; accordingly we must understand their circumstances to understand their moving principles. Had Erasmus been in the vicinity of a noble, controlling spirit, he would have been mighty to achieve good; but as it was, in his wavering between right and wrong, between Luther and the Pope, his life was unhappy, and his death was not tranquil. So Cicero was characterized by the same traits, and we can respect him neither as a statesman nor a citizen. Cicero was vain; so was Erasmus. Cicero was fickle and cowardly; so was Erasmus. Shakspeare has truly said that the evil that men do lives after them, but the good is often interred with their bones. We are far too prone to allow this to happen. We will, therefore, consider their brightest trait which, were there nothing else to recommend them to posterity, should keep them from oblivion. That trait is their warm appreciation of the beautiful. I do not here refer merely to their appreciation of beauty in one form but in all its forms and shades, which are as varied as the ever-changing fame of Proteus. They were both literary amateurs and wielded the pen with a subtle power which resembled the arts of the magician. Being thus experienced in literary walks, they properly appreciated the noble objects of literature and science. Amid the tempests of popular contention, and when those who had formerly been near and dear deserted them, they remembered the saying of the ancient bard, that "the muses were born that they might be a forgetfulness of evils and a truce from cares." They penetrated far into the storehouse of the past, and hourly otained and shared with lavish hand many of their new possessions. Silvery eloquence flowed from their lips, but far more did they prize "the milk of human kindness." Immortality was the goal they sought to reach, but they were not so deeply buried in themselves that they did not strive to inspire their fellow-men with like noble emotions. They are gone from the scene of their labors, but not forgotten. Let us learn a lesson from their faults, and emulate their virtues.

CONCESSION AND MAGNANIMITY.

BY E. D. FENN.

There was a time in the history of American politics when slavery was not, strictly speaking, aggressive; when, though the spirit of slavery grew by what it fed on, and that upon which it fed was the national life and national conscience, it was not actively dominant and grasping.

The unhealthy views of slavery diffused itself through the body politic by slow degrees and with a gradual pervasion, which was dangerous as it was wide spread. But in due season, confident of its own strength, and determined to secure the territorial expansion which was necessary for its prosperity and perpetuity, slavery assumed dictatorial authority, and assumed an offensive political swagger, correctly termed "the plantation manners."

Then began the era of Demand and Concessions. The demands of slavery were not only imperious, but they were accompanied by threats of retaliation and dark hints as to *possible* consequences. With a daring impudence—unfathomed by a commercial people who loved their prosperous and united country,—the propagandists of "the peculiar institution" threatened or prophesied the dissolution of the Union, if their claims were not allowed. Asking a great deal more than they wanted, they relied upon bluster and intimidation to secure from peace, loving patriotism all they expected or desired for the time. Down upon its knees went the patriotism, and, too often, the conscience of the North, at the cry of—"*The Union is in danger.*" Again and again the threat was deliberately uttered, and again and again concessions were made with a happy faculty which the world will never again see equalled. The free North met the slave-drivers of the South more than half way, and divided with them the disputed territories.

Outwitted and brow-beaten, the friends of freedom, with a vague sense of wrong and shame pervading their conscience, returned to their homes and business, while the skilled Southern wire pullers went back to the chivalrous South chuckling over their success in a bad cause. The world grew sick as the unequal strife went on, and the unequal divisions were made.

Each successive demand and each successive success created a pretext for new importunities, and for new aggressions upon the fair domain which had been early consecrated to Freedom and Equal Rights. Flushed with victory, slavery pushed on in its absorbing expansion, building, as it supposed, a great and substantial structure for its future grandeur and power, unmindful of the divine principle that he builds in vain, whose house has not *Righteousness* for its foundation.

The flash of the first gun of the Rebellion was the kindling gleam of that furnace of war wherein the dross of concession and of slavery was to be purged away and melted out of sight forever. Compromises, as such, were known no more. A justly indignant and thoroughly aroused people, with firm-set muscles and resolute will, marched against the defiant foe, with whom, hereafter, there would be no concession, other than that secured at the bayonet's point, or dictated by the deep, loud boom of the conquering cannon of the army of the Union. But barely had the war began, and a few disastrous battles fallen upon the Rebel Hosts, than a new term for compromise took the place of that under which they had secured so much in more peaceful times. Concession was replaced by Magnanimity.

It was not magnanimous to hang spies, to imprison hotel and steamboat burners, to suppress the rebel newspapers of Baltimore, New York, or Chicago, to send Butler to tame the rebels of New Orleans; it was ungenerous and wicked to arm negroes to fight against their old masters. All this was calculated to "fire the Southern heart!" This picture is not overdrawn. It seems but yesterday that England and France looked on with approbation and approval, admiring the matchless impudence of rebellious outlaws and contemptible Copperheads, entering their solemn protest "against a magnanimous government arming lately liberated slaves" to fight for freedom and the Union. The father of all evil must have laughed loud and long at the impertinence of these villains, whose heads remain upon their shoulders to-day, only by the superabundance of divine and human mercy. At the close of the war they were crushed and beaten, but now, under the benign influence of "my policy" principles, they are gradually recovering their old erectness and domineering manner.

Their spirit of fierce hatred is manifested in their wicked persecution of a people, whose freedom has been wrested from a struggle which slavery itself began. Unable to retain them in bondage, they strive, by virtue of state sovereignty and state laws, to set at naught civil rights and the law of the Republic, in order to oppress a people for whose misfortunes they make no propositions of magnanimity, and for whose rights they make no concessions. Pardon has been granted to rampant rebels, who have no mercy to bestow upon struggling freedmen, and now they beseech new rights in the name of that mercy which they fail to show to others.

Has the Union army then gained a victory in which the victors suffer equally with the vanquished?

As the loyal North fought to preserve the territorial integrity of the Union, and the absolute freedom of all men, so the loyal North must see to it that the hard-earned fruits af a successful struggle are not now sacrificed and surrendered by a weakness which shall be designated under the high sounding title of Magnanimity.

"CATHEDRAL OF ST. PHILLIPS'."

BY GEO. F. ROBERTS.

It was on a lovely morning, during the Spring of 1864, that I happened, in company with a friend, while travelling in the southern portion of Spain, to come upon the old town of *San Andros*, now in some of its older localities, wholly fallen to ruin and decay.

While wandering among the crumbling ruins—now ascending some half-fallen tower, and then groping through some dark recess formed by the debris of stone and masonry, suiting by fancy our ideas to the remains of the once-time castle, imagining the romance made reality, then in the times of chivalry we were suddenly startled from our reveries by the sight of a building in striking contrast with all things surrounding, by its uninjured appearance.

Then there is some life yet in this ancient, time-worn place, since persons in numbers of twos and threes can be seen entering the mysterious edifice, strictly abstaining from all conversation, but seemingly, from the movements of their lips, engaged in secret prayer. The last note of the bell has died away. We enter—all seems hushed into a silence as even of the tombs—no sound is heard, save the low moaning of the wind, as it steals among the turrets or throws itself in sudden gusts amidst the lofty towers.

But hark! along the lengthy corridors and through the spacious halls, stealthily creeping, comes a sound, now so soft and sweet that imagination calls one almost to fairy land, and now rising in its strength, it pours forth in thunder tones, causing the massive walls themselves to tremble with its mighty vibrations—it is the grand organ of the "Cathedral of *St. Phillips'*."

At a distance, faintly seen by the dim lights of burning candles, sparsely scattered through the apartment, giving by the gloomy shade completeness to the scene, as befitting sanctity and inspiring with reverential awe, we see the source of all our surprise—the wonder of the ancients, and from the sweetness and strength of its tones, the study of the moderns. But hark! again the master's hand sweeps over the keys, scarcely seeming to touch, so rapid the movement, as though lost to earth and things pertaining, with looks upturned, he causes the pipes, opening, to pour forth that grand old anthem, never to be-forgotten when once heard.—"*Stockwell.*"

Then our minds, soaring away from things common and unclean, seem to breathe celestial air, and to forget that flesh is known and mortals have existence.

Now again the last echo has died away—no longer do the stately pillars seem to be the bounds of space and this an heaven by itself—all is silence, and wonder stricken we stand speechless; but soon a new sight meets our eyes—slowly issuing from a darkened recess, the form of the priest is seen approaching the altar, as with magical emphasis, conveying to our minds meaning of untold number, he pronounces the words—"*And the praise shall be thine forever.*"

Soon from a far-off apartment, rising from soft melody to almost awful sublimity, sounds of singing and praise are heard, wafted on the wings of the morning air, filling the whole space with music—echoing and reëchoing along the lengthy aisles, or rising to the very top, plays among the fretted cornices, until at last, dying away, it leaves but a remembrance of what it was for the mind to dwell upon with pleasure, where chance and time shall have taken it to far away places and distant lands

Still—spell-bound we stand, loth to break the enchantment of the scene and to fall from the lofty flight of delight and pleasure to the common things of earth.

Soon the vast assemblage of collected worshippers, slowly rising from their bended knees, move solemnly towards the entrance door, and we, ourselves, impelled by the pressing crowd, realizing that it is but a mortal attempt at praise, wend our ways to the streets, there to mingle in the crowd of men like unto ourselves, but with feelings moved and minds filled with thoughts to serve as rich food for after feasts.

THE WORLD, AS INHABITED, TO THE SUSCEPTIBLE AND CULTURED MIND.

BY A. R. MERRIAN.

In the common, every-day use of the word *inhabit*, we usually consider it as applying to man alone, as resting in, occupying, or filling a certain place. This, indeed, is the primary meaning and use of the word; and to the ignorant, unthinking man, such is the range and limit he gives to this one, little, but sweeping and comprehensive word. But to the succeptible and cultured mind the world his peopled with beauty; and the force of association presents joy to him at every step, and recalls thoughts of by-gone days with the distinctness of reality: so that he can again live in the past, commune with the wise of all ages, and tread with enthusiasm places rendered sacred to him, by deeds of glory. On every hand, above, below, spirit voices seem to whisper to us, reminding us that we are not alone. Who listen to these voices; who disregard them ; who profit by them; who learn no lesson, see no comfort and happiness in their acquaintance? To the ignorant, unsusceptible man, nature has no charm, no "voice of gladness," he looks upon her merely as subservient to his uses, and sees not the wealth of beauty, the unbounded pleasure she has in store for him, would he but see them. But—

> "To him, who, in the love of nature, holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language;"

On every side he sees beauty. In every scene, the hand of God teaches him a lesson. He hears a whisper in the gentlest zephyr, and sees a spirit in the drifting snow. He is struck with wonder and admiration when he sees, through an instrument, the illimitable kingdom of the animalculæ—and when he turns his eyes upward, "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." He looks upon the stars as "the poetry of Heaven," "the forget-me-nots of the angels," "the witnesses of immortality"—and wonders what is beyond—in what state we will be hereafter. In fact—

> "This our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

But it is not alone in these familiar scenes, that the cultured mind finds enjoyment. The world at large, the whole world is a museum, whose contents are made doubly rich, by the force of association.—What are his thoughts as he surveys the Pass of Thermopylæ, or the Plain of Marathon? With what feelings does he approach Mount Olympus, the fabled seat of the throne of Jupiter! As he stands in the mighty ruins of the Coliseum, he imagines he again sees the bloody contests of the gladiators, or the fierce Numidian lion tearing his victim—and in the Roman Forum, the eloquence of Cicero rings in his ear, as he pronounces his bitter invective against Cataline and Verres, or bestows his soft blandishments on Pompey and Archias—and above all, in this mighty city, with what relish and rapt admiration does he behold the time-honored paintings of the Vatican! And when he surveys the mighty dome and massive beauty of St. Peters, is Michael Angelo absent from his thoughts? Would the ignorant man see in the excavated ruins of Pompeii more than an immense pile of rubbish? And yet, what doubts have been solved, what fresh ideas of the domestic life, and high civilization of the Romans, are unlocked through means of the entombed city! What would Palestine be to us, were it not the land of God's chosen people, where our Savior lived and died?

His love of, and thirst after knowledge leads him to plunge into the frigid regions of the Arctic Ocean, and into the savage, unexplored regions of Africa. His mighty mind not content with "this span of earth we press," must needs assault the heavens with telescopic batteries, and people the surrounding ether, with multifarious worlds. Thus does knowledge people the world with beauty; such are the enjoyments she has in store for a cultivated mind; thus does memory, and the force of association present him with the fruits of his mind's labor, and at every step offer him new and varied means of enjoyment and instruction; thus does nature smile upon the susceptible man, whose ear is tuned] to her music, whose eye surveys with gladness and thankfulness her beautiful graces, and whose heart is open to her instruction: and these be the inhabitants of the world around him, which the susceptible and cultured mind acknowledges.

GUSTAVE DORE.

BY GEORGE F. ROBERTS.

Every age has its great men—its everlasting water-marks upon the beach of Time—its value weights, which outweigh or are themselves outweighed by the products of former times from and by which following generations mark their progress or decline, and the Nineteenth century can well be proud as here and there amidst the surrounding dross—glistening in its purity as it reflects back the rays of the Sun of Advancement—solid masses of choicest gold are seen, while each fall of cleansing rain—as the season of works come in their course—bringing the rich harvest of well sown and firmly rooted seed, by their little busy streams, bearing away into oblivion and the dark waste of forgotten things the worthless collection of unprofiting things—separating the gold from the earth—the pure and high from the impure and lowly, continually is showing to the admiring gaze of the searcher some new treasure larger and more precious than the before discovered and which on their collection will be a larger result than has been obtained from the former workings of the mines of Literature, Science and Art. While the names, and among those of later note more especially, prominent are Carlyle, Mill, Tennyson, and almost a host of others, have seemed as precious stones, bright and sparkling, to be worked into the crown of Greatness by the cunning jeweller, Time,—we have imagined ourselves contented, and our time well filled with those who might serve as bright examples to coming ages, but now as lately, very *Goodness*, as it seems, sends to us another bright gem, we gladly, even more eagerly, extend our hands for receiving and proudly engrave his name upon the already well filled tablet, and all the people of the enlightened world, America as well as Europe, greet with joy the genius of Paul Gustave Dore.

Although born at the city of Strasburg, still at an early age he left his native place and went to Paris, and there first engaged in the illustration of a comic newspaper in which the first indications of his talents were observed by the few, but it was not until a larger scope was given to the fancy and play of his genius that he came fully into public gaze, as for instance, in such works as *The Wandering Jew*, *Don Quixote*, and *Baron Munchausen.*

There is undeniably a great talent shining forth in his plates, considered as a whole, but the far nicer discrimination appears in the single cases—each figure, expression, and we may almost say even in shadings themselves.

His most perfect productions, coming nearer to our conceptions of what the perfect should be, the *chefs d'œouvr*, if we may be allowed the expression—for we confess him to have defects, indeed many—are most apparent in scenes, best termed for full expression *horrid*, and requiring a like style of representation to satisfy the imagination of the mind, by the reality of the sight, as far as the ‘picture world’ limits it, even farther, we fancy that in such scenes of quiet and tranquility as would be required in the illustration of the *Vicar of Wakefield* or *The Seasons*, the pencil of Dore would scarcely excel that of many others, perchance hardly equal them.

His mind loves to dwell on the supernatural, to soar on the wings of fancy to the high perfectness of heavenly bodies and shapes, or plunge down into the intricate mysteries and horrors of the lower types of being—he works for and obtain extremes—half-way feelings and thoughts have no charm to lead him on to hard toiling wearying ...oving of the pencil.

M. Dore seems to have no thoughts but those of his profession—no wife or family share his affections or cares, but he makes as it were a companion to himself of those engagements in which his very soul seems to enter.

At his studio are to be found objects of every description in the line of costumes and implements of warfare, in order that, when conception fails, reality may be present to quicken the thoughts and to give fresh impulse to his hand.

As an illustrator of *Dante's Inferno*, his name will ever be associated with that of the author; in memory's place they will go hand in hand forever, the writer and the explainer. And now a fresh laurel is added to his brow as the *Paradise Lost* is given to the world, beautified by the delicate touches of Dore.

May he go on as he has commenced until his increasing works shall gain for him still brigher fame as even the diamond of the first water excelleth that of the second water.

HOME AND MOTHER.

BY E. D. FENN.

I can think of but one word in our language sweeter than *Home* and that is *Mother*. Blessings on the kind gentle home-mother. There is a peculiar charm about all she does—this precious mother. See how pleasantly she performs her daily routine of home duties, how pleasantly she sits day after day shaping and sewing some little article for use and adornment for her little ones, and how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness—how the little faces dimple with pleasure and the bright eyes grow still brighter as she decks them with her own hands in the new garments she has made. How much warmer and more comfortable they feel if *she* wraps them up before they go to school.

When night gently gathers her dark foldings—when the sun goes out and "light shines forth in tower and hall" and the little beds have been arranged—*they* could not sleep—nay, for that matter, *she* could not, if she failed to visit their chamber and with her own soft hand arrange them comfortably before they sleep. Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator as she looks on those sweet blooming faces, and when their prayers are done, imprints a good-night kiss on each rosy mouth. With what a strong untiring love she watches by their bed side when they are ill, and how tenderly she guards them from all danger. Will she ever be repaid for her holy devotion to those dear ones. Yes, Angels will look with love upon her acts. Her children will rise up and call her blessed and the memory of her kindly deeds will enfold her as a garment, and at last, in that heavenly haven of rest, forever set free from care and anxiety, she will receive her great and just reward.

Home and Mother. What a charm is there in those words. How closely they are allied. What an influence they exert. When the hearts of natures erring children have become callous by contact with the cold charities of a selfish world, and all else has lost power to move, still these household words—Home and Mother—act with magic influence upon the seared casements of their hearts, causing the portals to fly open and the briny tears to course their way down many an aged and sunbrowned cheek.

Those only who have been for any length of time deprived of the comforts of a home can correctly judge of the exact value of such a place. The youth who has never left the Homestead that sheltered his father and mother and that protects his own head; the maiden whose happy lot has been cast in pleasant places and who can look around her and meet loving eyes and kind glances on every side—neither of these are fully competent to realize the value of the treasure they possess—nor will they be till bitter experience shall have taught them an useful lesson.

Sweetly the thoughts of home and friends come to the lonely stranger in a strange land in his midnight musings. Familiar forms and faces—early scenes and associations—tender recollections—kindred ties, and early affections crowd the mind, and in imagination he revisits the scenes of childhood's joys and once more joins that choice circle of sustaining hearts and hands at home. Traversing the distant soil of a foreign land—separated by the rolling Atlantic and the peaceful Pacific, by deep rivers and broad plains from our native clime, yet distance and danger could not sever the "mystic tie" of love and affection, "hidden low in the heart's deep, deep wealth" which bound us to home.

Years may roll away like shadows from our path and exceed in number the countless shining worlds in the firmament above us, yet the defacing hand of time can never obliterate the bright picture of home and mother indelibly stamped on the tablet of memory.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Prominent among the annals of American politics is the preplexing question of Universal Suffrage. Although we are not professional politicians, nevertheless it may not seem foreign to introduce political theories, and weigh them in the scales of Justice and Equity, which should ever be the standard balance of a Republican Government. With us, as a nation, the political horizon is constantly varying, and what would seem an unavoidable sequence at first, is, at a second review, exactly the converse. What, then, shall be our future? The prophets of our political prospects may read in the "signs of the times" omens of prosperity or adversity, but time proves their forebodings counterfeit. "Universal," in this connection, comprises perhaps too broad a ground; lively contentions arise as to its exact definition.

It is claimed, on the one hand, by able statesmen, irrespective of party that it comprises people of all descriptions, black and white, male and female, while again, the latter named is a rejected definition. We, as observers of political effects and causes, would take the opinion of the latter as our standpoint. Shall we attempt to expatiate upon the former? As ideas are advancing and opinions are being rapidly modified by circumstances, we will not make so bold as to entirely discountenance it, however we would not at present predict such a *coup de etat* in American reform. Two years ago any reasonable peorson would not have imagined the probability, or even possibility of the near approach of qualified suffrage; but to-day we behold it,—to-day we do not predict a "female reform," but five years and we may behold a different aspect of affairs. Therefore while affairs of graver importance are testing the mightiest intellects, let the fair descendents of Eve exult in their beauty but not in their strength.

We shall not unfurl the standard proclaiming this "a white man's government" but we do re-echo again and again if necessary the time honored admonition—*let the ballot be measured by an educational test among the male inhabitants of our land.*

Our fathers recognized a partial ballot in that Bulwark of Free Government—*the Law of our land*, innumerable State Constitutions modify their codes with the word "white." But to-day we live in a remodeled Republic—remodeled by the steady march of civilization, of freedom and humanity to man,—remodeled by the wielded sword, the glittering bayonet, by the sacrifice of blood and treasure, and the nation demands an advanced code of laws for an advancing people. But let not the course of reform go unchecked, let not the model government of the earth sink into oblivion, and cause the future statesman to exclaim, "she was, but she is not," but as the steady hand of advancement welds the bands of nationality into indestructable material let wisdom as well as humanity temper the rod.

Future generations can carry on the great work, we, as a society of young men, will at no distant day be obliged to grasp the helm of State and say to the negro, to the man of what nation soever, come, *up higher* and stand on the basis of nationality which should have for its foundation the enlightenment common to the men of the nineteenth century—come up to that requirement and we will join hands with you in the upholding of the liberties and the rights on man. Then, and only *then*, can we go on as a united people—*then*, indeed, will the future of the American Union be filled with the love and praise of all its citizens.

ADVENTURE IN AN IRON MINE.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

In the fall of 1864 I spent a month among the mountains in the central part of Pennsylvania. Having escaped from the confinement of study which had been interrupted by a severe illness, nothing could have been more pleasant nor more invigorating than to ramble about the country reveling in the pure mountain air, tasting the springs of sparkling water, and feasting my eyes with scenery of the most charming description. Moreover the interest of my walks was much enhanced by a love for Geology which led me to collect interesting specimens, to examine mines and geological formations, and to study the process of reducing ore.

In one of my rambles I was ascending a hill, and by the great desolate heaps of clay on every side perceived that it formerly had been the scene of extensive mining operations. Indeed, if further evidence of this fact had been necessary, it would have been afforded by the sight of numerous pits, resembling large wells, which had been sunk either to search for veins or as a means of bringing ore to the surface. Keeping at a safe distance from their treacherous edges I threw in a few stones to test the depth and then proceeded up the ascent. A place was soon reached on the edge of a small wood where an open shed had been erected to cover the mouth of a mine and some essential apparatus. Here a man was occupied in attending to the mule by whom the ore was lifted, and in supplying the galleries below with pure air by means of a pair of bellows, an overturned stove with a long pipe near by indicating that the effects of heat had proved insufficient to accomplish this purpose in the long spell of bad weather we had been experiencing. I entered into conversation with this person and finding him communicative, obtained much information respecting the quantity and quality of his ore, and the general working of the mine. The machinery for lifting was of simple construction and consisted merely of an upright cylender turned by a lever to which the mule was attached. Upon this reel a rope was wound in such a manner that, as the bucket fastened to one end of it was raised, another at the other end was lowered into the shaft. This latter yawned at our feet—a great dark hole about ten feet wide but partially covered with planks. I looked down but the view only extended a few fathoms and then terminated in a circle of blackness, through whose dusky extremity I could just discern the ascending bucket.

The afternoon was a gloomy one of late autumn. Dark clouds hung low in the sky in those peculiar festoons which indicate the presence of a large quantity of moisture, and the air was filled with raw and chilly principle. The place would not have appeared cheerful in the finest weather, but continuous rain had covered everything—from the face of the driver to the tail of the mule—with mud of that peculiar character which only iron-clay can produce. All around were heaps of the ore which resembled rather lumps of dirt than the material which assumes so many beautiful forms under the hand of art. The wind sighed in the leafless trees above us, and mingled its sounds with the creaking of the windlass and the plash of our donkey's feet as slowly the sad looking animal, with head down, unmindful of an occasional shout and stone from his driver, described his monotonous circles. Yet amid all this, I experienced a singular—an indescribable sort of pleasure. The novelty of the scene gave it many a charm.

While thus occupied a miner came to the surface to procure some boards, and having placed them in the bucket, invited me to descend with him, giving full assurance that he would take me down in safety. Leaving one foot out of the bucket to guide himself, he swung off, the mule was started, and he began rapidly to descend. Fainter and more faint grew the light of the candle in his hat, twinkling like a star as it receded, until suddenly as the ascending bucket passed him it disappeared from sight. After the elapse of a few minutes I began to regret that I had not accepted his invitation and proposed to the driver that I should descend alone. He said if I was very careful, there was not much danger, and acting upon the impulse of the moment, I entered the bucket, receiving a caution to let myself go down without swinging. I left one foot out as my predecessor had done and drawing my cap down upon my forehead, and grasping the rope firmly with one arm, swung clear, and was dangling over a frightful abyss. The situation produced a singular sensation, but it was too late to withdraw, for the mule had started and I was descending. For the first few yards all went smoothly. The shaft was quite spacious and I had time to notice that the walls were of solid rock, very irregular in their outlines on account of the blasting to which they had been subjected. But soon the bucket begins to swing with a portentous motion as the rope becomes longer; the shaft decreases in size, the light grows feeble from the small round hole far above me, and my bucket occasionally impinges upon the rocks. The most difficult portion of the descent is approaching. Below I see the ascending bucket rapidly nearing me. Will we become entangled.—With feverish anxiety I count the feet as it comes. It is come, it catches, the buckets stop. Now for life or death. With every energy concentrated in one kick, and they swing free, the empty vessel leaps upward, and I am in the dark. Blood bounds in the heart and a thousand lives seem passing as downward I rush, dashed from side to side in vain attempts with my disengaged hand to keep off from the slimy rocks. Suddenly the bucket stops upon a projecting ledge. But still the rope comes down, and clinging to it with convulsive energy I find myself lowered over the edge of the bucket in which my feet remain. O moment of horror! I am lost! No; the bucket slips off and down we go. For some yards I perceive nothing,—my whole attention being devoted to holding on to the rope with the energy of despair. The cold damp air rushes against my heated temples, the wet rocks on either side are struck and at every bound I am in danger of being thrown out. But now lights glimmer below and excited voices can be faintly heard to call out—" For God's sake don't swing so!" The lights disappear and in a few moments motion ceases, terra firma is reached and I am assisted out by unseen hands, breathless and exhausted.

A candle was soon lighted and two miners were seen, one of whom I recognized as he who had invited me to descend, and on the faces of both I could read that my danger had been imminent. What a scene it was for a lover of the picturesque. Having just escaped from death, to stand there in the bottom of that deep well hundreds of feet from the outer world, in company with two wild looking men, who begrimmed with dirt stood leaning upon their picks, gazing at me with an expression of surprise and sympathy, a tallow candle giving a feeble flickering light and throwing grotesque shadows on the rocky walls, black passages on either side yawning inward to unknown caverns of the mine,—the great bucket resting in the centre with its rope reaching up into the darkness;—all this made an impression upon me that I can never lose.

After sufficiently recovering breath, I was conducted through one of the galleries, receiving that oft repeated miner's injunction, "look out for your head," compliance with which involved the necessity of preserving a stooping posture by no means comfortable. When we had advanced a few rods we came to the place where the work interrupted by my descent had been going on. Before resuming his pick my new acquaintance, whose name was Simmons, took his candle and started off to show me some of the inner parts of the mine; but as we entered a dark gallery even more contracted in dimensions than the one we had been traversing, the candle threatened to go out and admonished us that it would be unsafe to venture further on account of the bad air with which the mine seemed filled; so with much regret I was compelled to abandon the idea of exploring the net work of passages which Simmons informed me extended over several acres. When we had returned to the scene of labor, my companion, applying his candle-stick, (a lamp of damp clay,) to the wall resumed his digging, while I disposed myself as comfortably as the lowness of the place would permit, and observing their work with interest plied the men with questions. Both seemed to enjoy my descent as a good thing, and one of them in a confidential way remarked that it would *only cost me half-a-dollar*. This did not give me much surprise, knowing it to be the custom among miners to ask a small amount, called a "footing," of all strangers who visit the mines. And they really are entitled to this as the presence of strangers is often a great hindrance to their work and they are always ready to give any information which is asked, and often are most kind in showing one objects of interest. Besides,it is sometimes policy to do,it for the visitor refusing to make the workmen a small present incurs the risk of having some unpleasant joke played upon him, such as being left in the dark by a sudden extinguishment of candles or having his clothes spoiled by an *accidental* deluge of mud. But, be it said that if the tourist wears good clothes to such a place he deserves to have them spoiled. To enjoy a visit to a mine one should wear clothes in which he will feel at home to do anything.

The way my companions were getting out the ore was quite simple. By means of picks, masses of it which resembled a dark honeycomb rock, were separated from the vein, and with their attendant debris, valuable as themselves, being thrown into large buckets, were conveyed on trucks to the shaft, and fastened to the rope to be raised to the surface, and in wagons carried away to the furnaces. The loaded bucket contained on an average five hundred pounds, but the length of heavy rope and the suspension of the weight at such a distance from the power, vastly increased the difficulty of raising. To the mind of one who has seen iron only in its developed form, from the polished engine to the useful nail, the mention of ore brings the notion of a substance resembling the well-known material. But such an idea is quite mistaken. They resemble each other in nothing but weight, and the tyro would be likely as not to mistake the ore for a useless, uninteresting rock. Follow the metal through its various forms of existence, from its birth at the mine through its fiery baptism at the furnace to its maturity in the varied forms which it receives from civilization, and you will see that the ore is indeed a different substance from the iron of familiar life.

After having spent the greater part of an hour in the mine, I made the motion to go, and my kind guide said he would accompany and see me safely to the surface. So we repaired to the bottom of the shaft, and were soon moving upwards. I now had a better chance to examine the place than in my descent, and by the faint light of the candles could get a general idea of the surroundings. There was, however, little to be seen but jagged rocks on every side, and the remains of ladders and other apparatus which had been used in sinking the shaft. For one hundred and thirty feet, the work had been carried on, through a mass of rock with very few crevices; in the expressive words of my companion, it had been "nothing but blast, blast, with no picking but constant chiseling." The mere sinking of the shaft had occupied *ten months*.

We soon reached the top, and after thanking Mr. Simmons heartily, for his kindness, I departed, taking in my mind the germs of a lively remembrance of this adventure, which I recall as the most memorable of my life, and which is never thought of without a strong attendant feeling of gratitude for life preserved in such imminent perils. Less fortunate was the owner of the mine. For as he was visiting it a few months after I had been there, he entered the bucket when it was insecurely fastened to the rope, and was precipitated to the bottom with instant death.

QUERIES BY "SNOOKS."

Why should Philo set up a Wood and Coal Yard? Ans. Because she has plenty of *Cole*-by, a little *Wood*, a big *Sawyer*, and a *Carter*.

Why is Uncle all nose? Ans. Because he never says yes.

Why is the success of the 1st Editor like the success of a fisherman? Ans. Because flirting, like fishing, is catching.

Why don't the 2d Editor eat more? Ans. Because he eats all he can get.

How often is the 3d Editor on a "bender?" Ans. Daily; because he is the first, last, and best at the *vaulting*-BAR.

Why is the Principal of the English Department different from ladies of the present day? Ans. Because he wears horse-hair on the *top* instead of the *back* of his head.

What is the difference between our Uncle, and our Aunt of the sister institution? Ans. *About two hundred pounds.*

Why are rooms 3 and 4, sixth house Latin Commons, like a musical tom-cat? Ans. Because they are well supplied with *fiddle-strings*, *inside*, and know how to use them.

In what respect are our friends, Day and Quigley, dissimilar? Ans. The former likes the *attic in Greek*, the latter likes the *attic in the Hart House*!

EDITORS' TABLE.

STRAY FEATHERS PICKED UP BY THE WAYSIDE.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.—The existence of the person immortalized in Whittier's lines under the above name is not generally known. We have heard James E. Murdoch, the celebrated actor, state that he had met ladies from Maryland who were personally acquainted with "Dame Barbara" and who testified that she actually did have an American flag when the Rebels marched through Fredericktown and did

> Lean far out on the window sill
> And shake it forth with a royal will.

The flag was shot at. Shall we enjoy the lines less because they want some of the poetry of fiction? No! But we will rather thrill when we read them, at the thought that there are thousands of brave women in America who under similar circumstances would act as nobly.

ABSENT MINDEDNESS.—A student friend of ours once while deeply absorbed in some investigations, had occasion to leave his room for a moment, and upon returning had some difficulty in opening his door. "Could I," he exclaimed, *have forgotten to unlock the door when I came out?*

CONUNDRUM.—Why is Spring the most dangerous season of the year? Ans. Because the *cow slips about* (cowslip's about), the *bull rushes out* (bull-rush's out), and the trees are all *shooting*.

ANECDOTE OF COLERIDGE.—How few are judicious in their choice of epithets. Continually we hear *pretty, nice, pleasant*, and other adjectives, applied to persons and things without regard to their applicability to the object which the speaker wishes to commend. It is related of Coleridge that he was once, in company with some fellow tourists, gazing in admiration upon a famous cataract, and was at a loss for an adjective to express his feeling with regard to it, when some one near him exclaimed, "How majestic!" The poet felt the propriety of the epithet, and turned to thank the person for supplying it, when some one added, "and Oh, how pretty!" The charm was broken, and the thanks were ungiven.

PRONOUNCIATION, ETC.—Notice how cunningly a Yankee girl will pronounce pocket. Just watch her lips and listen sometime when she gives you an apple and tells you to put it in your *pawket.*

ECLOGUE JOKES.—Dean Swift made the following admirable application of the line in Virgil's 9th Eclogue:

Mantua vœ miserœ, nimium vicina Cremonœ.

Mantua is, in English, a lady's gown, and *Cremonœ* a kind of fiddle. A lady in the Dean's study one day, chanced with her gown to sweep to the floor a violin which was lying on a chair near by, whereupon the scholar said:

Mantua vœ miserœ nimium vicina Cremonœ.

The 3d Eclogue commences,

Dic mihi Damœta cujum pecus an Melibœi.

Pecus means also *a louse.* Now there was an Irish lawyer once whose name was Egan, and he one day seeing a louse on the ear of a brother lawyer, playfully quoted this line:

Dic mihi Domœta cujum pecus an Melibœi.

Tell me whose louse is that; does it belong to Melibocus. With the ready wit of an Irishman his friend replied:

Non verum Ægonis nuper mihi tradidit Ægon.

No, but it belongs to Egan. Egan just now gave it to me. Egan scratched his ear.

HOINLINDEN.—The poet Campbell in that piece so often spoken by school boys, wrote the lines

"And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser flowing rapidly."

One night Campbell was entertaining some of his friends, and one of them who was a little tipsy had occasion to go out, and happened to tumble down stairs. The host hearing the noise ran to the head of the stairs and inquired what was the matter. "Only," said the unfortunate man, "*only I-sir rolling rapidly.*"

TERMINUS.

CLOSING LINES OF THE SECOND EDITOR.

All things must end,—our joys, our woes,
Alike must pass forever,
Though lingering time may bind them fast,
The future sure must sever.

Time—arbiter of all mankind,
On golden wings advances,
The rigid real becomes ideal,
And all things—flitting fancies.

Thus mused we, as in pensive mood,
We watched the glimmering shadow,
Of evening's twilight gathering round,
Our soft and downy pillow.

We gazed far upward to the heavens,
Where stars were dimly twinkling,
We saw the faded face of earth
Clad in the robe of evening.

The moon lit up the eastern sky,
In matchless brightness shining;
And cast its radiance through the trees,
With beauty all entwining.

And as we wondered whence they were,
We checked our busy wandering
And then we thought—all these must end,—
They are not everlasting.

Our labors, too, must have an end,—
They all must pass forever;
Though lingering time may bind them fast,
The future sure must sever.

EDITORIAL.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

This is our Mirror. Feeling that we have spared no effort to make it creditable to ourselves and interesting to our readers, we ask that its defects may receive the indulgence of the public, to whom we now present it. In addition to the literary pieces, we have taken the liberty to insert a condensed account of the different organizations recognized, at Phillips' Academy, on the ground that it will be interesting to members of the institution, both now and hereafter, and will afford strangers the most satisfactory means of determining the character and importance of the Academy. You naturally feel more interest in the recital of facts of which you have had personal cognizance, than in abstract remarks upon subjects that concern you but little. For this reason, and to avoid tedious repetition of worn out editorial remarks, we will, instead of informing you that "the term is drawing to a close," "we shall soon be at home," "the Fem Sems are flourishing," and the like, give a rapid glance over the occurrences of the term, and note such points of information as it will please you, perhaps, at some future day, to recall by turning to these lines.

The term opened favorably for skating, and on the morning of commencement there were a large number on the pond. This fine spell of skating continued through the whole week, the evenings being "imparadised" by beautiful moonlight. But on the following Monday a snow of several inches fell, which upon examination of the pond the committee found too deep to be removed with the poor implements at their disposal. During the week the weather moderated, but on Christmas there was some very good snow ice formed on which a few had a "Merry Christmas." Otherwise the day would have passed with little notice on the part of Phillipians, save that by means of a petition presented by the school, our respected Principal was induced to suspend labor on that day, although he declined to grant New Year's also. Jan. 2d there was a fall of snow, which was rapidly removed by Mr. Holt, who had been employed for that purpose. Yet, owing to the imperfection of the implements used, the snow was not taken of in as neat a manner as is necessary to insure pleasant skating. Since New Year's there have been at intervals days on which the park has been in condition for the most delightful of sports, but we cannot say that the amount we have had is quite sufficient for our desires. In future winters, those who are interested in the skating pond, should provide themselves with suitable scrapers and an *ice-plane*, which could be constructed at moderate expense, for it would be impossible to accomplish satisfactory results with such means as we have been compelled this season to use. The Theological Seminary seems willing to unite with the Academy in providing skating, as its contribution this winter has indicated, and there are many citizens of Andover who will be glad to do the same.

Some meetings of Philo this term have been of the most interesting character. We recall, with feelings of pleasure, one in particular at which we were honored with the presence of a well-known friend of the "Academy boys," in company with an alumnus of the institution. We were glad that on this occasion our society displayed herself to so good advantage, for, besides other well performed parts, the Mirror, by the second Editor, was admirable, and the debate, especially on the part of a junior Philomathean was very creditable. Our visitors made some pleasant remarks, and all departed well satisfied with the evening. There have been occasions, however, when the harmony of our meetings has been disturbed by a little bitterness of feeling between members, but we hope nothing serious has resulted therefrom. It would be well for all to post themselves on some of the principal points of parliamentary law, a knowledge of which is important to an American citizen. The late trouble with regard to the election of Vice President, will, we trust, be of no injury to our society.

In the way of entertainments we have had some memorable experiences during the winter. The course of concerts by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, will leave a lively sense of pleasure with all who listened to their chaste and just execution of classic music. Miss Houston sang at the first, Miss Ryan at the second, and Mrs. Smith at the third concert. It would be difficult to say which of these ladies is best liked by Phillipians, but we think that Miss Ryan would receive the largest number of votes on score of popularity. At the first concert one of the Club made himself obnoxious by unjustly reproving some members of the Academy on the side seats near the stage, for making a noise. Every son of Phillips should be careful to uphold the credit of his Alma Mater, and since the citizens are too prone to find fault with Academy boys, should keep a careful watch over the thoughtless impulses of youth on public occasions.

On the 26th ult. there was a Combination concert, which we have heard highly spoken of; but the gem of the season was the entertainment given under the auspices of the Abbott Seminary. This drew a large and brilliant audience, and we would express the pleasure which the Academy feels at the success of the young ladies. All were captivated by the magnificent skill and interesting manners of Mme. Urso, and although the other performers labored under the disadvantage of being associated with an artist of such surpassing power, they acquitted themselves with credit, except the *tenore*, who did not succeed in rendering his singing acceptable. Miss Barton being encored, sang "Five o'clock in the morning," that inevitable tune with which every Andover audience is regaled. Though we like the "old, old story to be told again," it has become *too old a story* to hear this tune, and it is insulting to the citizens to compel them to hear it so often.

On the 30th of January, the balloting for representative contestants for the prizes in declamation took place in each of the classes. No time has been absolutely fixed upon, but the contest will probably take place on some evening the early part of next term. The institution of prizes is something new for Phillips' Academy, and the gentleman who has donated for the purpose deserves great credit for his public spirit, in striving to excite an interest in elocution among our students. Old Philo will also be looked upon with increased favor as a school for the development of oratorical powers.

The senior class took a sleigh-ride to Lowell on the 9th inst., and everything passed off in the most satisfactory manner.

At length we have a gymnasium. On the 3d of January, Dr. Taylor was suddenly called away and it was whispered that he had gone upon business connected with the establishment of a gymnasium.

After a few days there was a rumor that the old brick was undergoing alteration for that purpose and soon report became knowledge and all eagerly awaited its completion. On the 14th of February at morning prayers our venerable preceptor arose and instead of " The following individuals are requested to remain," announced that the gymnasium would be open in the evening. Rounds of applause followed and after this had subsided, the times and manner of exercise was stated to the school. These we subjoin thinking that they will be interesting for future reference. The school was to exercise in three divisions, the Senior, Middle and Junior classes of each department to exercise together, the first at 4.50 P. M., the second at 5.25 P. M., and the third at 8 A. M. In the evening the first two divisions inspected and exercised at the gymnasium. The apparatus occupies the large second story room of the "Old Brick" formerly used for Exhibitions and the gallery which was allowed to remain affords visitors a good opportunity to see those exercising. Already the conveniences have attracted visitors, particulerly those of the opposite sex, and it is calculated to inspire with some uneasiness the green gymnast in his attempts to perform some feat (such as walking across the small horse on his hands) to have such a battery of bright eyes directed upon him. Light gymnastics constitute a portion of the daily exercise and we cannot but feel how imperfectly we perform these manœuvres compared with the manner in which the young ladies of the Seminary go through the same. In fact we *murder* the figures, they *execute* them.

In the lower room of the building there are four bowling-allies in course of construction, each of which is to be sixty-five feet long.

Although we cannot call the gymnasium exclusively *ours*, yet we ought not to feel jealous that the Theologues share therein. The times for exercise need not interfere with each other and the present arrangement of having the gymnasium in common will rather serve to establish a bond of union between members of the Academy and the students; and such a friendly union cannot fail to be pleasant and desirable.

Thus the term has been distinguished by much that will be agreeable for us all to remember and we hope that the few remarks we have made upon it may be a slight token of our personal satisfaction and may serve as a gentle spur to the memory of others to keep fresh the incidents with which the term has been marked. In conclusion we would again ask the indulgence of our readers for whatever defects exist in the Mirror and wishing our comrades of Old Phillip's a happy vacation we will conclude.

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

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GEORGE F. BABBITT,
TALCOTT WILLIAMS,
ALEXANDER R. MERRIAM, } *Editors.*

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

BY THIRD EDITOR, MERRIAM.

Every age produces, as it were, something entirely novel. Every period of the world's history has had some distinguishing feature.—Certain men or circumstances have, for a time, produced a profound influence over the minds of men, and ruled the world thereby. Now, if there is one feature, as much as any other which distinguishes the present age, dating back sixty or seventy years, it is in the fact of the existence of a class of literature pre-eminently devoted to the task of presenting truth and criticism under a popular form; more extensive than a journal, less elaborate than a treatise; neither so long as to form a *tedious* task to master its substance, nor so short as to stint your grasp of the subject. The need of such a class of literature was for a long time felt, and is now satisfied in our periodical literature. Among the finest productions in our language, are short essays. (I say short in distinction from a long treatise.) In them are contained the purest English, the finest thought, presented in a short, terse style. The inimitable essays of the *Spectator*, and Macaulay's master-strokes of criticism and elegance, stand unrivalled for perspicuity and purity. Nearly every essayist of note, first presents his productions to the public in one of the standard periodical reviews of the time. These monthly or quarterly visitors penetrate every nook and corner of a country, carrying their opinions of authors, statesmen, and of public events to the mind of every reader. The mass of people have no opinion of their own. They are tolerably well read in facts, but cannot scrutinize the nice shades of action and motive and principle; they are acquainted, perhaps, with characters in history and fiction, but can form no estimate of the comparative excellence of the one, or the artistic skill with which the other is portrayed; they can be affected by the general outline of one author's *meaning*, but cannot tell what produces this effect; they may be conscious of a beauty and a symmetry in a poem, but cannot analyze the cause; they may be conscious of a great underlying fault somewhere, but how to discover it, is to them impossible. In fact, they have no mind of their own, or at least, one at a loss to express their convictions. This want is supplied by the essayist or critic. He brings out nicely shaded meanings of each word; he displays beauty under the obscuring leaves of some enigmatical newspaper or obscure companion. He teaches us to see the beauties of some parts of a production, while he points out the author's defects as well, and unclothes deformity of thought, and ugliness of argument. The prominent deeds of the day, as well as past actions and events, are brought forward and presented in criticism; men of note are presented to us, either in the interesting garb of biography or of critical survey.

Again, Periodical Review tends to correct abuses—and of all their services, perhaps this is the most important. Men have existed whose lives, for years, have been subjected to harsh criticism, and to whose names unjust obloquy is attached. Others, who have been considered martyrs and heroes, by the false lights which sympathy casts upon our active deliberations, but whom after years, when the mind is unbiased by prejudice, have proven to be anything but what prejudice would have us think of the one, or sympathy of the other. To free the world from such errors, this class of literature has had a powerful influence. The world might live on for ages in the sleep of error, were it not roused by the thunders of criticism. The diffusion of intelligence needs a more portable literature. In the middle ages, when all the learning of the time was centered in a few individuals, then matters stood in a different light. Books being rare, those produced were naturally massey and ponderous.

> "That weight of wood, with leathered coat o'erlaid,
> Those ample clasps of solid metal made,
> The close-pressed leaves, unoped for many an age,
> The dull red edging of the well fill'd page;"

describes the essential character of books at that time. Now, advanced intelligence demands that the plowman in the field, the mechanic at his bench, as well as the scholar in his studies, may receive the benefit of others investigations. Thus, having found a vessel of portable size, it must be filled with mental food, which all may digest. This age is essentially lively and quick,—fretted with all the delays of speculation and cavil, (I speak of the mass,)—they must be supplied with concise sentences and clear reasoning—avoiding too lengthy argument or too profound speculation. To many, there is something repulsive in a book—but if from all the books published, or at least from the best of them, we cull the principal contents, epitomize the work, and abridge the substance, we gain most of the good of an author, without any of his unnecessary details. Some one has truly said: "These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away." This these periodicals do for us. We take up any of them, and find it to contain small fragments on all subjects, the "extreme essence" of what is best in the productions of the day.

As I said before, periodical literature is of recent date. The real modern periodical literature, in our acceptation of the term, commences in 1802, in the *Edinburgh Review;* started by Jeffries and Rev. Sydney Smith. Its effects upon the world have been truly noticeable. During a critical period in England's history, when the aspirations of the people were crushed by conservatism, rose this periodical; despised, of course, at first, yet fearlessly maintaining its ground, and fighting with the "mail of logic" and the arrows of criticism, all the miserable conservatism of the administration. Its effects upon the public sentiment soon became mighty. Sister literature started up all around it. Review after review entered the arena, and popular thought and feeling took a new start. Who can tell the effects it has had in science, art, politics and literature; contributing to our choicest collections of word painting, criticising with a shrewdness and force unknown before, turning the people's attention into new channels of thought, and stimulating research and inquiry in every field. This may be said of all *standard* periodical literature. They are worthy of our earnest attention and study; they will give us a general, yet critical idea of our own times; will carry us back with an unprejudiced eye to the past, and will bid us look with pride or with caution to the future.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

BY JAMES HAYWARD.

In the early formation of almost every country that has risen to any great degree of prominence and distinction, there have been those true and staunch men, who have undergone sufferings, trials, disappointments and, sometimes, treachery itself, yet have willingly borne all for their country's good. Of this character was Sir William Wallace, who was Scotland's truest and greatest lover, the bravest defender of her rights, and her noblest knight. His principal qualities were great generosity, true honesty and real moral and physical courage. These characteristics were shown forth in all the important and momentous actions of his life, and were his guiding principles, the prompters of every good and great deed which he performed.

As component parts of these virtues, we find him possessed of a very strong love for his fellow-countrymen, his native land, and his God; of a desire to promote the best interests of all men; to restore the oppressed to freedom, and to advance the arts of peace. With a love for the flourishing of right, and the downfall of tyrants and oppressors, he could not but mourn at the sad fate of Scotland, which overwhelmed her directly after the battle of Dunbar; and, to restore peace, prosperity and happiness to his much beloved country, he would gladly have laid down his life; but he could not bring so much grief upon his friends as this would occasion, for to them he owed his strongest love for mortals. Yet, after his wife's base and cruel murder, moved by a rightful spirit of revenge and a desire to strike, if possible, a decisive blow in favor of his country, he took his stand with a small body of men on the battle-field.

Here it was that the true greatness of the man, the real glory of his character and the magnanimity of his mind and talents, were displayed to the world in the best manner. At the beginning of his career, his reputation was not very extensive, and his great fortitude and many talents were but slightly known. Yet he seems to have been aided by the Arm on which he leaned for support, for it was not long before he was surrounded by a host of followers, who would stand by him to the last. It was with such an army, commanded by as gallant leaders, who loved their country and her defenders, that he gained his first great battles, which commenced his first campaign, and gave to him a renown that still lasts as bright as ever. But as his army increased, vile, conceited and dangerous men joined him, and it was through these, who sought their own glory at the price of true greatness and honor, (or, if need be, at the price of their country and its defenders,) that he was most disheartened, that his character and honor were called into question, and his heart made almost to break. But during all these trying hours he still worked on, and endeavored to eradicate all evil; to make his enemies his friends, and in every way to do the most good for all. He saw the wicked designs and plots of his enemies, the principal ones of whom he had liberated from so-called imprisonment, under Edward, to full power and honor in their own country; but they saw in him a man of opposite character, and one who could read their own thoughts, so they hated him the more, and worked the harder for his overthrow. Those who appeared to be his best friends, were, at heart, his worst enemies. He was surrounded by them continually, and was becoming entangled in the snares they set for him; still he did not attempt to bring them to trial, but suffered them to continue in the wicked course they were pursuing.

His name appears on the pages of history unsullied and unstained by *one single* act which can be criticised by the severest judge, if he will impartially examine the causes, and try to conceive of the motives that prompted it, and but few acts which would not now be considered good policy to do. Even when it seemed for his best interests to do differently, he did what he conscientiously believed to be right, let the consequences be what they would. But few men can be pointed out of characters so pure and noble, of principles so great and good, and of such generous, impulsive and lovable qualities, as those of Wallace. We know of none who have had their interests so completely centered in doing acts of mercy and kindness, and in promoting the best interests of enemies, as well as friends, whose desire to do no one harm was so earnest, but who showed towards all expressions of sorrow at their wicked actions, and of love and friendship in doing them good as Wallace. The accounts of his victories are almost incredible, and appear wholly the work of an imaginative mind; yet, in a measure, they are true, though, of course, prejudice against his enemies, and love for him, have caused some to exaggerate in the narration. His successes were owing to the valor of his soldiers, and his own military skill; his failures, to the falseness and treachery of others, who were ever seeking to mar his reputation and character.

Thrice was he obliged to give up his command, and thrice was he betrayed; the last time into the hands of his enemies, and by that very one who had first set the ball in motion, that finally caused the deliverance of Scotland. He was put in chains, and at last carried to the scaffold, where, while in the embrace of his newly made wife, he cried, "My prayer is heard! Life's cord is cut by God's own hand! Helen! Helen! May he preserve my country, and ——." He stopped; he fell; and all was over with this great man. He died the conqueror, for by that death came the complete overthrow of Edward, and the establishment of Robert Bruce on the throne of that country, which ever will hold in sweet remembrance the deeds, and always will venerate, praise and love the name of William Wallace.

DEFENSIO.

BY JOSEPH R. WALTER.

Ah, blame not the bard in his youth if he rave,
  And Venus breathe warm in the song that he sings;
If heart and his muse to romance be a slave,
  His fingers with rapture sweep wild o'er the strings.

His blood may be warmed by a more genial sun,
  And Spring may come sooner and brighter to him;
The streams in his bosom of feeling may run
  Like torrents, and deluged his reason may swim:

But check not the flowing of currents like these,
  And chill not their waters with ices of age:
Let not glad emotion in apathy freeze,
  Nor ask of the young man the judgment of sage.

In dark locks of his would you twine the gray hair,
  And dim his bright eye with the mist of the tomb?
In place of the lovelight supply a dull stare?
  And change his free nature to sternness and gloom?

No! sweet is the morning of life, and its thought
  May well be more fervid than musing of eve;
For each early joy as it passes is caught,
  And sunshine is felt which young bosoms receive.

Ask not of the poet whose muse is yet young,
  To soar to the regions where mind coldly reigns;
But let Cytherea unloose his warm tongue,
  And pour forth his heart in impassioned refrains.

In the years of old age he may soar to the sky,
  And tune all his song to a story more grand;
His muse on the strong wings of reason may fly
  To pay what the learned austerely demand.

But no song of ripeness can pleasure convey,
  Like that which the spring-tide of passion can know;
And sweeter, sincerer and dearer than they,
  In his youth will the rivers of melody flow.

A COMPOSITION ON "COMPOSITION."

BY WILLIAM T. CARTER.

The writer hopes that no one, on hearing the title of the piece, will at once shrug his shoulders, place his feet on the bench ahead of him, thereby composing himself into the easiest position possible, or, what is worse, commence to whisper with his next neighbor as the best way of using up the time, while an article with *such a dull* title is being read; though it would by no means be surprising if they did, for the writer is well aware that the duty, which we most fervently hate and constantly avoid, is that of "Composition." He hopes they will not do that, for of all accomplishments, which an educated man needs *most* to cultivate, because he will most *use* it, the writer thinks that of "Composition" is the most important. And this is an undoubted fact, no matter in what sphere of action you are placed, which is or ought to be apparent to every one without further argument.

Now most people on being asked to write an article for a paper, (the "Mirror" for example,) return the invariable answer—"I can't." The fallacy of this statement is too clear to talk more about it, for if a young man of seventeen or eighteen, with even a moderate share of brains, cannot express, in his own mother-tongue, the thoughts which sometimes fill his soul, he is certainly to be blamed as well as pittied.

In choosing a subject for a composition, one wants to take something that shall be interesting as well as amusing,—for all classes should be equally entertained. All subjects, to make the simplest division, are either simple or compound; thus a simple subject is "Commerce" which you would probably treat as a *descriptive* subject, whereas if you took that of "Political Economy," which is a compound subject, you would write an able argument upon it, and, which you might, with all its branches, write upon almost forever. Of course it is best to begin with an easy subject and make them more difficult as you improve. But little can be said about this as almost every one has his peculiar theories in regard to the matter.

In composition, it need not be exclusively *English* composition, for the principles of all languages are the same, there are three qualifications which are requisite: (1) A fair knowledge of the resources of your own language; (2) A knowledge of the subject to be discussed; (3) A clear argument of the subject in all its branches. The first is the least difficult of all, as you are supposed, if an educated person, to be able to give your views clearly and sensibly to others, in the language you have been conversant with ever since your birth. The second is, perhaps, the most difficult of all, though I know you will immediately say, "If I only had something to write about I could easily put it on paper," ah! that's just the trouble, you could put it on paper, but how would others receive it, for it should be the aim of every one to so express himself that others can and must feel, from what you say, just what you feel. To obtain a good understanding of any subject upon which you may wish to write, there are two ways, one from reading, the other from spirited conversation; when you have a chance to give your own as well as hear the views of another. Of these two it is impossible to say which is the best, as there are people differently constituted, whom one would please better than another. Now that you have the material with which to work, viz.: the language and thoughts, the third thing to do is, to put the whole together, so as to be a thoroughly readable article; to do this you must have a lucid arrangement of the whole article as the foundation work, and this once obtained, the rest of the work is very simple, putting together words and sentences in a logical sequence, until the whole assumes the bearing and strength of a first-class article. Cicero once wrote an Essay upon "Old Age," and this, for its beautiful thoughts—exquisite language—but especially for its almost inimitable *arrangement*, has won the united praise and admiration of nineteen centuries, and by the common consent of all succeeding generations it is THE MODEL for all "Composition." Now it is not to be supposed that we, at our age, can construct or write such an admirable work as Cicero did at sixty, but if we improve our time, there is surely nothing which cannot be attained by work. And there is one way of obtaining this power of analysis which lies in the grasp of every one. Take one of the Quarterly Magazines, and one of the *dry articles* in it (the dryer the better), and try to imagine yourself in the author's place, and make as complete an analysis of it as possible. Practice of this kind will soon render you *perfect*. The writer is well aware of the difficult work he has undertaken, and the imperfect success he has had in the accomplishment of it, but hopes that something here may be of practical utility to some one.

OUR CHIMNEY CORNER.

BY FIRST EDITOR, BABBITT.

Here we are, regardless of all that is threatening, and feasting upon the ideas which naturally present themselves; or, in other words, we are cogitating on the reality of fact and the sublimity of fancy. Did it ever occur to any of you what a quiet, easy and happy thing it is to seat yourself in a corner, similar to the one which contains your contributor, and to note down stray thoughts upon different subjects? If not, try it, and let us hear from you through the *Mirror*. A great many people are constantly discouraging themselves and blaming other people for it. They *might* do a great amount of good to their fellow-men, either by word or deed, but, through a lack of self-confidence, they are stumbling-blocks instead of vehicles to themselves and to others. So it is with many would-be contributors,—they would, but they "*can't;*" yet they *can* if they would. "Get your spindle and your distaff ready, and God will send the flax." So said one who knew the whole secret of your shortcomings. It requires but a muscular exertion to betake yourself to the "chimney corner," and then but a will, to expatiate upon the bricks and cobwebs which invest it. The women of seventy-six never thought of producing their homespun webs until they had turned the spinning-wheel, arranged the woof and warp, and then each stroke of the shuttle added little by little to their accumulating web, and they perceived the effects of each trifling cause. So you must spin out your ideas, and make your web a contribution. The world cares little for projectors and schemers, but only for those who *act*, and thereby accomplish. A good intention will not produce an effect,—'tis only a part of a whole; but 'tis worthy of praise,—'tis *something;* but when carried out, 'tis everything.

Oh, no, Sir Aspirant, Rome was not built in a day—it took years. The grounds were laid out, leveled, and made ready for the vast city it was to uphold; the walls were raised and the domes were capped. The "eternal city" is yet to rise in you; you have yet to lay the corner-stone of its structure, and your lifetime will cease at its completion. Then, more indestructible than marble, stands the temple ot self—ever in view, adorned or defaced with the accumulations of time. Here, again, the "would-be" power is prominent. You *would* have it worthy of imitation—grand and beautiful: you *would*, but you *can't;* yet you *can* if you *would*. But "the chimney corner" is a place of refuge, while we make it a rostrum. Never mind, if you heed its precepts, it will prove a refuge from all troubles.

The midnight lamp burns dim, and, as a consequence, we must cut short our story, or darkness is the alternative; but in darkness we soar highest in imaginative atmosphere; we look out into its inky boundary, and our vision is reflected back into our thoughts, and we see them, feel them, know them.—But where are we, in our corner or out of it?

BURIED TALENTS.

BY JOHN H. HINCKS.

> "What, should he studie and make himself wood,
> Upon a book in cloistre alway to pour?
> * * * * * * * *
> ——— how shall the world be served?"

The truth contained in these lines, taken from the prologue of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, comes down to us, venerable with the mould of five centuries, but with a force unimpaired by the weight of accumulated years. The words, originally applied to those who, in darker ages, under monastic shades, devoted their lives exclusively to study, may, with augmented force, be addressed to this more enlightened age, when Learning's devotees have multiplied far beyond the capacity of monastery or convent. Learning has ever been held in reverence among men, and those who have devoted their lives to its acquisition, have been accorded an exalted position in public estimation; while any disparagement of it has been cried down as narrow, and bred of bigotry and ignorance.

We are not of the number of those who would restrict intellectual and æsthetic culture within the bounds of narrow utility, and measure all acquirements by their market value; we have too high a regard for culture in itself to apply the rigid test of "*cui bono*" to all attainments in it, but yet we shall venture to raise our voice against an exclusive devotion to learning, which is becoming so prevalent among educated men, leading them to leave the practical and pressing duties of the present, to wander among the relics of the past.

The true aim of study we hold to be discipline of the mind and the acquisition of knowledge, to enable man to perform competently the duties which devolve upon him in life. And as it has been established, that man's ability increases in proportion to the discipline he is subjected to, and the knowledge he acquires, we hold it to be the duty of every one to raise himself to such a degree of culture as circumstances will warrant, not incompatible with the discharge of his obvious duties. The old adage that "Knowledge is Power," finds a practical exemplification in the history of every man who rises to eminence.

The most able lawyer is he who brings to bear upon his cases an intellect trained in the discipline of the schools, and matured and invigorated by subsequent continuous application. That minister is most faithful to his mission, and most successful in its fulfillment, who brings to the exposition of the Scriptures a mind widened and deepened, and sympathies enlarged and elevated by constant study and reading. But while we regard education as a most useful means for the performance of the duties of almost any position, and beleive especially, that in the case of those who follow the learned professions, continued application is necessary to nerve the energies, and repair the heavy draughts made upon the mind, yet, we think that those who devote their lives to learning in itself, and value the acquisition of knowledge merely for its own sake, defeat the very objects of study; and though their selfishness takes a higher form, yet are to be reckoned hardly above the sensualist, who seeks to extract from this life, all the physical enjoyment that he can, regardless alike of the claims of humanity, and of his Creator upon him. In our own land, where the demands incident to a new country have turned men's attention to the more practical duties of life, this class of persons is comparatively small, though there are many against whom the charge could be brought with more or less force. But in the older countries of Europe, there are many whose energies are exclusively bent to the acquirement of lore. Life-times are sometimes spent in exhuming remnants of bygone ages, in tracing subtle distinctions in their languages and in constructing, for the defence of pet philological theories, labored treatises, in which the labor involved is exceeded only by the utter insignificance of the issue. There are others coming under this same class, not living in the shade of universities, who seem to have been created merely for the absorption of other men's attainments, whose lives are involved in more obscurity, and whose aims are even lower than those of the former division. It is true that this class is small, compared with the population of the country, or even to the educated men of the country; but it often comprises men whose brilliant gifts and keen powers of analysis, if turned to higher objects, would mark an era in the progress of mankind. We hold it to be wrong, morally wrong, for men whose abilities and opportunities would fit them for the most useful stations, to squander the gifts lavished upon them, and to pass an existence barren of results.

To all such, the consideration embodied in the words at the head of this article, should come home with especial force. Man is not created to pass this life in a manner most convenient and agreeable to himself, but society has a claim upon him, which is the larger in proportion to the means he possesses of benefiting society. It has pleased the Creator of all, to enshroud most of the human race, and all to some extent, in mutual and spiritual darkness, which debars them from a knowledge and appreciation of their high destiny, and reduces them to the similitude of beasts, rather than of men made after the image of their God. Under these circumstances, the voice of inspired command, and the influences of our own reason, indicate with unerring certainty, the duty of those who have been more highly favored, to devote their abilities, so far as they are able, to the elevation of their race. To do this it is not necessary that all should preach the gospel, though this is the chief instrumentality in dispelling the gloom which clouds the understanding and heart of man; but, on the other hand, it has ever been found that intellectual enlightenment goes hand in hand with spiritual, and that as man learns to appreciate the fruit of worldly understanding, so he is fitted to grasp more fully the sublime reality of his existence. We do not then. in this article, mean to censure those who endeavor to elevate the understandings of their fellow men by the creation of a healthy literature or by exploring the mysteries of science. Let these, and all other methods of culture, which really enlarge and expand the understanding, be carefully cultivated.

But there is a class whose labors are barren of fruit, or productive only of such barren results as we have mentioned before. To such, it seems to us, there is an imperative call to cast under foot things of so trifling importance as constitute the aim of their lives, and to devote their talents to an object more worthy of their attention. The wants of suffering humanity present a far higher demand than the absorption of knowledge never to be turned to account. Martin Luther, starting forth from the Cloister to denounce in thunder tones the corruption of the then universal church is to us far more glorious, to mankind far more useful, and to his God more faithful, than the monk, who, in the same monastery, devoted his life to the mastery of Latin manuscripts. We know that in advocating these views, we are laying ourselves open to the charge of narrowness. But that narrowness which would lead men to consider that life is not a season of indulgence, but a period of high claims and responsibilities, and that talents are not to be frittered away in useless acquirements, might well become universal.

A VISIT TO MALTA.

BY SECOND EDITOR, WILLIAMS.

It was a beautiful June morning (and June mornings are beautiful in the Mediterranean) as we neared the island of Malta. At an early hour I was pacing the deck, watching the island, at first a low bank, gradually rise till we could, without much difficulty make out the entrance to the harbor, and the forts, or rather castles, which guarded it on either side. Soon, in answer to the signal flying at our masthead, a light-boat came down toward us, and the pilot clambered on board. The steamer was then headed directly for the passage. and in a short time we were passing through the narrow channel, apparently hardly a stone's throw, to the right, from the historic Fort Elmo, and a little further off, on the left, from the battlements of some less renowned fort. Once within the harbor, the water, freshened outside by an early morning breeze, became calm. Slowly the vessel steamed to the upper part of the bay, and, casting anchor, prepared to "coal up." Hailing one of the row boats which ply over the harbor, we walked down the gangway, and in a few moments were in the streets of Valetta.

And now a word about these streets, and those who fill them. As Valetta enjoys the advantage of a harbor which will float a man-of-war but a short distance from the shore, the hills which rise above it are equally steep, and many of the streets of this city are really nothing but flights of stone steps extending across the street from side to side. Malta is inhabited by a mixed population, and the language is a compound of Arabic and Italian; but, although the images on every corner show the religion of the people, yet it does not take a walk of many minutes to discover who are the dominant race.—British officers pass with that incomparable strut which always seems to cling to them, and British soldiers go by with everything so painfully tight about them, and still retaining their marching step, showing none of the ease that French soldiers display if off parade, though still in their uniforms.

As the captain had informed us that we could not have more than a couple of hours on shore, we had time to visit but one object of interest,—the cathedral of St. John, built by Valetta, to commemorate his hard won victory—a large building, stately, but built in a manner which shows, as does everything else on this island, a commingling of Eastern and Western tastes. Once within, we stand at the foot of the broad aisle. The lofty roof is arched, and below hang the faded battle-flags taken by the old knights of St. John, and the floor is paved with their tombstones, a rude effigy being often inlaid with colored marble above the epitaph. At the extreme end is the high altar with its jeweled service, and the silver railing running in front, which our guide delightedly told us was painted black by the monks when the French, under Napoleon, occupied the island, to prevent its being carried away to swell the treasures of the empire. On either side of the church are small chapels, built and furnished by the different chapters of the order, and hence called the English, French, and so on. In one of these is a life-size recumbent statue of that king, which, in the clear white of its marble, contrasts strangely with the rest of the old gray church. Below are buried the Grand Masters of the order, but none are of any interest but that of Valetta. Above it lies his armor. It is that of a small man, not much above five feet, and hardly equaling our ideas of knightly size and dignity, but quite large enough to contain him who carried defeat and destruction to the largest armament the Turkish Empire could raise.

Leaving the cathedral, we hastened down to the stone-paved wharf, and were soon on board our vessel. Just then, an Austrian iron-clad steamed in, and the battery a short distance from us, gave her the usual salute: it was a slight thing, hardly worth mentioning, but one poor fellow, who was ramming home one of the charges, lost his life by it, for, the charge exploding, he was blown off the rampart, and, falling about fifty feet, was picked up and carried off, a sacrifice to military etiquette.

Malta is considered the station of the English Mediterranean squadron, and several vessels were lying at anchor. Two of them were iron-clads; but they were far removed from our monitors, and with their masts and spars, (were it not for the angle of their sides, and their beaks, which make the prow slant in a different line from other vessels,) would look like long wooden ships. A mate pointed them out to me, and spoke of their entire ability to meet any Yankee craft; but as he moved away, a sailor standing by remarked his earnest dislike for being inside them in an engagement, or worse in a storm.—"For," said he, "that heavy beak would surely bog a vessel."

But the last boat-load of coal was on board, and we were soon again on the waters of the Mediterranean.

VACATION.—PHILLIPS BOYS AT HOME.

BY WILLIAM E. STANLEY.

Proverbial as Phillips boys have always been, among the Andover people, at least, for mischief, their rogueries have, by no means, been confined to the precincts of Mt. Zion. No sooner does the steam whistle herald the station, or the lumbering stage-coach reach the village green at home, than light hearts and busy brains are plotting merry mischief. We will follow one of these sportive lads, as, after a merry greeting at the old homestead, and a hearty, respectable meal, he steals out in the gathering gloom of evening, to visit his old places of resort, to enjoy the sweet companionship of those from whom he has long been separated, but has not forgotten. Facing the main street stands an old-fashioned, two-story house, in the lower story of which is a small grocery. Why this old building was permitted to survive its brethren, and rear its antique roof among its more modern and aristocratic neighbors, can only be explained by the fact that its owner was as odd, if not as old as the building was itself. No promise of a more suitable place for his business, no threats from his ambitious neighbors, or even the timid advice of the parson, could induce him even to repair the dilapidated concern, or enlarge his store above a limited depository for West India goods.

But to us boys, from the time of our earliest recollection, this was especially an attractive place. Not that there was any particular attraction in "patent medicine placards," that clung to every available nail and corner, or beauty in the huge pile of meal bags or dusty barrels of flour. But we, true to boy nature, were not there for the "gratification of any of the poetic sensibilities," but to torment "the old knight of the cheese," as we called him. He was a large, powerful man, with a skull correspondingly thick, which was covered with a profusion of shaggy red hair. From beneath his bushy eyebrows twinkled two small green eyes, that used to snap frightfully as some poor fellow *accidentally* tipped over the newly drawn gallon of molasses, or piled up the patent apple parers on the show-case till they sank through the glass upon the crumbling essence bottles beneath. Thanks to our nimble heels, or we too might have been among the shattered notions. As we neared the old shop, we paused and looked in the dusty window. Everything seemed to have remained as we had left it; the old "beetle head" still stood behind his dusty counter, with arms akimbo and head thrown forward, awaiting his next victim. And what was better than all else, here, snugly ensconced about the glowing store, was half a score of our old comrades of mischief, on their daily inquisitorial tour to the shop. They had already excited the old man's ire, and merry peals of laughter were shaking the cobwebs at his retorts. As we entered the door, a shout of welcome was raised, and soon a happy crowd were about us, congratulating us upon our safe return home. Although we had been among the chief rogues, and were of his most relentless tormentors, the old man greeted us heartily, and said we looked so staid and sober that he guessed we had given up all our pranks, and said he hoped we had returned home to be an honor to our native village, and teach the boys better manners. As soon as his grandiloquent ideas could descend to the common level, he began to describe his business, and said he wanted us to see the best bargain he had made of all; so, taking down a large starch box, he drew forth a splendid beaver. "Young men!" says he, "Where do you think I got that hat? I bought it in Providence, R. I.—paid five dollars—only one of the kind in the country—just imported—I like it because I am pretty sure I shall be the only one who has one; and if I see any other man have one, hang me if I don't bust him, and the man who told me the lie!" Then, as a customer came in, he laid the hat carelessly on the shelf above him. As soon as his head was buried in the depths of a sugar barrel, one of us springing upon the counter transferred the hat to the seclusion of our breast coat. Then we hastened outside, and meditated upon our next "scene" in the game. At that instant, a tall, gawky, pock-marked backwoodsman came stalking up to the door. He was an object of great aversion to our friend, Crabb, the storekeeper, principally because he had red hair, and always had hairs in the butter, for which he asked an enormous price. But he was a good friend to us boys, and always "came down" on the apples and cider when we visited him, and well he might, for we should have helped ourselves anyway. We told Tim the story of the hat, and asked him to wear it into the store. O, you ought to have seen the store-keeper's visage as that red head, surmounted by the "hat like his own," burst upon his vision. All his conceit of "the only hat of the kind in town," was instantly knocked out of him, and he appeared like "one who saw snakes." But soon as he recovered his breath, he hastily called some of us one side, and promised us a liberal supply of peanuts and confectionery if we would manage to "bust up that hat." So we readily fell in with the proposal, and were ready for the assault. In an evil moment, when he little suspecied, poor Tim was pitched on to the meal bags, and robbed of his beaver. On the top of the stove sat an enormous kettle, steaming merrily, into which old Crabb crowded the hat, and commenced stuffing the stove with fuel to "boil the thing out." He next came down liberally on the peanuts and confectionery, and we had a grand old time on the hospitality of our host and the apparent discomfiture of poor Tim, who appeared to be greatly affected at our rudeness and wanton destruction of his property. About the time the treat gave out, and we imagined the hat was about "done," we gradually began to withdraw until we were on the door-step, or as near as convenient, when one of the boys called out, "I say, Crabb, where's your hat?" Quick as thought the old gent turned his eyes up to the shelf, and behold the hat was missing. For an instant he stood there, stupefied with surprise, but as the reality of the "sell" flashed across his mind from the bubbling kettle, he gave a wild snort of anger, and darting by the kettle containing the unfortunate hat, endeavored to wreak vengeance on some of his persecutors, but I need not add that we made a hasty exit, and Tim ceased to mourn the loss of his beaver.

SUNSET ROCK.

BY H. E. SADLER.

While I felt the dusk approaching,
And I saw the clouds dispersing,
Sat so lonely by my window,
Wondering at the world we live in,
Thinking of the past and present,
And imagining the future,
Thinking of the God who made it,
And of man its consummation,
High I raised my blackened spirit,

Far above the world about me,
To a sphere where highest pleasure
Is to praise our great Creator.
  Then a ray of light stole softly,
Peeping through my chamber window,
O'er my heart, as I was musing,
Bidding me the world abandon,
And to follow to the forest,
Where no hand of man had planted,
Where no hand of man had cultured,
And to look at nature's splendor,
That which man has longed to equal.
  Then I followed, winding slowly,
Till I reached that spot of beauty,
Famed in song and famed in story,
Where the light, its hues of crimson,
Closely guarded in the noonday,
Strews around with wild profusion;
Where the sun, far to the westward,
Sinks behind the snow-capped mountains,
Where Monadnock towering grandly,
Beckons man, a wandering sinner,
To an upper, better kingdom,
And Wauchusett, to the southward,
Tells in every beech and hemlock,
Of the wondrous works of nature.
In the northward lay the mountains,
And the valleys close between them,
Gently rising, gently falling,
Like the waves on peaceful ocean.
  And imagination pictured
In the varied clouds before me
Lakes and rivers, dales and mountains,
Pictured coasts with many an inlet,
And, perchance, a golden sea-horse,
Or a boat, adorned with silver,
In a sea of glittering water.

  But the darkness, fast descending,
Roused me from my dreamy pleasure,
And I sought my room in silence,
With my feelings purer, nobler.

CONSTANT OCCUPATION, CONSTANT PROGRESS.

BY A. H. TENNIS.

These two, as condition and result, are bound together with a cord of unity, so strong, that it never has been severed in past generations, and never can be severed. If the condition is sure, the result is inevitable.

The man that is constantly occupied, is constantly progressing, for labor, in all its variety, both corporeal and mental, either inferior or superior in its nature, is the established method for the regular improvement and development of all our powers, under the immediate guardianship of the will. These powers, which God has given to us, can progress and be strengthened in no other way, than by constant and progressive labor. It is only by repeated trial and continued effort, that we can accomplish any great end. Thus it is that many of the most noble statesmen in this country, have enrolled their names so high in the annals of our national history. Webster's first attempt at oratory was an utter failure; but this, as it were, seemed but an incentive to greater preparation and trial, and, under the governorship of a powerful will, he attained to that success, which every "Young American" should, at least, strive to attain.

But, occupation and labor should not all be directed in one channel; for, as a mixed diet is best adapted to the growth of the body, so a diversified plan of occupation, is most expedient for the improvement of the mind. It is a rule, which admits of but few exceptions, that the student, who, in college and in a preparatory course, commits himself to book-learning alone, and omits to apply himself to those sources of improvement which only can make learning valuable; it is a rule that such an one is scarcely ever successful in life, for "Wisdom does not always speak in Latin and Greek," and the reverse as we can readily see in our own immediate sphere, is equally true.

The reason why some young men accomplish so much more, and are more highly esteemed than others, is not generally, that they have more power and strength of mind; but because the capability of labor, which constant occupation and employment have imparted to them, renders it much more a pleasure, than a task, for them to keep their eyes constantly turned toward the accomplishment of some definite object. And he that thus continually occupies his mind, not only has the satisfaction that he is making rapid advancement, but he also is assured that those with whom he may daily come in contact, will admire and respect his exertions. But the idle person has no such assurance or respect. He is rejected by all. He may be *nominally* admired and courted; in *reality* he is despised.

Again, if we are constantly occupied, temptation will assail us in vain, for it is an established maxim, that "Temptation flees from the industrious, and preys upon the idle person," and "constant occupation prevents temptation."

Seeing, then, the progressive advantages of continual exertion, let us look to our ways, remembering that "If we pursue good with *labor*, the labor passes away but the good remains." Whereas, "If we pursue evil with *pleasure*, the *pleasure* passes away but the evil remains."

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP.

BY FIRST EDITOR, BABBITT.

Our different natures are divided, according to our different selves, into innumerable varieties, and each natural object has its laws, manners and customs. A human being experiences different sensations, and when under this or that influence he is effected accordingly. When jubilant and gay, he is happy; when mournful and downcast, he is sad; when in his right mind, he is sane; when out of it, insane. Thus names are the handles of all things. Whether they are of the same material as the things which they designate, it matters not; if they have a handle, they are tangible "things." But we not only like to know the names of the nameable, but to inquire into their nature and existence; to see them with our internal vision, rather than to glance at them with heedless eyes.

Sleep has, to be sure, its effect upon our natures at its mere mention, and we fancy we know its nature; but think a moment—*do we?* We know its effects and its causes, but can we weigh its nature in the mind, or explain its mysterious existence? Let our question be, then, what is *sleep?* What is that mysterious invigorator which is anonymous for want of a real name? that is not investigated for want of channels of information? It comes unbidden, and with noiseless step it takes possession of our inner and outer man, and conducts us to a world as impenetrable as it is "*unknowable*." Fortunately 'tis no dreadful mystery, its nature is unknown; but 'tis inseparable from us, and forms, as it were, a great portion of our existence. 'Tis a much courted charm, and rightly called "tired nature's sweet restorer;" 'tis a world of dreams and of dreamy associations; 'tis almost death. It is death with life's essence. The body lies prostrate and uncontrolled by the will, and our faculties are—where? Perhaps spinning out some dream in an ideal world, or wandering about a day's accomplishments. Surrounding objects are not conducive to our admiration, awe or fear, when its influence acts upon us. What an idea to contemplate! what a query to ponder upon. Is it a transition—a preparation course for a final separation? No; for death consists only in the soul's total separation from the body, and its rehearsal would be its enactment. Is it a semi-existence, in which we accomplish a part of our mission? No; for our mission is an accountable one; and as conscience is, or should be, the guide of our life, in its absence we are unaccountable beings. Is it a chaos of faculties? No; for in it we exercise them to their highest extent.—What, then, can it be? Philosophers, from Thales to Newton, do not answer. 'Tis not among the "knowable;" therefore, we must leave unmoved the veil which surrounds it, and still progress in its unknown path.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

BY R. S. MARTIN.

Few portions of history are so vividly impressed upon our minds as that which relates to the Reformation. In our childhood, the cowled monks who committed fiendish crimes under the protection of their holy office, were the bug-bears of a winter's eve. Childish hearts throbbed with excitement at the narration of the bold deeds of the priest, who dared to forsake his order, to be branded as a heretic, to receive the anathemas of the church, and defy the established principles of fifteen centuries. The merry laugh echoed through the old homestead at hearing of the relics which had so strangely resisted the influence of decay, the feather plucked from the wing of the Evil One by the Archangel Michael, the coals from the fire at which Peter warmed himself, and remnants of the Holy Cross. Yet, although many have so clear an idea of the Reformation itself, few understand, in detail, the preceding and succeeding events. These are often disregarded, and many, if they notice them at all, forgetful of their vast importance, bestow upon them only a passing glance. They forget that the means are adapted to the end, and do not remember that the effect must correspond in nature with the cause, if the working of the cause is not interfered with. It is to a knowledge of such events that Grattan alludes, when, after a warm eulogy of Edmund Burke, he says that "his knowledge of history amounted to a power of foretelling." The Reformation took place in the beginning of the sixteenth century, but during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, there were in reality three reformations. The first of these occurred, when, after the long darkness, the light of ancient literature was again revealed. It may be, perhaps, improper to assign it entirely to the fifteenth century, but we can be confident that the greater part of that movement in which Erasmus and Reuchlin were among the chief performers, was confined to the fifteenth century. The second one, the great religious reformation, which destroyed the supremacy of Papal power, and imparted new vigor, and gave a new direction to human thought. The third began, and made great progress, in the sixteenth century. It was closely connected with the preceding, inasmuch as it was the reaction of the first, and the natural consequence of the second. Its principal heroes were Campanella, Vanini, Bruno and Bacon, who has been styled the Father of Experimental Philosophy. Of these, Giordano Bruno is now to engage our attention. To fully understand his life and character, it will be necessary to be more explicit with reference to the times in which he lived. The Papacy, even in its lowest degradation, had experienced opposition from those who claimed to found their principles upon the true Word of God; and in order to know the nature of the evil with which they had to contend, the priests were compelled to study the languages in which the Bible was originally written, although they had often asserted that every one who studied Hebrew must inevitably become a Jew, and that the Greek was a newly invented language, only distinguished for its thorns and heresies. The light that then burst upon the world was like a new revelation. It effected a total reform in the church and in the world, for great corruption can seldom survive where there is learning, and deception cannot be practiced upon the initiated. But not only were old elements changed and uprooted, but a new element was added to the ecclesiastical structure. This consisted in having a peculiar champion for the church, and that champion was Aristotle. As the ancient literature is often closely interwoven with the ancient philosophy, the world soon made philosophy an intense study, and the knowledge of Aristotle, whose reasoning and science were far in advance of the age, made the church the controllers of popular thought. Aristotle became the universal passion. The estimation in which he was held, is well expressed by the old anagram,—"Aristoteles: iste sol erat." But, notwithstanding all this, there arose some, who, with an almost divine daring, ventured to contend against him whom the church declared infallible. The discoveries of Galileo and Copernicus had shaken the belief in Aristotle's infallibillity, and had even shown that he had promulgated childish theories. Many dialecticians ventured to attack the positions which Aristotle had taken in mental philosophy. Many of these objectors were silenced on the racks and in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and it is likely that Aristotle would again have triumphed, had there not been another noble voice to combat error and superstition. It will be seen from these facts with what odds Bruno had to contend when he opposed Aristotle, and espoused tbe cause of Conernicus and Galileo. The record of life is brief, but the facts which remain are full of meaning and instruction. The birth of Giordano Bruno took place at Nola, in La Terra di Lavoro, a short distance from Naples, in the year 1550. As he saw Vesuvius pouring out its molten lava, and gazed upon its flames as they shot into the blue sky, another fire began to burn within his own soul. That spirit of liberty, that restless energy was aroused, which enabled him to do battle for the right, and at last carried him to the stake, a martyr to his cause. One of the first incidents of his life, was the adoption of the Dominican's frock, but that restless spirit of inquiry which always animated him, at last caused him to doubt the truth of the Roman mummeries, and, in fear for his life, he fled. He spent years in Continental Europe, and England, preaching a crusade against Aristotle and priestcraft, and returned to Italy, not to enjoy an honored old age, but to die ignominiously at the stake, amid the jeers of an excited populace. His ashes were scattered to the winds, but his name should be embalmed in every heart, as a champion of the liberty of conscience, speech, and action, which we now enjoy in its fullness, and which is so often our boast. No loving hand can crown his tomb with garlands, but let all cherish reverently the remembrance of his sufferings, and strive to further his cause.

SILENT MUSIC.

BY JOSEPH R. WALTER.

True music centres not in carnal sound,
  And all that charms the ear of clay is naught;
'Tis only in the heart can melody be found—
  True music is an ecstacy of thought.

Can quivering air excite the sacred fires
  If in the breast a sleeping chord not lie?
No! every thrill the muse-warm touch inspires
  Must find that chord respond or powerless die.

But every bosom has a harp whose strings
  To life awake as each emotion plays;
And though to ear-admitted sound it gladly rings,
  Yet noiseless powers may rouse more willing lays.

It moves alert to Nature's smile or frown,—
  The sunset's glow, the nimbus of the storm;
The silent lake, the waving harvest brown,
  The peaceful vale, the mountain's rugged form.

The flowerlets sing a soft melodious strain;
  The forests through their mossy beards a song,
Deep, solemn as the heaven's bass refrain,
  With silent rocks in chorus grand prolong.

There's music to a soul's unuttered prayer,
  There's music to the moonlight's silver beam;
There's music to a deed of kindness rare,
  There's music to a sleeping maiden's dream.

There's music to a smile of pure delight,
To eye that glistens with a heart wrung tear,
To glance the fires of love divine may light—
To twinkling of a star—to sight of objects dear.

For when o'er heart-chords all the feelings sweep,
Like winter's blast or summer's breeze a lyre,
Then music only felt bids eye to weep,
Or smile to shine, or lights responsive fire.

Yes, all emotions wake some kindred lay,
To mournful moan or sweet harmonic roll;
And all unuttered, yet all felt, they play
The perfect music of the silent soul.

THE BASTILE.

BY F. S. DENNIS.

Hanging in the hall of Mount Vernon, is a key—the gift of La Fayette to the Father of our Country. It is the key of the Bastile. It reminds us of the sufferings that have been endured in that gloomy prison, and every one who has given the subject careful perusal, will shudder at the remembrance of the inhuman deeds perpetrated within its walls. According to the historian, this gigantic structure of architectural skill was built in the year 1369, by King Charles V., and for nearly five centuries from that date, it flourished and received additions by all the monarchs who succeeded him. It was finally demolished at the outbreak of the French Revolution, in 1789. From the centre of the citadel to the exterior wall, the distance was between two and three hundred feet, and within this space were contained battlements almost impregnable, and intrenchments that seemed impassable to human force. The citadel is connected with eight immense towers by means of the heaviest masonry. Surrounding this is a ditch one hundred and twenty-five feet in breadth, at the farther side of which, encircling it, rises a massive wall to the height of sixty feet. Surmounting this wall is a sentinel's beat, accessable through two gates, which are strongly defended by a guard of soldiers. Thus arranged, the prison was most firmly built, and seemed almost to surpass the ingenuity of the minds which planned and erected it.

Now let us turn our attention from the exterior to the interior, and notice more particularly the citadel itself. As we open into the courtyard, there may be seen a jailor, whose business it is to watch the proceedings of all within, and to listen to every little sound, and to ascertain its cause. In the interim, he is obliged to strike a bell at the approach of every hour during the night and day, in order that the governor may know that the watchman is at his post, and, also, that all is going on well. Opening from the court-yard into the towers, are the several staircases, leading to the cells where the culprits are confined. There are enough of these cells to accommodate fifty prisoners, and when necessity demanded it, they doubled the number by locking two in a space hardly sufficient for one. The walls of the several towers are about twelve feet thick at the summit, while at the base they are from thirty to forty. Each cell is lighted through an aperture in the wall, but all possibility of escape is removed by means of iron gratings, each one of which is over four inches in diameter. So poorly are these apartments constructed, that during the cold and dampness of winter the prisoner suffers extremely from the low state of the temperature, while in the summer he is nearly suffocated by the heat.

In descending from the towers, our attention is drawn toward the dungeons of this notorious prison, which are located twenty-five feet below the surface of the court-yard. Into these dark pits the unfortunate victims are lowered. Here in this infected and poisonous atmosphere, rendered more nauseous by reptiles and vermin of every sort, which gather in such a place, secluded from the world, and denied the blessings of sunlight and pure air, the prisoners are left to spend, or rather to serve their allotted time, until death opens a way of escape. To give the experience of a single individual, who has completed his term of confinement in the Bastile, would require more space than is proper for me to fill; but the last words of one, who passed years of suffering here, are expressive of a wish, which must have been in every lonely heart. After his death, when a close examination was made of that part of the dungeon in which he was confined, the following words were found inscribed upon the wall; "The Bastile shall be demolished, and people shall dance upon the area where it stands;" and before many years had elapsed, his prophecy was fulfilled.

After the reign of Louis XIV, this was used for the punishment of the more common crimes. While in the early period of its history it was employed only for the incarceration of illustrious personages, in the later, for criminals of all degrees. On July 14th, 1789, the inhabitants of Paris arose in insurrection against the despotic power, and destroyed the Bastile. Although the name of Charles V., stands prominent in the middle ages, as a liberal supporter of literature and the arts, still his name will always be connected with the horrid associations of the Bastile.

JEFF. DAVIS.

BY HARRY W. CRAGIN.

It appears that the sovereign people of a republic may be trifled with by those who assume to be their rulers. No one is foolish enough now to believe that Davis will ever meet his just deserts, and suffer the penalties of treason, and the loyal public sentiment of the country can receive no further shock through any act connected with him. It can only be regretted that this mockery of a legal proceeding against him should have been commenced at all. Far better that he should have been unconditionally released, than, by the pretence of bringing him before a judicial tribunal to answer for his crimes, to bring that law into contempt, and make the government itself appear ridiculous in the eyes of the world. In that case we might have obtained a shout of admiration for unexampled magnanimity, whereas now it must seem that we have no perception of the crime of which Jefferson Davis stands charged. We might have said to him: "Your crime exceeds our power of adequate punishment. Your blood, though drawn drop by drop under the most cruel instruments of torture, can never expiate the sufferings you have caused. The extremest punishment provided by our code of laws would be but a mockery of the demands of justice. But we pardon you and leave your sins to God." This might have been unwise, but it would at least have been less undignified than the farce which has been enacted. By no conceivable course could we have done more to make treason respectable than has been done in the case of this traitor. He has been for two years a "State prisoner" at Fortress Monroe. Nothing in his treatment has served to suggest his connection with ordinary felons. He has been entertained sumptuously, visited by friends and admirers, even sympathizers; carefully attended to by the best of physicians, who were paid for their services out of the public treasury; permitted to receive contributions to assure him of the love of his former adherents, and has been treated with a consideration that made him seem like an honored guest rather than a criminal.

He has been liberated not by any extraordinary act of National clemency, but according to due form of law. The nation has thus formally announced its estimate of treason. It is bailable. Its penalty may be covered by a certain sum of money. It is cheap. A man need not be a millionaire to indulge in it as an amusement. Why, there is scarcely a county in the South so poor that it would not have cheerfully raised this sum of money, and, after presenting it as security, bid the prisoner go and forfeit the bond, provided there were any danger of conviction and punishment.

It is another step in the President's great work of making 'treason odious:" another painful reminder to the people of the great calamity that fell upon the nation when the President of their choice was stricken down by the assassin's bullet. For tolerance, truly the American Nation has never had a rival.

EXAMPLE.

BY JAMES B. WELLS.

Nature changes, but never dies. Fire may seem to consume the coals around which it plays, yet substance remains, though perhaps in different forms. Thus, though man shall return to the dust, the influence which he shall have exerted still lives; his example is not confined to the present, but extends through all time, and upon the shoulders of every man there rests, in part, the burden of the world's advancement. Society requires that each and every person shall be regarded as a great centre of his fellow men, and that from each shall go forth a continual widening influence, which stops not—till, like the wave caused by the fall of the smallest pebble upon the surface of some glassy lake, spreading and extending to either side, it has reached the farthest bound of human habitation. As society is thus linked together in the closest bonds, the force and power of example is as surely and permanently felt as is the personal example of man upon man in daily intercourse. The man of strength is as much encouraged in his toil by the word or look of another, as the child in its innocent play by some cheering smile. A commander's look has won a battle. It required the example of a Washington to cheer the struggling colonies in the darkest hours of our revolution, when not one solitary star of hope illumined the horizon. The power of France's greatest warrior existed chiefly in his personal example.

A noble act lives forever. Its influence is not confined to the past, but extends through all time. No monarchy ever rose or fell, no battle was ever fought, no king ever reigned, and no man ever lived whose example does not, in some measure, help mould the present condition of the world. The Young look to the aged and experienced for example and authority, too often forgetting to form those habits and principles, which, in their turn, shall direct the course of others for good or evil.

And let us, knowing these, consider them well, and so live, that, when we are placed upon the bed of death, we may be able to look through the dim mists of the past, and know that we have not left upon record the example of a misspent life; but rather—

——— "Departing, leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of time,—

Footprints which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

THE PILGRIMS.

BY JOHN F. BROWN.

A strange race of men were they—our Pilgrim Fathers; their joyfulness would seem seriousness now, and their devotions almost spiritual insanity. From long and frequent contemplations of the character of their Creator, they were accustomed to treat the minor affairs of life with disgust and almost with contempt. It mattered little to them that their names were not found on the register of knights, for they felt assured that they were recorded in the great book of life. The Prince and the meanest subject were alike to them; they looked down with equal contempt upon noble and priest, even the ceremonies and worship of other sects were set aside with scorn; they rejected every thing which might tend to detract from the true worship of the soul. The two centuries, and over, which, with their murky clouds, tend to obscure the distant part, yet in themselves so brilliant, so full of incidents, and so rapid in their progress, dissolve, as we gaze with steadfast vision upon the character of the Pilgrims. We almost lose sight of their stern integrity and Puritanic virtues, so different are our customs and the age in which we live. We are deeply interested in the study of their sufferings. We can not lose sight, for a moment, of the perils they encountered, or the dangers they braved. The iron heel of oppression compelled them to flee from their native land,—a land endeared to them by every tie of earth and heaven. Seeking, at first, for a refuge in the lowlands of Holland; but not finding this suitable for their permanent abode, they resolved to seek for themselves a home in the savage wilds of America. And we, looking through the far-seeing vision of history, see the embarkation at Delft-Haven, the tedious voyage across the almost unknown ocean, the "Mayflower" riding at anchor on the raging waters of Plymouth bay, the roaring breakers scarcely permitting them to land, then, at last, the long winter of famine and disease, the first meeting of the red man, the treaty of peace, unbroken for half a century, the slow, lingering pestilence, which cut off so many of the good and brave of this little company. Thus they exchanged the hardships and privations of a pioneer's life for the fullness of the joy, which was laid up for them above.

AMERICAN OPPORTUNITY.

BY JOHN E. DAY.

We are all familiar with the praise which is lavished upon the condition of the American People. Every child knows and adopts the sentiment that ours is the wisest, best, and happiest, nation on the globe, while the experienced testify to its vast superiority in intelligence, opportunity, and refinement, Our greatest characteristic is our opportunity for mental and moral culture. We owe it to our ancestors, and to Him who made them the channels of our blessings, and are sacredly bound to transmit them with increasing lustre. It is manifest in our common school system, which is co-extensive with the whole population, introducing the masses to the rudiments of knowledge, and thus opening a way for all other improvement. Equality of rank, which forms the basis of our government,—" all men are created free and equal,"—enables the less fortunate, pecuniarily, to enjoy, to an equal extent, these opportunities. No long dynasty vexes the young aspirant, but every son is a nobleman and an heir, of the estimation and honor which in many countries is bought by noble birth. We admire the equality of property which so generally prevails, and the high price of labor which nearly equalizes the means of enjoyment. The rapid progress of Protestantism, since freedom of thought and speech were allowable, now demands of every person a thorough investigation of tne Scriptures, which, only a few years ago was restricted to theologians and the clergy. The mother tongue is no longer confined within college walls, but accessable to the illiterate and unsophisticated. The press has immeasurably increased the source of knowledge; the labor of a day will bring one in possession of more facilities for mental improvement than three hundred years ago would the labor of a year. Never before has so broad a field been open for the circulation of all that is good and useful. We are on an eminence the world has sighed for. As the persevering and invincible Balmat scaled the jagged cliffs and dangerous precipices to reach the summit of Mt. Blanc, where a human being had never stood, so other nations have aspired to stand on the table land which we occupy. We are at an intellectual and moral height, and the dazzling rays of our central sun bewilder those srugging in the valley of obscurity for a like distinction. Such is our American Opportunity; but—" a haughty spirit goeth before a fall." If we scrutinize carefully our position, and reflect with minds unbiassed by prevalent opinions, shall we not find ourselves guilty of an inconsiderate vanity?

We are enjoying the first fruits of what cost our predecessors their all; as they, so we must lay life and heart upon our country's altar, if we would leave an inheritance worthy of our name and consistent with our opportunities. Though far in advance of sister governments, can we not find fatal deficiencies in our own?

A demand from the South appeals to benevolent and charitable associations, for an investment in books adapted to their individual necessities; sufficient funds may be deemed indispensable to our own comfort, but it only asks a portion of what the showman annually carries off from our cities and towns! Who could anticipate the result, if what is now, even in this Commonwealth, given for the encouragement of those who can swallow knives, boil eggs in their hats; for wirepulling, rope-dancing, and circus-riding, and above all, for that "liquid fire" which has so often threatened our destruction, was made an educational fund. It cannot too often be sounded in American ears that the elective franchise, capability of office, with all our powers of self-government and the facilities for general government, do not alone constitute a free nation: that advantages unimproved are not blessings. These are our armory from which we may draw our weapons of defense, and render this a refined and intelligent people. It is also within our power to nullify and to convert them into curses.

In view of our success hitherto, our national reputation, our enlightened state of society, the general diffusion of knowledge, let us lift still higher the banner on whose folds are inscribed with bloody impress, Freedom and Equality.

READING AND STUDY.

BY THIRD EDITOR, MERRIAM.

A perfect education consists in a development of our powers, and in obtaining means to employ our developements. We should neither employ all our force in perfecting the former, nor should the latter entirely engross us. But to obtain a perfect, or even a moderate education, demands a judicious union of the two; the former, without the latter, will make a mere book-worm; the latter, without the former, a superficial creature. Study, in the abstract, developes our minds, and strengthens our faculties. Reading gives us a general information, a scope of intelligence, and an intimacy with the thought and feelings of other minds, which will enable us to apply with greater advantages, our own developments. Study prepares our minds for *advantageous* reading; and reading, rightly considered, is but an advanced, and more delightful manner of study. But, upon reading, some bestow undue time und attention; upon study, others. The two form a mighty arch, and, as in architecture, it is made to support a mighty weight, so the intellectual arch must stand the accumulated cares and labors of life, and it behooves us to look carefully to the setting of each stone, and beware that one side is not weaker than the other, lest when all is completed, the weaker side be not able to stand the strain, and our laboriously constructed pile become a mass of ruins. What is there more pitable than the sight of one so deeply immersed in antiquated lore, so profoundly buried in abstract philosophies, or mathematical enigmas, as to be useless in his own day and generation! What sadder sight than that of one whose only knowledge is of Greek roots, or square roots, mathematical demonstrations, or classical constructions! On the other hand, the picture of one purely conversant with popular literature, or, perhaps, also read in facts, and observant of men and things, yet merely superficial, without any thought, forms a sight almost as pitiable. But when we behold the arch of a mighty mind, rendered symmetrical and grand by equal development, with taste cultured, and *style* perfected by an intimacy with the classics, its subtilty enhanced by the pursuit of mathematics, with wit and imagination started on the wing by familiarity with poetry, rendered deep by philosophical investigations, grave by moral considerations, and wise by the page of history, such a mind we look upon with admiration: such a mind will leave a "Foot-print on the sands of time," not easily erased. Reading, rightly considered, is study. In the mighty range of literature, there is a field for intense study, delightful enjoyment, and true refinement. Oh! how many are the joys to him who can see a beauty and a symmetry in a glowing word-painting, can enjoy, and study a profound thought, or can appreciate some living truth, presented in beautiful language! Oh! what doors of pleasure are closed upon him who has no sympathy for the beautiful, who can not see a grandeur in the triumphs of imagination, or stand in awe-stricken wonder before the products of genius and thought! What an object of pity is he, who turns the page of history with languor, and feels no emotions in contemplating the heroes she discloses; no patriotism as he reads of a Codrus or a Regulus, no horror, when a Robespierre or an Alver stands before him, who can trace with no interest, the intricacies of Elizabeth's character, or be filled alternately with emotions of admiration, disgust, sympathy, with Mary's fascinations, guilt, misfortunes! In our reading, however, let us be careful what we select, and with what diligence we peruse them. Bacon says, "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Apply this test to every book you read, and bestow a corresponding amount of attention upon it. Let us read such literature and such alone, as shall tend to develope in us a refined taste, and a practical knowledge; and with minds equally developed by abstract study, and enlivened and rendered useful by taste and intelligence, trusting in God, go forth to conquer.

ORATION.

Delivered Before the Academy, November 21st, 1866.

BY JOSEPH R. WALTER.

In a physical organization that is imperfect, a mind brilliant with talents and rich in stores of learning is a priceless jewel in an unworthy casket. The importance of exercise for preserving health, though universally acknowledged, is but little regarded; and this neglect is particularly prominent among the faults of American civilization. We must as patriots encourage exercise. Plato and Aristotle, those guiding stars of wisdom, considered no republic as perfect in which gymnasia were neglected as public institutions. When an interest in physical culture degenerated, the Roman sun went down in clouds;, when Spartan gymnastics yielded to the corruptive influence of Oriental gold, the home of Lycurgus was free no more; and when the bloom of manly games fades from the cheek of England's children, she will no longer occupy her present proud position.

Luxury and excess will accompany the growth of wealth and power; for nowhere as amid the profusion of the Tropics does the serpent rear his shining head. To avert this evil, to inspire our young men with pure, liberal ideas, and to insure a posterity worthy of our country, manly sports must be encouraged. The gymnasia of the ancients lie shattered among the ruins of fallen nations; the knightly tournaments of the Middle Ages, shrinking from the scornful laugh of Cervantes, have perished; but the gymnastic system of the nineteenth century is to clothe in stately garments of flesh, the noble, intellectual figure of the rising man.

If attention to health is important to any class of persons, it is important to the students; for nothing so much as mental exertion preys upon the material strength. Therefore, while it is the duty of literary institutions to present not only opportunities of the highest character, but positive incentives for study, so also is it incumbent upon them to present every inducement for exercise. In view of this, most of our institutions have invited their students to recruit in gymnasia; but there is one Academy, time-honored as the sunlit mountains of New England, for whom her friends must wear the blush of shame that she doth regard so little the health of those entrusted to her charge. The vicinity of Phillips Academy does not afford many natural facilities for exercise. Here, in summer, no convenient swimming bathes our weary limbs; here, in winter, the enjoyment of skating is contracted by time and weather; neither does our situation enable us to mount our horses and gallop vigor into our study-weakened bodies, and here no boating cheers us with its measured stroke and song. True, we have a fine ball ground, for which, indeed we are thankful. But ball-playing is not pleasant to every one: many of us participate because we must do this or go without exercise, and many of us do not mingle in the game at all. To deprive the majority of all sports save a particular one, in which the peculiar fancy of only a few enables them to excell, is inconsistent with the wide views of our honored directors.

The peculiar character of this Academy as a preparatory school is an additional reason for the encouragement of everything that improves the health. A wise man who is about to undertake a journey which will draw heavily upon his resources, will provide abundantly for the anticipated demands. So, while it is the duty of our instructors to prepare us by mental training for a four years' struggle that will call for every energy of our nature, also is a duty equally as important, for them to prepare our health to resist all the attacks to which it will be subjected.

Let us not in our remarks, be understood as placing physical, on an equality with mental excellence. But we do assert, that on physical strength as a foundation, we must erect the gorgeous structures of intellect. For this purpose, encourage physical training; give to the young of our land that grace, ease and steadiness of bearing, strength and speed of limb, breadth of shoulders, depth of chest, blooming cheek and flashing eye, invigorated system, sharpened intellect,—all those beauties which are attendant graces in the train of Exercise.

We are taught to admire the master minds of antiquity: we are inspired with an eagerness to learn the teachings of history: and science is presented to us as a goddess, at whose altar we must sacrifice many a precious hour and many a youthful energy. Supported by the wisdom of ancient philosophy: by the teachings of history: by the testimony of scientific men: and by the peculiar necessities of our situation, the cause of gymnastic science demands attention.

We are confident that those who administer so well the affairs of Phillips Academy, keeping in view the wishes of its venerable founders, and setting a proper estimate upon physical training, will consider this subject, and, by the establishment of a gymnasium, will enable the Academy to send forth young men creditable, not only in mental, but in bodily development, and worthy in every respect, to be citizens of our mighty republic.

EDITORIAL.

We herewith present to the public, our Mirror, reflecting, as it does, the talent and generosity of those who have contributed to its pages. A sympathetic critic we are, in no respect, inclined to fear, for he will associate the cost of every effort with its effect; he will remember that these efforts are only secondary, the prime object being to cultivate and adorn our faculties while here, rather than to reap their fruits. To him who is disposed to find fault, we will submit a willing captive, and crave but leniency. Taking advantage of the precedent established by our predecessors, in making the editorial of an historical nature, we relinquish all claims to originality, and follow in their footsteps.

The term has been one of the most pleasant character, made lively by numerous events, of which we shall proceed to make due mention. Andover is charming. Everything has been made beautiful by a summer sun. The beauties of nature which we read of and hear of, but seldom *know* of, are before our eyes in their most majestic splendor, and the inanimate, as well as the animate, world reminds one of "Paradise Regained."

Philo has enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity, and all the meetings have been so fine that, to particularize, would be to do injustice to all. A natural dislike for debating, writing and the like is contemporary with the summer term, but the present term has proved to be an emphatic exception to this seemingly established rule in the society. A few meetings have been disturbed by "loud words" occasioned by class feeling, which was prevalent at the early part of the term, but at present, none but the most friendly feeling exists between the classes, for which the whole school may now well rejoice.

By way of entertainments, we have been particularly favored. The first of the term was a Poem, on April 23d, under the auspices of the Class of '67, by Rev. Horace D. Walker of Abington. Subject, "Jonathan can work." The audience were highly pleased with the poem, and it was a decided success. This was followed by a Concert, on May 14th, under the auspices of the Class of '67, by Gilmore's Band, assisted by Miss Clara Barton. This was decidedly the "gem of the season," and drew a large and select audience, who manifested their appreciation of the music by frequent applause.

On May 29th, the long looked for Speaking for the Draper prizes took place in the Academy Hall, which attracted the largest audience of the season, and was said to have been a most creditable performance. The contestants were thirteen in number, each of whom was heartily applauded, and a number received *flowery appreciations* of their efforts. The judges were Rev. Chas. Smith, Prof. Smyth, of the Seminary, and Prof. Goldsmith, of the Punchard Free School. Owing to the great equality of merit between the speakers, the judges found it exceedingly difficult to decide upon the most worthy contestants, but finally adjudged the first prize to Alexander R. Merriam, Class of '68, and the second to George F. Babbitt, Class of '68. The former declaimed Schiller's "Battle," the latter "The Results of War," from Corneille. After the exercises were completed, Dr. Taylor announced that Mr. Draper had renewed the prizes for the coming year, which announcement was received with tremendous applause, and which speaks louder than words of Phillipians' appreciation of Mr. Draper's munificence. We understand that the said prizes have been offered to the Fem. Sems. the coming year, for excellence in reading. Their brother schoolmates wish them all "a prize," and will do our "foinest," aswe always have done, for them.

On June 19th, the young ladies of the Abbott Academy, assisted by Miss Houston, gave a grand Concert, which we have heard highly spoken of. This closed the list of entertainments thus far; the graduating exercises of the Senior class, together with the Philo and Inquiry exhibitions, closes the term's entertainments.

Academy boys were all made sorrowful by the expulsion of twenty-six members of the Senior class from the school, for leaving town without permission; this was an open violation of the rules of the Academy; but so severe and unprecedented a punishment for the violation of a long violated rule, seems unfair and unjust, but circumstances make the case a different one from what an "outsider" would look upon. We are inclined to stand up for our fellow schoolmates, and so we do, but the increase of the violations of this unheeded rule of leaving town without permission, made it necessary to take a firm step to check its course,— it was taken,— and this unfortunate number have suffered the consequences, not on account of the act itself, but the circumstances which it involved. We hope that this event will prove as a beacon light to future inmates of the Academy. Though we laugh at "Uncle's" invariable admonition, "Do right," yet it is an infallable cure for all our troubles, in and out of school.

On May 13th, the Senior class voted the several honors for the graduating exercises. W. B. Riggs, of Palmyra, N. Y., received the unanimous vote of the class for valedictorian, an instance which we understand to be without precedent, and showing the significant reward of industry and perseverence.

The gymnasium has ceased to be a novelty, and consequently is not patronized to such an extent as formerly, but this is partly owing to out door attractions, the discontinuance of which will again make the Gymnasium a favorite place for enjoyment as well as exercise. We have taken the liberty to insert in our Mirror an oration, delivered by a member of the Senior class, before the school, sometime since, which, owing to its subject and treatment, may serve to interest and instruct our readers.

Ball playing has not raged to such an extent as is usually the case in the summer term, owing to the scarcity of its lovers. We have, however, witnessed several interesting matches, prominent among which was that which took place June 15th, between the Middlers and Juniors, which resulted in a victory for the Middlers, on a score of 24 to 12.

This comprises all the items of interest contemporary with the term, upon which Phillipians will look back with pleasure and regret. The thought that a long, and we trust pleasant, vacation is before us, makes merry our worn out selves, as we gaze upon it with covetous glances, and think of home with its familiar surroundings. But some go to return not again; some go forth into "the world's broad field of battle," and some to long looked for college walls; but all go with our unanimous "GOD SPEED." Craving your sympathies in these, our humble efforts, and wishing all a happy vacation, we close.

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

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Class Motto,—Esse quam videri.

Philo Exhibition Appointments.

On Friday Evening, June 28th, 1867.

ORATION,	I. Putnam Dana.
ORATION,	John H. Hincks.
DECLAMATION,	H. Gardner Talcott.
DECLAMATION,	Seth W. Williams.
PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS,	Joseph R. Walter.

Music by the Lawrence Brass Band.

Inquiry Exhibition Appointments.

ORATION,	John E. Day.
DECLAMATION,	Kingsley Norris.
SECRETARY'S REPORT,	R. H. Haines.
PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS,	John W. Hird.

Draper Prizes.

FOR EXCELLENCE IN DECLAMATION.

First Prize, of $20 awarded to Alexander R. Merriam, Goshen, N. Y.

Second Prize, of $10 awarded to George F. Babbitt, Barre, Mass.

THE MIRROR
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WILLIAM E. STANLEY,
JAMES HAYWARD,
SETH W. WILLIAMS,
EDITORS.

THE EXTEMPORE.

BY FIRST EDITOR, STANLEY.

Assembled as we are for mental improvement, and the enjoyment of an evening in literary exercises, it is our duty not only to listen attentively and respectfully to those who perform the respective parts allotted them, but to observe the principles involved in their greatest success. There is as great a variety of talents, inclinations and circumstances, as there are individuals in the society. While some are fond of composition, others appear in select reading. Some prefer declamation, others excel in debate. Another class prefer to commit their thoughts to paper, and address us from the stand, while others, even if they do not excel in extemporizing, listen with avidity to those selected to pass the ordeal. And it is to this last class we speak more particularly, for all the requirements of Philo are too numerous for a single article. Extemporizing consists in speaking from impulse without a preliminary arrangement of words and phrases, and its success depends upon the previous culture, information, and practice of the speaker. For it is self-evident that the mind, however sensitive, cannot act readily, or the tongue utter its sentences fluently, unless the mind is abundantly stored with accurate information, and the delivery cultured by constant practice. Yet a well cultivated mind or a profound knowledge of science, art and letters, is no sure indication that their possessor is qualified to address the most humble audience on the simplest topics. Some of the finest scholars in this country, and more especially of the Old World, are notoriously bad speakers, if, indeed, they speak at all. It is a lamentable mistake for any young man, especially a student, to suppose that sometime in the course of his life, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, or the arrival at a certain stage of study, he will suddenly become possessed of the power of speaking fluently in all situations in which he may be placed. It is not our purpose to deprecate written addresses or prepared orations, for no person is so dependent on indefatigable industry and untiring research and all the intricacies of composition as the orator, but to speak of this art from the pleasure and practical benefits that may be derived from it. How great is the disappointment of an audience and rapid the deterioration of the reputation of a person, who, distinguished for his deep learning and eminent position, speaks in a weak, cramped, and inefficient manner, and—

"Truths come mended from his tongue."

Again, let another person, perchance of fewer attainments, and less profound in logic, speak in a clear, distinct, and fluent manner, even the simplest axioms, and strike old, familiar strains, how rapt the attention, from the little child supported in its father's arms to the hoary-headed sage bowed with the wisdom of four-score years. We will illustrate this contrast by scenes from actual life: One beautiful afternoon in early fall an entire village had assembled under the spreading oaks on a beautiful eminence, to celebrate an anniversary and pass its pleasant hours in rustic festivities. As is customary on such occasions, a certain hour was devoted to literary exercises appropriate to the occasion. For some unaccountable reason, those appointed failed to perform their respective parts, and the duty devolved upon the newly settled minister to entertain the company with a few desultory remarks. His noble brow, erect mien, his years of scholastic culture, his well-known ability as a sermon writer, led all to anticipate the luxury of a bold, free, and eloquent address. The call upon him was evidently a surprise, for he stepped upon the stage in evident confusion. Below him waved and surged the expectant crowd, above him floated the green foliage and soared the deep blue sky, while in the far distance spread beautiful meadows, diversified by rivulets and bounded by the dark woods, which in turn were merged in the hazy blue horizon of an Indian summer. Yet this scene of expectant life and beautiful landscape had no effect to enliven his faculties and unloose his tongue. He discoursed in a hard, dry, logical, and ofttimes embarrassed manner. Why could he not be eloquent on that beautiful afternoon? Could not the mild blue eyes of that little child looking earnestly into his, warm his heart? Could not the rustling of the foliage, or the rich sunlight streaming through the tree tops lift his soul? Could not the soft breeze wafting the fragrance of field and forest infuse him with the breath of life? See! on yonder hillside nestles the village burying ground, with its marble shafts and solemn shades, telling the story of village grief. How beautiful, touching, and appropriate an allusion might have been to the departed, while he was cherishing the living. But neither the past or present suggested an eloquent thought or expression, and as he closed a diminished crowd seemed to give a sigh of relief.

Many years ago, in a south-western state, in a lyceum held in a small village, a young man arose to debate. As he essayed to speak, his thoughts were strangely mixed, and the words that fell from his lips, confused and stammering. The constant labor in his study and his numberless rehearsals seemed in vain, but the spark of genius kindled, his tongue was unloosed; thoughts came and flashed through his animated countenance and breathed their eloquence from his lips. The audience were amazed, electrified. Years passed; he was a Representative to Congress, a Senator; he became the greatest of American orators and statesmen, then died and was buried amid the lamentations of the whole country. The record of American extemporaneous speakers is long and brilliant, from Patrick Henry and Otis down to Wirt, Marshall, Clay and Corwin. Laying, as we do now, the foundation of a liberal education, and endeavoring to acquire that culture that shall enable us to stand eminent among our fellows, let us take care that the wings of our eloquence are not clipped, or bound with the chains of custom and ignorance. Let her be, rather, an angel of light, guarding us on our way, lifting us by her inspiration above the dark places of life and danger. While we store our minds with classic lore, and attempt perfection in our mother tongue, let us not neglect the improvement of that power, the noblest of all our gifts, to gather in our souls the hues of the rainbow, the gorgeous dyes of the setting sun, the melancholy splendor of the moonlight, the glories of animated nature, mingle them with the lights and shadows of human life, until we pour forth eloquent strains of admonition to the unwary, hope to the fallen, encouragement to the aspiring, and praise to God on high. With such bright examples of success among our countrymen, with such noble powers within our grasp, is it not our duty to cultivate to its fullest extent the faculty of speaking fluently and sensibly wherever occasion may demand it? How many glorious opportunities for doing good have been lost for the want of the ability to express what we felt and knew. How many times has justice suffered and right been chained because her advocates were dumb. How much sophistry has been fastened on the public mind because some clear-sighted, eloquent philosopher failed to explode the error at its birth. Besides, eloquence is the love of the democracy, but the dread of aristocracy. Where men are eloquent, not from memory, not from custom, not for price, but when they pour forth the full fire of their hearts, their voices always plead for liberty of all ranks, classes, and conditions of life. Then, as we value the present success of our society, the future honor and ability of our lives, the eminent services we may render to our principles, our country, and our religion, let us promptly take the first true steps of oratory, and commence that career that shall render us an honor to ourselves, to our friends, and

OLD PHILO.

CUI BONO?

BY A. R. MERRIAM.

In these latter days, when science and art are making such mighty strides, and the forest of ignorance is being hewed down before the steady strokes of man's inventive brain; when the imaginative is being swallowed up in the material; beauty being borne from the stronghold to make place for the useful; in fact, when everything is being made to answer to the question "Cui Bono?"—there is great danger that we may be carried away by false ideas—and reject with scorn every thing which does not give a plausible or satisfactory answer to the inquiry, "Of what good is it?" "How can I make it advance my interests?" True, nearly every thing which has attained to eminence in the world's history has been judged by the criterion of its use—and to all appearance this is a very philosophical standard. But in our zeal to convert every thing to a useful end, and to bend all our thoughts and actions thereto, we often reduce ourselves to mere machines; we let this thought so absorb us that we pluck up with ruthless hand all the tender emotions of the soul, all those beautifying elements in man, which raise him above the brute, all those household gods, which the Lord has placed in him, whom He has made after his own image. In our ardor to root out the weeds of folly, we wantonly attempt to tear up virtues deep-seated in the heart, which are inseparable from the human soul; we clip the wings of imagination; we blight the buds of man's nobler sensibilities, his higher aspirations, his searchings for the Infinite; we spurn all the beauties of nature, and look only for her utilities; we denominate all the emotions as sentimentalities, and class all under the head of Romantic, which does not give a plausible answer to your question: "What use?" And are all our thoughts and actions to be bounded by this feeling? Are we to look upon life and nature with a cold, unmoved heart? Are we to stunt our souls growth, to dry up all the fountains of joy and beauty within us, while we devote life and talents to the service of Mammon, and render all the pleasures and refining influences of life subservient to gain? Shall we tread on every flower which does not yield a balsam, or curse every little trickling stream which has not strength to turn a water-wheel, or sigh that Niagara is a mighty water-power wasted? What! shall we acknowledge that what is not strictly useful is useless; all that does not immediately promote our personal agrandizement has no purpose in its creation? "There's nothing walks with aimless feet." Not one object in nature, not one sentiment in the human commonwealth, but what has a purpose in its creation, but what has some office to fill in the beneficient Providence of God. All things are not strictly utilitarian—but are they useless? All things which we meet in life are not convertible into sordid gold; but the value of their influence upon the heart and soul is above the price of rubies. Gloomy and desolate would the earth be without flowers, without verdure cheerless and repulsive; yet few realize it; fewer think of it, many despise the thought, as sentimental. Are the mountains, the pillars of God's power; are the lakes, the mirrors of His love; or the zephyrs, His whisperings; are these, I say, useless? Oh foolish, narrow-minded man! half-bruted machine! See you not this mighty plan of utility in beauty? Therefore, while the search for the useful is laudable, let us beware lest we tear up the germ of life, lest we destroy all our purer, more aspiring thoughts, and leave ourselves without affection, without natural emotion, "without God in the world."

ISLAM.

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

It is said of the Mexican aloe that it blossoms but once in its life of a hundred years, and after the flower, so long waited for, has shed its sweetness and ripened its seed, the plant perishes from exhaustion. Something very similar may be traced in the history of many nations, which for centuries are marked by common events only, when suddenly, without any warning, some great man springs up, embodying in himself the very spirit of the people. Intoxicated by the splendor of his genius, the nation puts forth its strength as it never has done before, and when the delirium is over, it sinks back exhausted, never to rise again.

The Gallic aloe bloomed and bore Napoleon. Brave and treacherous, artful and generous, proud and pliant, he marvellously combined in his character the prominent traits of the people he governed. Under him, France, against odds such as few nations have ever met, became the greatest power in Europe, and even now owes all she is to the strange spell of his name.

The representative man of English history is Oliver Cromwell. Bigoted and severe in his religion, prompt and brave in action, with a dogged perseverance, he was a model Englishman, and, but for him, England would have lost her civil liberty when she gained the advantage of a centralized government.

All these were however but the representatives of a period which was in a great measure formed by other minds. They were, in fact, governed by circumstances; and although when in the full zenith of his power Napoleon declared that he would control circumstances, yet finally he succumbed to them.

To Mahomet belongs the rare honor of having evolved from a comparative chaos, and of having given a distinct national feeling to the people by whom he rose to fame, where before was a general commingling with surrounding countries. Had any person attempted at the end of the sixth century to name the race which was to obtain supreme empire, the Arab would assuredly have been the last choice. They were divided into a hundred petty tribes, all hating each other with a hatred intensified by immemorial warfare; a prey to superstitions as grovelling as those of Africa; rude and barbarous in their social relations; recognizing, in its fullest force, the law of blood revenge, which, handed down as a sacred duty, from father to son, set families at variance for generations, and prevented all attempts at reconciliation; their weapons were poor and their bodies unprotected by armor, as were the phalanxes of Byzantium and Ctesiphon; their warfare was restricted to mere random raids, or nocturnal attacks for plunder. Any of these causes would seemingly have been sufficient to have precluded any plans of conquest, or to have insured their defeat if attempted. And yet this discordant mass, with apparently no possible band of union, was moulded in twelve short years into a thunderbolt, which overthrew the Persian monarchy and tore from the Eastern Empire its richest provinces. The force of that blow is yet felt in the politics of Europe, and its history is that of every Asiatic and African nation from China to Morocco; while its indirect influence may be traced in the nomenclature of every science, and the manner in which they are taught in every school in Christendom.

The life of this man we will not dwell upon but will confine ourselves to a few of the prominent features of the religion he founded.

While the necesities of climate and the pecularities of a people have given to different religious beliefs their nature and laws, Mahommedanism rather turned the pecularities of the people in which it arose, to its own aggrandizement than allowed itself to be influenced by them.

Although it wisely retained enough of the tenets of the systems it supplanted to render it easy of adoption, yet it had a fundamental idea of its own which kept it from actually merging with them. The Arabian prophet, with a genius almost inspired, chose for his religion the grand conception of the unity of God, and now from thousands of minarets, are the people below daily, almost hourly reminded that there is no God but God.

This sentiment, so opposed, and so superior to idolatries of Persia and India, and to the scarcely less idolatrous worship of the Greek church, allured the higher and more philosophic spirits of those countries.

But Mahomet did not trust the spread of his religion to the power of a cold theological belief, for seeing the impossibility, if indeed he ever tried the doubtful experiment of changing the natural bent of the Arab mind, he gave it another object than mere plunder, by boldly declaring that the best, the only argument the true believer could use with the infidel was the sword.

The bravest and most cowardly were thus in every land drawn to his standard, the one by the desire, and the other by the fear of murder. Toward common crimes he was most lenient; polygamy in its worst form was made lawful, slavery was lawful; the right of revenge for murder on the family of the criminal remained the most efficient means for the prevention of crime; robbery, whether in war or in the shape of exorbitant taxes, if practiced on infidels, was insisted on. In justice, however, let it be said, that, although he painted Paradise as a region of sensual pleasures, he assigned it as a reward to those who periled their lives in defence of their religion, or in times of peace were most lavish in their charities.

ON LIBERTY.

BY GEO. F. BABBITT.

That the world is governed too much no one will venture to deny, when he thinks of the formidable array of legislation which lines the pathway of the world's progress. In fact, liberty is but a tongue-worn name, applied to the almost absolute despotism, which endeavors to govern our actions and especially our ideas. It will be our aim in this essay to depreciate the government of *ideas*, as ruled by the diction of public opinion. In expressing our purpose we have revealed, what we desired to express as wrong in its effect, namely: that *thought* which was given full sway and unlimited dominion by the Creator, is governed. No express statute is literally decreed concerning its limits, but the public stand ready to hear an idea, and, if suited to the popular mind, it is observed and respected; if not, it is placed before the tribunal of public gossip, condemned, and cast into the cell of popular indignation. It is a divine doctrine—that of free moral agency—deny it, and your theology goes tumbling to the ground; but law attempts to deny its supremacy by proscribing ideas, which are the direct product of this agency. Ideas in themselves create no disturbances; they may produce that which creates disturbance, but the process is not governable, until it becomes an effect, and then, and not till then does human law possess the power of restraint.

Now, should not thought have it own free sway? should public opposition be the jail and jailor of *thought*, entertained and expressed? We claim that thought is absolute; that its expression is to be allowed; and that no law, whether in the Statute Book or in the rules of custom, should condemn its expression! But who is to become ruler and judge supreme, and calling his judgment sounder, and his mind sharper, place himself above the common people, and declare what ideas are right, and what are wrong; what will ultimately produce a good effect, and what an evil? Whom he may be, his self approbation must surpass his common sense. But it may be claimed that an evil thought may produce an evil effect, and it may; but right stands uneclipsed the same, and the contrast increases its brilliancy. A bad idea cannot attract followers, as it shows its incapability of producing a good effect; a few deluded victims may fall prey to its seeming utility; but the last demonstration of the fact of its fallacy is the experiencing of its effects—by the projectors themselves; and by this non-interference a barrier is erected against erring thought, and a practical lesson is learned. Thus it is seen that the government of thought is not only wrong and unwarranted, but injurious and agressive.

With all people expressing the ideas, which their geniuses may form and make manifest, not a few would be of use and profit to the public good; but a seemingly poor idea is smothered by the popular will, if uttered at all, and thus goes out of existence; while, if uttered and acted, although to the public eye unproductive of good, it might, by calm and sober judgment, have produced beneficial effects. But argument might be produced without limit, which would support them. We will leave them, however, for the interested hearer to infer. In view then of what has been written, let thought be its own dictator, and by so doing the world can possibly grow no worse, but probably better.

A RIDE ON THE SWITCH-BACK RAILROAD.

BY R. H. HAINES.

Not two hundred miles from the city of New York, among the mountains of Pennsylvania, is the little town of Mauch Chunk, beautifully situated on the banks of the Lehigh River. The place where we started on our excursion was about half a mile out of the town. As we leisurely walk along to the depot, we come to a place where hundreds of canal boats are waiting to receive their cargoes of coal. We pause a few moments to watch the process of loading. Trains of cars, full of coal, are waiting above at the top of a hill which rises at an angle of nearly forty degrees, till it reaches the height of two or three hundred feet above the river. How is it that these cars are emptied? How is it possible, we wonder, for engines to run up and down such a steep ascent? But let us move on a little way and examine for ourselves. Soon we come to the railroad tracks upon which the cars ascend and descend the hill. But where is the steam power to force them up and down such a steep ascent? There is none; and just at this moment all is explained, as we see a loaded car rapidly coming down the hill with a strong wire rope fastened to the back of it; and this wire runs round a pulley at the top of the hill, and from there is fastened to a car at the bottom of the hill that has already been emptied. By this means the empty car is drawn up the hill by the weight of the loaded car descending. Thus it is that hundreds of coal cars are emptied every day; saving, by this means, thousands of dollars that necessarily would be expended if steam was employed. This is one of the uses, we find, that the power of gravitation is put to. But let us hasten on, that we may obtain pleasant seats in the cars. We find that quite a number of persons have arrived before us, all going on the same pleasure trip. The cars hold about ten persons apiece, and consequently are rather small; but they answer admirably the purpose for which they are used. We take our seats. After waiting a few moments, the conductor fastens a stout wire rope to the front car, and then he makes a signal to those above, and immediately the stationary engine at the top of the hill is started, and we are slowly drawn up the side of the mountain. The ascent is very steep, and when we are about half way up, we begin to think of what would become of us if the wire rope, which is not over an inch and a half thick, should break, and leave us to rush down the side of the mountain at a fearful rate, and then be dashed to pieces. But, upon inquiring, we are told that there is a safety car fastened on behind, which has two stout iron bars dragging on the ground behind, and if the wire rope should break, these bars would immediately fasten themselves in the ground, and would keep the cars from running backwards. Soon we reach the top of the mountain, which is called Mount Pisgah, and which is said to be about fifteen hundred feet high. There is a splendid view from the top of this mountain, and the conductor kindly gave us five minutes to look around us at the scenery. Then, taking our seats, we soon start on our ride. We have no engine to trouble us with cinders, or to blind us with smoke, and yet we move along as if the swiftest locomotive was dragging us after it. Our cars run along down the side of the mountain at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, nothing but their weight carrying them along. This is another valuable use to which the power of gravitation is applied. Trains upon trains of coal cars are thus conveyed through the coal regions every day, running ten or fifteen miles at a time along the mountain side without stopping, carried along only by the force of gravitation. But to return to ourselves. We run along the top of the mountain for a while, gradually descending its side; now rushing along through the dark forests of trees, dashing around short curves so swiftly that it almost makes one shudder to think of it, and again running along over bridges and embankments.

We have all the variety of scenery that one meets with on larger railroads, and far more excitement and pleasure. After riding eight or ten miles we find that we are approaching the coal mines, and soon we see, opposite the entrances, immense heaps of coal dust,—we might almost call them mountains, as they are from fifty to a hundred feet high. Most of these heaps are formed entirely of slate and coal dust, and are comparatively useless, or so much so that they are not worth the expense of their transportation. Soon our cars stop before the entrance of one of the mines, and we all get out and examine for ourselves the process of mining; and we find that it is very interesting, and carried on in quite a different manner than one would suppose who had merely read accounts of mining. Having purchased at a small price, as curiosities and also mementoes of our trip, a few pieces of fern fossils, which the boys find in the coal, we jumped aboard our cars, and after being drawn up another inclined plain by a stationery engine, in almost the same way as when we started, we commence to return; gradually winding down the sides of the mountain, going even faster than before, riding through forests that seem to have no end to them, not meeting a single person for miles, until gradually we approach the termination of our trip. The cars gradually slacken their speed until they stop at the very spot from which we started. This was caused by our returning on the same side of the ridge of mountains that our ride down towards the mine was made upon. In less than three hours we had travelled about twenty-five miles, through some of the prettiest scenery that can be found in the mountains of Pennsylvania, besides stopping at the coal mine and at several little villages along the road. Thus, after having had a first rate time, did our trip on the switch-back railroad end. And before closing let me say that it will well repay any of you to take a ride upon one of these inclined railroads, if you happen at any time to be spending a few days in the coal regions of the Keystone State.

MACAULAY AS A CRITIC.

BY SECOND EDITOR, HAYWARD.

To be a perfect critic, one must be well acquainted with the subject under discussion; to be a useful one, he must have an extensive knowledge. Prepared by many years of toil and practice, with a genius possessed by few, a mind of wonderful power, and a complete control of it, Macaulay had risen in a short time to a position among English writers, that caused all to respect his views, and give his judgments careful consideration. While pursuing a collegiate course of study he often contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, one of the most influential and important British periodicals of this century, and indeed it was mostly for this magazine that his miscellaneous writings were composed. It was then that his essay on Milton made its appearance; a composition justly pronounced as one of the finest ever written about that individual. His articles have received universal admiration, both on account of the excellent style, the vivid eloquence, the extensive learning, and the splendor of illustration, which characterizes them. Although he succeeded well as a politician, having been a member of the cabinet, as Secretary of War, and although he has gained much renown by his larger writings, yet it is in his capacity of critic that much of true greatness, which would otherwise have been hidden, has been shown forth. Here it is, through the periodicals, that he reached the mass of the people, and shaped their ideas, often causing his enemies to waver, those who doubted, to take a stand in his favor, and those already his friends to think more of him and his views. Under his treatment all erroneous ideas and statements were ridiculed, the author severely censured, and the whole almost condemned; yet all was done in a manner offensive to none, not even to the writer, who chanced to be the victim, for even he must acknowledge that the satire was just, and rightly deserved. Yet Macaulay did not fail to defend those, who were perhaps unjustly criticised by others, and in so doing he showed what were his true motives in being a critic; simply to disprove all false ideas, to censure the negligent, and to bring before the world the faults and virtues of those writings, which possessed much literary merit, and yet which might lead others to form incorrect ideas.

Being naturally quite witty, and possessing the power of using the severest sarcasm, what wonder if he sometimes was too harsh in condemning or deriding the doctrines of others. Descending to nothing low, but always writing as becomes a true gentleman, his critical works are examples of the finest thoughts, clothed in the handsomest and most fitting language, and at the same time furnish the real elements of modern criticism. His style, though simple, is fine; his manner of expression terse; and all his works are pervaded with a tone that causes his readers to notice and admire the beautiful thoughts, the happy combinations, and the easy flow of ideas. The finest type of Macaulay's sarcastic wit is displayed in his satirical criticism on the poems of Mr. Robert Montgomery, in which he so literally picks things to pieces, that one is led almost to think the poems are nothing more than some silly lines, written by a youth who had wandered from his proper sphere, and had revelled for a time in poetry of the rudest character, 'the plan of which is imperfect, and its thoughts, expressions and intended sublimity all sacrificed to metre and rhyme.

To be true to his character, as a critic, Macaulay does not refrain from criticising friends, as is shown in his essay on *Southey's Colquies on Science*, nor did he hesitate from critically reviewing the works of female writers, as his essay on the *Life and Writings of Addison*, by Lucy Aikin, fully attests; yet throughout all is visible that courteous and gentlemanly manner of expressing disapproval or disappointment, that has won for him a most honorable regard and appreciation among the finest literary characters of our times; thus is shown the high position his powers of mind have given him, and how justly he deserves it as the most earnest, exact and truthful critic of the nineteenth century.

THE PALISADES OF THE TIGRIS.

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

About one hundred and fifty miles from its source this river enters the Gebel Tour, a mountain range which runs in a south-western direction from the Anti-Taurus. It is almost exclusively limestone in its geological formation, and consequently the river, instead of forming a lake above the mountains, and then finding its way across some one of the lower valleys, in a series of rapids, or as a magnificent fall, as might have been the case if the rock had been of a harder character, has cut its way, forming a series of palisades nearly seventy miles long, and quite frequently one hundred feet high. They rise perpendicularly and almost directly from the river. At low water in summer there is hardly a beach of fifteen feet at their base, and in winter the river foams against the bare rock.

It is almost as crooked as the Missouri, though from an opposite cause, winding and twisting in the most remarkable way, and in many places the voyager, floating on a raft, seems to be drifting down upon a wall of limestone three or four hundred feet high, and through which there is apparently no outlet for the stream, till a close approach reveals the fact that the river has almost doubled in passing around the obstruction.

These mountains were formerly densely populated, and traces still remain of the ancient inhabitants, in their tombs cut in the precipices. These have long since been plundered of their contents, and in some cases the river in its course has eaten away the rocky staircases by which they were reached, and laid the chambers, with their niches, open to view; while in others, Koords, descendants of the Carduchi, of whom Xenophon speaks, have taken the burial places of their ancestors for their own dwellings. It would seem occasionally, however, that the Carduchi finding some ledge, adapted by its comparative ease of access to the river for the site of a village, made caves at one end to live in, and at the other fashioned their sepulchres.

At Hassan Kafe, formerly a large town, a double staircase has been cut through the cliff down to the river, so that in times of siege persons might descend to draw water without being marked by the archers of the enemy, a steep ravine affording easier access in peaceful times. In another place the crag has been quarried with a shape similar to the battlements of a castle, so as to command the river below.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

BY THIRD EDITOR, WILLIAMS.

By the study of history we render ourselves familiar with the actions and experiences of nations and men who have existed in the past. We behold the downfall of one under certain forms of government, and the prosperity of another when governed in a different manner, and accordingly we endeavor to render our own success more certain by avoiding the defects, and imitating those deeds which during past ages have contributed to the power and renown of nations. History can be pursued both as a study and source of amusement. As a study, it is of the highest importance to those whose lot it is to take part in the government of a people. A ruler, by familiarizing himself with the actions of those before him, when in similar circumstances, and by noting what success attended the policy of each, can decide which course will be most advisable for him to pursue. It is of importance that the people comprising a nation, as well as their rulers, should be familiar with the past, and especially is it important that every citizen of a republic should make this a special study. If the individuals composing a nation are enlightened, they will be governed by enlightened rulers, and will not submit to oppression; only when the people are degraded does tyranny hold sway.

History has a great superiority over fiction, since it both furnishes excitement for the mind for what novel is more stirring than the accounts of some of the Greek and Roman struggles, and has the great advantage of being founded on facts, and — in fact — is only a mirror in which the actions of our fellow men are reflected; but novels, on the other hand, only excite the mind while they give none of that solid and lasting benefit which the reader of history obtains. A person, to derive lasting benefit from history, should read it more as a study, fixing his attention wholly upon what he is reading, and not allow his mind to wander over other subjects while his eyes are glancing at the words; to skim along from one subject to another is like reading a novel, which excites the feelings but is productive of no real good.

NEWPORT SKETCHES, No. I.

THE BEACH.

BY A. R. MERRIAM.

We stand alone upon the beach. We are in the awful presence of one of God's mightiest witnesses of his unbounded power and glorious majesty. We need no company, for

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Nothing of grandeur, not even of beauty, to attract your gaze landward. It seems as if God makes the beach, a long barren waste, with no attractive feature in itself, in order that with the greater power we may feel the force of beauty and of glory with which we are greeted when we turn our vision to the boundless ocean; for who can witness the long lines of cliff; the boundless track of the ocean, contending interminably before him; the restless waves capped with foam; the spray which some projecting rock throws high in air; can hear the incessant roar of the mighty waves, as they march in unbroken ranks almost to the very shore, and then breaking ranks with a shout and roar, noiselessly creep upon the sand to wash away any mark which a foot-print or a finger has left; I say, that he who can look upon this scene without emotion, has no right to call himself a man, or to imagine that he is made after the image of God.

How entirely different the effect produced upon the mind by ocean and inland scenery. It addresses an entirely different set of feelings; it calls forth vastly different emotions. Beecher, it seems to me, has given expression accurately to the feelings inspired, when he says, "The sea is not a lover and friend, but an inspirer and austere teacher." It is grand, majestic, sublime. It imposes rather than wins. It demands your reverence rather than courts your love. It speaks to your imagination, your sensibility to emotions of sublimity. Here you can best think of God as a being of infinite power; back from the shore your thoughts can most naturally dwell upon his love. Here your prayer would be a glorious hallelujah! a prayer of praise like a psalm of David; while among the rolling hills and modest valleys, your devotion would take the form of Jesus' prayer, or that of the publican. Here you think of the God who "rolled out the heavens as a scroll," who "walketh upon the wings of the wind," "whose glory the heavens declare, and whose handiwork is the firmament;" there God speaks more clearly in "the still small voice" of the lovely flowers and beauteous landscapes. Whatsoever may be the cause which gives the ocean this mighty power over man, it surely cannot be the force of association. "Gray ocean waste" is the same everywhere. He has no vales nor groves, no dells nor rocks, wherewith to hold the fairies of familiar association. His mountains raised by fierce Boreas are swallowed up by the valleys when gentle Auster blows. Surrounded by stable forests and encircling hills, our thoughts dwell upon the present, or reflect upon the past; but upon the sands, looking seaward, the present is swallowed up in the mighty future; and, as we gaze upon the distant horizon, we seem to look forward to the dim uncertain future, as beaconless as the unbroken waste of water. But hold! There is one beacon light discernable, as we gaze seaward—the spot where heaven meets the unmeasured expanse with a kiss of welcome.

NEWPORT SKETCHES, No. II.

THE OLD STONE MILL.

Amid all the gayety and butterfly pleasure of the passing moment, venerable with the moss of ages, rises the old stone mill—a monitor, as it were, to the pleasure-seekers of Newport. In Europe, the traveler sees the ruins of ancient glory everywhere; he treads on ground consecrated by glorious deeds—grounds which have "fed on blood." Ancient castles rise before him to witness to the glory, the power, and the splendor of the ancients, around whose walls have rung the shouts of battle, and upon whose battlements have raged fierce and bloody encounters; antique paintings recall the cultivation; massive, symmetrical ruins the artistic skill of the past: but few are the reminders of the yesterday that has gone, which we meet in this new, ever changing country; few voices come to us from the past, hoarse with the dews of centuries, save here and there (increasing their power over us by their scarcity) one tower, one fort, some tree, reminding us of our primeval days in the struggles of our forefathers.

Around one of these hallowed mementoes the loving ivy throws its tender arms, as if to say, "I will protect you." Like a loving daughter caressing a father whose head is silvered with age, so does the ivy, symbol of the present, embrace the old and tottering arches of the relics at Newport, as if it would seek counsel from antiquity. Strange union! Why is it that we so often see this, youth in old age; these stones, "old, centuries old," returning to their second childhood, and rejoicing in the sports of youth. Time, with wrinkled visage, looks down upon us from this oddly-shapen yet symmetrical relic of the past, known as "The Old Stone Mill." It must be old, for its age is unknown. Who built it? None can say; tradition merely surmises. What was it? No one knows. Some contend that it was a mill, but its shape and surroundings do not favor the supposition. Others conjecture that it was a miniature fort, but what ground for the supposition? What is it then? This strange uncertainty only adds to the reverence we have for it. It stands among us with its warning finger raised, like a spectre, a strange visitor, a great unknown. Strange that in its presence modern fashion should choose a stronghold! What scenes has it looked upon? The winds, perchance, have borne to its ear the howling of wolves, or the shriek of the savage. It has looked upon a people, strong in their rights, rise against and combat a crushing tyranny. It has watched the growth of a land cemented by liberty, union, and christian principle. It has seen the dagger wrested from the hand of the would-be national assassin,—and last, but not least, it has smiled in its extreme old age over a race freed from the trammels of a sin-fostering slavery. And long may it stand, in our republic, united by brotherly love and christian charity, to witness justice done to all, freedom indeed and in truth, to every American citizen; to see the star roll westward and southward, and even northward, while the cross of Christ keeps equal pace with the star of empire, and the principles of christianity infuse a new spirit into all our borders.

MYTHOLOGY.

THIRD EDITOR, WILLIAMS.

The mind is constantly inquiring into the cause of what takes place, and is not satisfied until it has obtained a solution. This solution may be either true or false. Therefore, centuries before the christian era, before the sciences had unfolded the wonders of nature and laid bare the true causes of her phenomena, it is not strange that men beheld in the workings of nature a superior power; it is not strange that the mariner, tossed about at the mercy of the sea, or as he beheld the unruffled ocean lashed into foam, and its surface agitated with immense waves, should attribute it to the workings of a superior being, in whom was power to excite the waves and to allay them at his pleasure. As they beheld the mighty power of the winds, trees twisted and torn from the ground, or whole cities thrown from their foundations and swallowed up by the earthquake,—why wonder that they supposed there was a being who commanded these forces of nature.

It was thus mythology arose; every new phenomenon was attributed to the working of some God; the ocean to Neptune, while Jupiter was the supreme ruler of the universe. In the bubbling stream they detected the voice of some divinity. Every tree, lake, or river had its peculiar god or goddess. Such a religion was well suited to men in that early period, notwithstanding at the present day we look back with wonder at a time when such romances formed the religious belief of a people, who, in many other respects are our teachers, and whose writings form an important branch in our educational course. We wonder as we read the poems of Virgil and Homer, that minds capable of such works were accustomed to call upon the divinities of Mt. Olympas, and to offer sacrifices to the god of the trident before trusting themselves upon the ocean. Yet this religion tended to restrain men from wrong by holding up before them the miseries of the Plutonian kingdom; to stimulate them to good by the hope of enjoying the Elysian Fields. To these gods were erected the magnificent temples, many of which having outlived the work of time, still by their massive ruins reveal to us their former splendor, and the character of the age which they represent. But the gods in whose honor they were erected have long since disappeared; at the present day not a single nation or people are their votaries. We look back upon them as belonging to the department of literature. The histories of Greece and Rome are incomplete without them. There is something beautiful in these ancient legends, and we cannot wonder that they should appear attractive to those who knew of no other way in which to account for the phenomena which were daily taking place around them. What is more natural than for an uneducated mind to attribute the wonderful and various workings of nature to the direct influence of a controlling power?

As they beheld the golden sun rise from the ocean and pursue its daily course through the heavens, they considered it a God. Mythology, although dead in form, still lives in literature. Astronomy retains the names used to distinguish the planets as gods, and by which they were worshipped. It is indispensable, if a person would understand the finest writings of our own literature. The works of Milton are in great part meaningless to one not familiar with their mythical characters; so also in other eminent writings we are constantly reminded of the value to be placed in a thorough knowledge of ancient mythology. The writings of Virgil are divested of a large part of their beauty if this is overlooked. Having spoken of the cause and effect of mythology, let us now notice the manner in which it has been superseded. In the first place by the conquest of other nations; but the agents which have been most effective in its overthrow are the advancement in science, a knowledge of the laws of nature, and the christian religion. Thus we see that systems best adapted for the world in one stage, are left behind and outgrown as minds become more enlightened, until now they live only in science and literature. A hundred years to come, customs now considered wise will be looked upon as proofs of the ignorance of the age which produced them.

QUEBEC AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

BY F. S. DENNIS.

It was a beautiful summer's morn. The British steamer was gracefully rounding the bend on the St. Lawrence river, a short distance from the city of Quebec. The view which lay before the eye so early in the morning, was all that one could desire. In the East might be seen the sun in splendor, just rising from the horizon, shedding beauty and radiance over the landscape before it, tinging it with a bright hue, and reflecting its glory upon the hills opposite. Only a few moments more, and the long looked for city rose full in sight. The singular appearance at once attracts the traveller's eye.

As you look up from the river, you behold an abrupt, rugged promontory, towering immediately above your head to the height of three hundred and fifty feet. Standing upon the wharf below, the first thought that strikes one, is, how can such an ascent be made? Our curiosity was soon satisfied, for having seated ourselves in the omnibus which conveys the passengers up to the city, we were driven a short distance to the rear of the promontory, where the ascent commenced. This was accomplished by continually winding in a circuitous road, until after many zigzags, we at last reached the summit, which the inhabitants call "Upper Town." It might be said here, that the city from its peculiar situation is divided into two distinct corporations, which are called respectively, "Upper and Lower Town." The former comprises that part of the city which is on the plain above, while the latter is applied to the part below on the river bank, at the base of the bluff. Here all the business of the city is transacted, while "Upper Town" consists mainly of residences, cathedrals, colleges and convents. On the ride up the hill we came in contact with the walls that surround that part of the city, lying on the summit of the promontory. We gained entrance by means of an apurture termed the Prescott gate, from the one who constructed the plan of the wall. Beginning from this point, the city is surrounded by these immense fortifications, extending about three miles and a half. Thus having passed under the wall, we find ourselves in the most strongly fortified city upon this continent. There is also a way for pedestrians to reach this table land by means of steep stone steps; but on account of the exertion requisite to perform this, it is seldom used.

A few blocks inside of the walls take us to the "Russell House," a new hotel built and kept by an American. After having finished breakfast, and a short walk around the city, we were soon prepared to start out upon our sight-seeing trip. Our party, a very pleasant one indeed, consisted of four. Two of whom had previously visited the city, and consequently were enabled to point out to us the principal objects of interest in and about the city. So to them we are greatly indebted for many instructive sights, which we would not have otherwise seen. First we drove up on the plains of Abraham, memorable on account of the battle between Wolfe and Mortcalm, in the campaign of 1759. From this eminence there is spread out a magnificent view. As you stand on this historic ground, you can see far below you the beautiful valley watered by the St. Lawrence, and casting your eyes in either direction, you can trace the windings of the noble river until it disappears in the distance. From this point the island of Orleans and Point Levi are both visible.

The former rendered famous as the one upon which General Wolfe landed with his troops previous to the seige of the city. As we recede from the edge of the bluff overlooking the river, and turn toward the centre of the plain, our attention is drawn to a monument erected to the memory of Montcalm and Wolfe.

After spending a few moments upon these heights, we visited the citadel, which is not far from the plain. Here we had the pleasure of witnessing the "Red Coats" go through a few manoeuvres in the military tactics. The drilling was far inferior to that of our United States Military Academy; but perhaps it was owing to the fact that this was not a regular dress parade, still if it had been, we doubt very much as to their ability in surpassing our West Point Cadets. We were shown around the different barracks, magazines, and forts belonging to the acropolis, all of which had an appearance of neatness and order. We proceeded from the citadel to descend to the town itself once more. We then drove around the principal streets, viewing the public buildings and grounds. The city falls far below the average of cities in the United States. Every thing seems to have an air of antiquity about it; the streets are very narrow, the dwellings as a general thing low and compact. It is said by those who have visited Rome, to bear a striking resemblance to that city. The thing which seemed most like civilization and enlightenment, in fact the most home-like, was the appearance of a street car bearing the well known signature, "John Stevenson & Co., makers, New York."

The only buildings which were at all imposing in the city were the cathedrals and colleges, together with the Archbishop's residence. We went into the great Catholic Cathedral, the inside of which is the finest in the country. It appears from the outside a very quaint edifice, while inside it is very handsomely furnished, and capable of seating four thousand persons. The walls are adorned with magnificent oil paintings, and the work around the chancel is of the most exquisite architectural skill. It is said to be a fac-simile of the apsis of St. Peter's at Rome. There is attached to this a large nunnery, covering an area of eight acres. After visiting several other buildings of less importance, we rode out to the Falls of Montmorency, which are about ten miles from the city. This is a very fine drive indeed, and both the singular appearance of the houses and different manners of the people, added much to the interest of the ride. Scarcely an hour and a half had elapsed, before we were driven up to a diminutive hotel, built as a resort for travellers visiting the falls. After resting a few moments we walked out on the porch and found the old Indian woman waiting patiently for us to appear, so that she might lead us through the woods and thus we might be able to witness the cataract from the most favorable point. The falls are situated in a very picturesque and romantic spot, hidden entirely from the road by the dense forest, and thick shrubbery, so that the view of the cataract breaks upon us all at once, and as it was unexpected just at that moment, the sight seemed more grand and inspiring. The angry waters, rushing with impetuous force throw themselves headlong over a steep precipice of two hundred and fifty feet in a deep and yawning chasm below. The boisterous waters then roll away with rapid current, until lost in view they mingle with the deep waters of the St. Lawrence. We now return with the Indian guide to the little wayside inn. Our horses having been refreshed by their rest, were in fine spirit to convey us back to Quebec. We reached the city in safety, and although somewhat fatigued with our exertion, we think all the excursionists will unite with us in saying, we were well pleased with our days experience and observation.

HAMILTON AND BURR.

BY HAROLD WILDER.

At a time, perhaps one of the most critical of any in the course of our national existence, when the conflict of legislation had succeeded that of arms, and when the great problem as to whether a republican government could sustain its own dignity and uphold the rights of its citizens was as yet in the course of demonstration, there appeared on the political stage of America two men, Hamilton and Burr, whose purposes, characters, and thoughts were as diametrically opposite as those of Luther and Cherles V. In early life, both Hamilton and Burr were soldiers; when farther advanced in life both were politicians. Yet in each were they directly antagonistic, for while the former, as a soldier, was the earnest friend of Washington, the latter was his bitter enemy; while as a politician, the former strove vigorously for the success of what he thought the right, and only with honesty, virtue, and talent did he strive for this success, the latter only aspired after his own personal aggrandizement, and for this did he labor, both by foul means and fair.

The lives of these two great men are indicative of their characters. The great closing drama of Hamilton's life shows us "a true man," yet one with not moral courage enough to dare to withstand the taunt of cowardice from one that lacked that highest and noblest quality of man—true, undaunted bravery; and at the same time it shows us the unscrupulousness and unfeelingness of Aaron Burr. These same traits are exhibited throughout the whole course of his public career. Who that has read Wirt's glowing defence of Blennerhasset, can fail to perceive the real thoughts underlying exteriors of plausibility and goodness.

It is now universally acknowledged that to Hamilton undue praise has been accorded, while to Burr undue blame. But we must acknowledge that Hamilton was one of our most upright statesmen, one of our deepest thinkers, while Burr has added one more name to that list beginning with Benedict Arnold and ending with Andrew Johnson.

MOONLIGHT ON THE JAMES.

BY FIRST EDITOR, STANLEY.

The gorgeous hues of sunset had faded from the western sky, and the bright camp fires enlivened the gathering gloom as the Hudson cast from her moorings and slowly steamed down the river. Ever and anon the deep boom of the distant guns told of the watchful diligence of the opposing armies. The full orbed moon, rising from the dark woods, silvered the waves and shed a mournful light over hillside, fort and camp. The busy scenes of war are now obscured by the river windings and wooded banks. Now we are in a silvery basin, with its dark matin, its glorious orb of night, and soft, mellow southern sky. Next, the opening wooded steeps display a farther sweep of waters, until we curve smoothly and beautifully from point to point, from lake to lake, with an ever changing scene of moonlight glories. Down past the historic Harrison's Landing, the wooded steeps of Wilcox crossing, and the heroic site of Fort Powhatan. How beautiful is moonlight in a southern clime! Not cold and gloaming as in a northern sky; not pale and sad as when it rises from the horizon's wave, but full-orbed, rich and mellow, it pours its effulgence over the wooded hills and broad expanse of waters as if to reproduce the glories of sunset in softer and more enchanting beauties. 'Tis midnight, and as the moon declines from the zenith of her power, and descends the western sky, ominous shadows come creeping from the hills and river banks out on the moonlit waters. The vision, weary with the almost tropical glare of the "queen of night," turns its gaze to the solemn waters, and endeavors to picture those scenes and dwell on those events that have rendered this river ever memorable in American annals. Soon the river banks are less abrupt, its course less tortuous, and across the beautiful expanse of waters, peering through the dense foliage, may be seen the cheery light of the planter's mansion. Now deeper woods are on the river bank, and denser shadows are stealing over the tide.

A clearing? 'Tis a waste. In an open field, overshadowed by dense foliage, behold a tower. Broken, moss-covered, deserted, it stands *alone* in all its *loneliness*. O, how sad and solemn was the sight of that lone, weather beaten relic of departed centuries. How romantic! as the moonlight pierced the foliage and rested softly on its crumbling rampart, and looked gently in at those gaping rents. Its surroundings had long since crumbled to the dust, and the weak, tottering pilgrim, alone remained a solemn monitor of the vanity of all earthly glories. It was the old tower of Jamestown. O, what emotions swelled in our breast and choked our utterance, as we realized that we were in the presence of this memento of the past. Through the vista of two and a half centuries we could almost see the lone voyagers creeping up the silent river, and cautiously bringing their boat to an unknown shore; we could almost hear their words of exultation as they viewed this beautiful river, breathed this balmy air, and beheld the richness of the country about them; we could almost see the intrepid Smith, the war seamed veteran in freedom's cause, a hero on a score of European battle grounds, leading his gallant fellows through the pathless wilds. But it was not the intrepid valor of Smith, the dread Indian struggles of those early days, or the antiquity of these ruins, that absorbed our attention and enlisted our sympathies, but we queried, as we looked at the dark, solemn woods, where was that romantic spot, hallowed by the heroism of the youthful Pocahontas.

Again the ragged rents seemed closed in the creviced wall. The little church to assume its ancient look. The old cavaliers, the ancient dames, the blushing youths, the stern frowning chiefs to gather in the walls; the voice of the rector seemed again to float upon the silence as he read the beautiful ritual of the church of England, and gave the Indian maiden to the gallant Rolfe. In the rotunda of the capitol at Washington is a magnificent painting of this scene. Not only does it interest you by the beauty of its coloring and the vivacity of its expression, but carries you back in imagination to those early times of romantic and heroic adventure.

Well was it to reproduce that beautiful scene on canvass in the national capitol, that all may be reminded of our national regard for female loveliness and bravery. Two and a half centuries have passed since the Indian maiden left her forest wigwam. Two and a half centuries have rolled over her grave, but still her memory is fresh in all hearts, and her name will live in history a synonym of what is romantic, chaste, and heroic. In that midnight hour, as the declining moon lengthened its shadows from the old gray tower, we forgot the glorious memories of '76, the proud career of the Old Dominion, Yorktown, and Washington, the sound of our marching union armies died from our senses, and we dropped a tear for the desolate tower, and the early grave of the beautiful and heroic Pocahontas.

EXTRACT FROM A WALK.

BY R. D. MUSSEY.

We now arrived in the region of Hebrew clothing stores. After walking for some time, noticing the lynx eyes that observed us from numerous door-ways, in which were hung all kinds of wearing apparel, and wishing to see the manner in which these "professionals" disposed of their goods, we determined upon visiting one of these places. By chance we entered one that had but one customer and one dealer. The customer was examining coats, but not seeing any that suited him he started for the door, when he was interrupted by "our friend," as we shall call the gentleman, that had a Roman protuberance for a nose and a slight German accent, who addressed the customer "thusly:"

"Vel, mine frient, dere is von kots dat shust vill shoot ye," at the same time holding up a coat, worth, we think, about $3.50.

The customer turned, and our friend proceeded: "Dis coat was made for Sheneral Shackson, due wicks pefore he dite. Dry tat on, mine frient."

Customer, liking looks of coat, did so. "Mine frient, dat goat shust fits ye." No doubt it does after "our friend" has gathered a foot or more in the back with his hand.

"Ye no hev a petter fit dan dat. Dem coots gost me shust 30 tallers; I sells him for 29 tallers; I loose six tallers by him. Fot'll ye kif?"

"$3.50," was the reply.

"*Dake it off!*"

Customer did so, and started for the door.

"Mine frient! just gum hant hexamine dat goots; dat is sheal gassimere. Mine frient, I sells him for 20 tallers!"

"No, sir! I will give you but $3.50 for that article."

"Vell, we can't do dat, we no could liff at dat prize."

Again the customer starts for the door, when he is again accosted with, "Mine frient, shust gum pack hant hexamine dem goots. I raps him up for 15 tallers."

"No, sir! I can't give more than $3.50 for it."

"Cootness, me, mine frient! Do ye vant to ruins me? I can no py dem goots any place fun dat; put I shplits de difference mit ye; I lets you haff him fun ten tallers. I font take a zent less."

"As I said before, I will give you but $3.50 for the coat. I can't stand here fooling away my time with you."

"Mine frient, vere ye tinks we git dem goots? do ye tinks ve steals um? I kiff ye dem goat fun five tallers."

"No, sir!"

"Vall, mine frient, I see vot my prutter-in-law say mit me about dat;" whereupon he shouts to some one, supposed to be in a back room, something that we did not understand, and then handed the coat to the customer, done up in paper, saying: "Mine frient, mine prutter-in-law says ye takes um fun tree tallers unt foofty zents. Shust pring yer vife and all de childer mit ye, unt I vits dem up spetter ash any plaze in de zity."

The customer departed, and, dreading a similar fate, we left also, but not until we were forced to buy a cravat, worth fifty cents, for one dollar.

APPLICATION AND PERSEVERANCE.

BY SECOND EDITOR, HAYWARD.

"See, first, that the design is wise and just;
That ascertained, pursue it resolutely.
Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect."

"The greatest results in life," says Smiles, "are usually attained by simple means and the exercise of ordinary qualities." It is by means of reviewing that the scholar becomes acquainted with his lesson, knows the thought, understands the reasoning, and embraces the whole idea; for the common, every day cares of life furnish ample opportunity for acquiring the best discipline and drill, besides the richest experience; and the well beaten paths afford full scope for effort and room for improvement. Another has said, in speaking of the qualities conducive of success, that they may be summed up in these two,—common sense and perseverance.

Genius does not make the man, though it has an important and almost inseparable part to perform in the act. Some have defined it as common sense intensified, another says it is patience, while another holds it to be the power of making efforts; but all unite in proclaiming it only an aid to man, and not the real agent of his success. Those individuals who have been most richly endowed have acknowledged the greater power of incessant labor. On this point some learned men have gone so far as to say that all men can be poets, or painters, or orators, or can follow any profession according to desire; because, they say, all men have within them the fundamental requisites and principles, and only cultivation and refinement is needed to produce the desired results. The line of separation, as Voltaire says, which divides the man of genius from him of ordinary mould, is slight indeed, yet distinct; still no one can deny that no amount of application without genius could have made a Shakspeare, Newton, Raphael, or Michael Angelo. Those men of wonderful mental powers and remarkable genius, whom we regard with admiration and love, and look upon as persons of the greatest endowments and capabilities, have owned that the principal cause for their success was due to the consumption of time well spent, and the incessant application of their faculties upon the objects of their endeavors till the results were attained. Newton, whose mind was unmistakably of the highest character, once said to Dr. Bentley: "If I have done the public any service, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought."

A great point to be arrived at, in the beginning of one's course through life, is to get the working qualities in perfect order, and the faculties in good condition, and this can in no way so well be accomplished as by continual and unremitting labor. One clearly understands this fact when he considers the sure but certain improvement a scholar makes after forming a habit of studying. How much easier it now is to all of us to translate difficult passages in the classics from what it once was! After this object has been obtained the race will be comparatively easy.

No mechanical operation is more agreeable to look upon than the regular working of a perfectly built engine. It is with equal satisfaction that we behold the actions of a mighty mind, which through careful and protracted tutorship has become perfect in arrangement and untiring and unceasing in labor. Instances have occurred of individuals whose minds, inured to almost unintermitted toil by years of devoted application, after arriving at a certain stage, can not, for any length of time easily remain in a state of inactivity. During the early part of his life, Washington Irving accustomed himself to a hard and perpetual application of his mind, and, after arriving at the limits of a noble ambition, he found it necessary, for the preservation of his health, to continue his former mode of living.

The results of application and perseverence are wonderful and interesting, and we can but admire the qualities which produce them, even when young and seemingly inefficient. It often requires many years for the few seeds, deeply implanted in the hearts of men, to receive sufficient nurture to enable them to spring up into the outer world; but, should that nurture be furnished, we would soon see another plant, another rare gem, which will add one more name to that illustrious list, adorned by all the eminent personages of every age; by Wilton and Shakspeare, as poets, by Webster and Burke as orators, by Napoleon and Lincoln as thinkers.

SIDE DISHES AND CONDIMENTS.

BY SECOND EDITOR, HAYWARD.

Archer's Pond.—The sun was slowly sinking behind the western hills as, tired and hungry, we entered the little village of *Wrentham Centre*. After hearty congratulations from an old friend, at whose house we had received ample refreshments, we sauntered forth in the cool of the evening to enjoy some of the beauties of the place. We were led in our rambles to the celebrated Archer's Pond, the peculiarity of which is, that it has neither inlet nor outlet, but sleeps placidly and unruffled in a beautiful valley, leaving with its waters, the snowy beach that circles the base of the invading hills. Securing a skiff we were soon pleasantly gliding over the tranquil waters, and so clear they were that we could see many feet below the surface, where were hugh piles of the trunks and branches of trees, which were almost as perfect as ever. W. E. S.

Bunyan.—John Bunyan, the most popular religious writer of his time, was born in the year 1628, at the small town of Elston, near Bedford. His father was a man of poor estate, being a common tinker, yet was more respectable than most of that class who were his associates. Young Bunyan was greatly affected by the puritanic spirit which during his boyhood was at its height; and so strongly did his dread of death, and conviction of sins take hold of his mind, that he was continually thinking about them, and while asleep would have fearful visions. For years he labored under delusion and doubt, but finally saw his way clearly and became thoroughly a Christian. In 1660 he was imprisoned on account of his views, yet he had freedom offered to him if he would promise not to preach, to which he replied, "If you let me out to-day, I will preach to-morrow." He died in 1688. S. W. W.

COMMERCIAL ART.—The more common way of advertising is by means of printing, especially in newspapers. The first one of this kind was in the *Impartial Intelligencer*, of London, published in 1647, referring to the theft of two horses. The first that appeared in America occurred in October of 1704, in the *News Letter*, of Boston. The following is good:

"LOST! On Saturday last, but the owner does not know *when* or where, an *empty* sack with a cheese in it. On the sack the letters 'P. G.' are marked, but so completely worn out as not to be legible."

Punch contains this as a quotation from Brazil: "Dry Germans opened at 59 1-2 reals, but declined to 58 for half ox, half cow, and 60 for ox." This quotation being merely *nominal*.

Signs are another means of increasing trade, as the following will show. In London, when every man had a sign out, there was a man who kept a tobacco store, much frequented by sailors. A man named Farr came one day and "set up" a store opposite, with this sign:

"The best Tobacco by Farr;"

and so he gained the custom. But one day the former put out in glowing colors,

"Far better Tobacco than the best Tobacco by Farr;"

and so he gained the trade. J. H.

MT. VERNON.—We were nearing Mt. Vernon. At last we had reached the Mecca of our pilgrimage. Directly around the landing there is a small level space, but, upon travelling this, we found ourselves ascending by means of a beautiful winding path, thro' a still more beautiful grove, a gradual elevation, rising from the river side until it reaches the place of Washington, where it merges into a plain covered with noble looking trees, some of which Washington himself planted. Just before reaching the mansion we came to the tomb, in which can be seen the marble sarcophagi of George and Martha Washington. Following the path to the house, we had no sooner set foot on the piazza, than we were surrounded by members of the colored gentry, who desired to sell us some hickory canes, cut on the place. The rooms are large and low, in one of which is a sofa, on which the good General often sat, and up stairs is the chamber in which he died. The general appearance of the place is that of most old Southern country residences, being surrounded with numerous out-houses in which to place stores and such things. After visiting a garden and conservatory, we left the place.

I. H. B. H.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.—About two years ago last last Spring, we started with a party from Boston for this lake. Taking the morning train we arrived at Greenpoint, which is at the foot of it; about five o'clock the next afternoon, when we went to the Mt. Kineo House, situated in the centre of the lake, about twenty miles from the shore, on a beautiful island. The principal object for going to that place is the fine fishing to be had there. Trout are the best kind there to be found, and sometimes they are caught in great quantities. Visitors use real or artificial flies, but those who live there use common bait. During our stay we went on an excursion to the outlet, where we camped over night, and the next day had fine sport in fishing and hunting. We breakfasted at six, when we had fish, caught since four that morning. One gentleman "hauled up" eleven trout in fifteen minutes. After two weeks of great pleasure we returned to Boston.

C. D. A.

WAX FIGURES.—Mme. Taussand has in London, the finest collection of wax figures to be found in the world. They are result of years of labor, carefully and dilligently spent, and are exceedingly interesting, because of the exactness of features and life-like appearance, which characterizes them. Upon entering the hall we went into a small chamber, where, lying on a magnificent bed of state, was the representation of the Duke of Wellington, which was so natural that every one on entering takes off his hat, as a token of respect. Passing out we entered the principal hall, in the centre of which are the Monarchs of England and the present Royal family; at the sides of the hall are all the prominent British Statesmen, so placed over the room as to appear like a part of the audience. Each is dressed in the costume peculiar to the times in which he lived, and hence they differ much in the style of dress. Near by is a statue of the Great Russian giant, who, for contrast has in his arms the smallest man in the world. There is also a good representation of Lincoln, surrounded by Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and other distinguished Americans. The Gallery of Horrors is terrifying to those who have weak nerves, and is composed of figures of celebrated cut-throats and assassins. There are many other objects of interest, which time does not permit me to mention. A. H. T.

Bulls.—Three children all a sliding went,
'Twas on a summer day;
The ice was thin, they all fell in,
The rest, they ran away.

Following is the bill of the tavern keeper at Trine, containing the expenses of boarders and lodgers during an election. Sir Mark Somerville was called upon to "foot it."

16th of April, 1826.

"My Bill."—To eating 16 freeholders above stairs for Sir Mark at 3s, 3d a head is to me £2, 12s. To eating 16 more below stairs and two priests after supper is to me £2. 15s. 9d. To 6 beds in one room and four in another at two guineas a bed, and not more than four in any bed at any time, cheap enough God knows, is to me £22. 15s. To raw whiskey and punch without taking of pipes of tobacco, as well as for porter and other glasses, and delf for the first day and night and I am not sure but for the three day and a half of the election as little as I can call it and not to be very exact it is in all or thereabouts as near as I can guess and not be too particular, is to me at least £79, 15s, 9d.

* * * * * *

(The total) £110, 18s, 7d. You may say £111, 0s, 0d. So you Sir Mark send me this eleven hundred by Bryan himself, who and I prays for your success always in trim and no more at present."

EDITORIAL.

Although we have labored under peculiar and trying difficulties, yet we have tried to reflect credit upon our society by working hard to produce a Mirror, which, if even not among the best, yet could rightly claim a place near them. Owing to the extra amount of study most have had, it must not be wondered at if only a comparatively small number should take any especial interest in our paper, and so we have had but few contributors. As Editors, we must beg the critic to deal gently with us, for we are young and inexperienced, and can bear but little; however knowing the willingness of our friends to overlook errors, we gladly undertake our remaining duties, and will follow the way of our predecessors by giving a brief outline of the term's events.

As a society we have been favored, for, commencing under rather uncheering auspices, we have at last reached a position of which we may well feel proud. There are dark days in every history; yet nothing but energy and perseverance are needed to make the light, when it appears, much more brilliant than ever, particularly when contrasted with former gloom. Philo has only passed through one of her winters, and as the snows of discord and confusion pass away we see her merging into a more glorious future of sunlight, prosperity and happiness.

The new school year was willingly commenced by all, and though many old friends have gone from this stage of action, their places have been supplied by new ones, who are not less welcome because they took those places. On account of the weather, which has been rather chilly during the latter part of the term, we have not had particular interest in ball playing, and so but few good games have been played. We have given the scores in the Pot-Pourri of three games, played between the Senior nine and a picked one, which we hope will be interesting to our ball-playing friends.

The list of attractions during the term has been diversified and pleasant, and we will now give a brief account of them:

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 8th, we were well pleased with a lecture from Maj. Gen. Benj. F. Butler, on Finance. He came here under the auspices of the Senior class of '68, and mnch praise is due them, both because of the good selection of a speaker, and for the pleasant manner in which the whole was conducted. The General gave us some good ideas on the topic in general, with a special reference to the financial economy of our own country, and at the end he gave us some good advice, of pecuniary interest to all.

Previous to this, on Sept. 15th, at about quarter past five, P. M., a fire broke out in a barn in "Dublin." The alarm was soon spread, and not long after our old *Phillips* was taken out and hurried to the scene of action. There was of necessity much confusion, owing, in part, to the inexperience of the Academy boys, in part to the character of the people residing in that district; yet the prompt action of all saved the house from complete destruction, though a fence was torn down, a potato patch disturbed, and the barn lost. One of our friends, while going up stairs after some things, had a bundle of old p—coats and "skeletons" thrown into his arms and face. But a better and more exciting time occurred on Friday evening, Oct. 18th, when the debate in Philo was becoming interesting, and all were expecting a pleasant, quiet evening. The alarm of fire was heard, and all immediately rushed for the door, regardless of the efforts of the President to retain them till the meeting could be closed in an orderly manner. Some time elapsed before our engine could be got ready for the journey, and by that time quite a number of Phillippians had gathered at the engine house. Soon we were on our way, and with much noise and no little confusion we hurried down Main street, when, after we had gone some way on the road to Abbott village, we met two men, who said our services would not be needed, for it was a little fire and some distance off; so, with reluctance we turned back, and came home by way of School street.

On the 23d of October, the cap which fits the hole for a stove pipe, in the passage way from the second Middlers room to the hall above, came off, and a great amount of smoke which came from the room below poured out, and for a few moments raised a considerable commotion, but soon all was quiet.

On Friday evening, Oct. 25th, the ladies of one of the temperance societies gave a tea-party at the Town Hall. The manner in which it was conducted, the attentiveness of those who sold, and the whole affair was a great success. The Post-office was very attractive, but still more so was the array of confectionery, pastry, and other good things, especially because of the pleasant faces and winning smiles of those who attended to the tables.

The programme of events was then diversified by a lecture from Miss Anna E. Dickinson, delivered before a select audience on Monday evening, Oct. 28th. Her subject was "Breakers Ahead!" which she applied politically, very forcibly, to our present state. Her peculiar style and appearance are already well known to you.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 12th, Rev. E. H. Chapin delivered a very profound and learned lecture on "Building and Being." He has a very pleasant and easy manner, and his delivery was very fine. Owing to a light fall of snow, the dampness of the weather, and the darkness of the evening, there were not so many out as might have been expected; still all were well pleased and well repaid for the trouble they had taken in facing the elements. The gymnasium has been rendered more attractive this term than usual, because all were obliged to attend at least twice a week. The Seniors and Middlers have their regular practice hours every Monday and Thursday afternoon; the Juniors every Tuesday and Friday morning. A special class is now practicing, and we look for a fine display of muscular talent at the close of the term.

Wishing all a pleasant vacation, and good time on Thanksgiving, we conclude.

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

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A. HARRIS THOMPSON.
CHAS. LEHMER.

Important Games of Fall Term.

ENTERPRISE B. B. C. vs. PICKED NINE.

ENTERPRISE.	O.	R.	PICKED NINE.	O.	R.
Church, p.	2	5	Mason, 1st b.	3	5
Lamson, c.	4	3	Davis, p.	3	3
Taylor, s. s.	2	3	Sloan, 3d b.	4	3
Tennis, 1 b.	3	2	Abbott, 2d b.	3	4
Norris, 2d b.	3	3	Colby, s. s.	4	3
Switzer, 3d b.	4	1	M. Coggswell, c. f.	1	6
Gillett, l. f.	2	2	Spaulding, c.	3	5
Wing, c. f.	6	1	L. Coggswell, l. f.	4	2
McCord, r. f.	1	5	Smith, r. f.	2	2
Total,	27	25	Total,	27	33

Played on School Grounds, Sept. 28th, 1867.

ENTERPRISE.	O.	R.	PICKED NINE.	O.	R.
Church, p.	1	5	Mason, 1st b.	4	1
Tennis, c.	3	3	Davis, p.	2	2
Lampson, 1st b.	2	4	Woodbury, 3d b.	5	0
Norris, 2d b.	3	3	Abbott, c. f.	3	1
McCord, 3d b.	5	0	M. Coggswell, 2d b.	2	1
Taylor, s. s.	5	1	Colby, s. s.	3	1
Gillett, l. f.	2	3	L. Coggswell, l. f.	3	1
Wing, c. f.	3	2	Spaulding, c,	2	2
Knox, r. f.	3	3	Smith, r. f.	3	0
Total,	27	24	Total,	27	9

Played October 2d, 1867.

ENTERPRISE.	O.	R.	PICKED NINE.	O.	R.
Church, p.	1	5	Mason, 1st b.	1	6
Tennis, c.	2	3	Davis, p.	3	3
Taylor, s. s.	2	1	M. Coggswell, 2d b.	0	4
Lamson, 1st b.	4	1	Sloan, 3d b.	6	1
Norris, 2d b.	4	2	Woodbury, c, f.	2	3
McCord, 3d b.	2	3	L. Coggswell, l. f.	3	3
Gillett, l. f.	2	3	Colby, s. s.	2	4
Hickox, c. f.	2	3	Smith, r. f.	3	3
Knox, r. f.	2	3	Spaulding, c.	1	5
Total,	21	24	Total,	21	32

Played October 9th, 1867.

☞ Stopped at the end of the seventh innings.

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SETH W. WILLIAMS,
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DECLAMATION.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

When we look upon any piece of machinery, symetrically formed and beautiful in every part, but which is incapable of action on account of some slight defect, we at once feel that the world is deprived of its valuable assistance on account of this deficiency. In the mind we behold a far more wonderful mechanism; faculties adjusted with the greatest accuracy, and forming a most complicated whole, adapted for usefulness; with powers the extent of which can only be determined by practice, and which become more and more capable of producing great results as they are used. But as is the case with the engine in which some valve does not work in unison with the other parts, this mental engine must have all its parts perfect to accomplish the highest results of which it is capable.

In the mind, the art of fluent expression is the part most frequently deficient. A person possessing a cultivated mind, may enjoy the self-exercise of it, but without power of expressing or imparting to others what might be made the means of great improvement. Public speaking, or the power of expressing one's own thoughts, or those of others, cannot be held in too high estimation. By this means we acquire a confidence in ourselves which is of the greatest value. There are many active minds, rich in thought, which, through a lack of confidence, are unable to express to others, in an intelligent manner, what they clearly understand in themselves. Declamation, in the fullest sense, requires the speaker to become in feeling the author, to enter upon the piece with a full understanding of the circumstances under which it was delivered;

in this manner he may be swayed in a great measure by the same emotions and sympathies as he who first uttered the words. This power of eloquently expressing thoughts has been and always will be a means of very great influence to him who may happily possess it. This power of bringing other minds into unison with our own is one of the most precious gifts man possesses. Let those to whom Nature has given this, see that her choicest offering is not allowed to be idle, but being cultivated and enlarged it will fully repay every exertion put forth in its improvement. We have peculiarly favoring advantages for the cultivation of this important branch of education, and these exercises can be made the means of great improvement if we wish to take advantage of them, but, without a desire of being benefitted we may pass through the exercises none the better for having participated in them.

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

BY WM. E. STANLEY.

Many of our wisest and most natural expressions came from the lips of ignorance and youth. It is not always in classic halls, in dusty libraries, or from the lips of sages, that we gather knowledge, but often the street, the field, and the vagrant's tongue, suggest to us lessons as instructive as they are crude and novel. It will do to smile at the rude shoots, but much better to take them into our cultured minds, refit and polish them until they are new lights added to our wisdom and daily life. In all the contests of life, whether they are confined to individuals or extended to Empires and Ages, there is ever a weaker as well as a stronger party, a vanquished army as well as a victorious host, or in other words, there is always an under dog in the fight. Some of the most brilliant deeds of antiquity, of chivalry, and of modern times, have been performed by men who died on the field of their glory. Many men have won immortality, preserved the liberties of their country, and left a glorious example to all coming time, who have died with the conviction that all was lost, and their blood was a vain sacrifice. Leonidas perished, but Greece lived, Demosthenes and Cicero were slain, but their eloquence and fame are the glory of antiquity. A myraid of martyrs sealed their faith by their blood in an hundred European valleys, but the reformation went on. Wickliff was burned, and his ashes borne oceanward, but England became the stronghold of Protestant power. Warren fell on Bunker Hill, and the heel of the Briton ground him dustward, but independence and patriotism triumphed, and Warren still lives. Lyon fell at Wilson's creek, and Baker at Ball's Bluff, both in the agonies of defeat, but the star-spangled banner droops over their graves, still the "flag of the free." Nor are all our heroes to be found on the battle-field or in the halls of legislation. Some come from out our midst, and suffer in our domestic circles. The gentle mother, worn by toil, spends the long hours of night watching the restless tossings of her fevered infant; then with early dawn wearily turns to prepare the morning meal, that the husband may not be hindered in his daily task. Though cares may oppress her, and the sharp steel of scorn pierce her soul, still she will struggle on to support her famishing little ones, and weep for her drunken husband when all else despise him. At last the feeble lamp of life glimmers, flickers, expires, the brittle cord of life is snapped, and she is a heroine, martyr, and angel. Many contend, fall, and perish, in the common walks of life, who are as heroic as though nations had been redeemed by their blood, and senates voted them a people's thanks. It is not necessary that man should wear the imperial purple, bestride a war-horse, or hold at bay a senate, to exhibit courage, grapple with difficulty, and maintain an honorable contest. What though some of our classmates are less successful in study, and sink to lower places in their class than ourselves! Can we tell how many weary hours they have plodded, beneath the glare of the midnight lamp, on those same tasks! Give them a word of cheer, a helping hand and a smile of approval. All men are not alike, and he who fails in a distasteful task may yet triumph in a more congenial contest. Then let us, wherever we see spirit, energy, purpose and weakness contending against odds, extend our encouragment, our sympathy, our influence, till success shall crown the efforts of heroism and spirit. Wherever liberty is crushed, worth hampered, independence shackled, and honorable ambition baffled, my sympathies shall ever be with "The Under Dog in the Fight."

WINTER.

BY I. H. BARTLETT HEADLEY.

During the brightest days of regal power at Rome the order of the "Vestal Virgins" was first instituted. Maidens who were selected for the important work of keeping the sacred fire perpetually burning on the altar of the goddess Vesta were to be free from all impurity, in short, to be spotless. At a certain time during the year the sacred fire was lighted again, not from another fire, but from the rays of the sun, but if perchance this fire went out, awful calamities were dreaded. The garb of these maidens was a pure, white robe, bordered with purple; and how symbolic the simple white is of purity, of truth, of integrity. What a beautiful simile can be drawn from the character, the duties, and the garb of these heathen priestesses, for we know that as the chill winds blow across the lands, the snow comes gently down from the clouds above, and settles upon this cold earth with a warm protecting care, and thereby keeps the germs of life, which lie imbedded in the frozen ground, safe until the spring-time, and so on, year after year, perpetually giving us food, raiment, and means by which we can give to our minds the mental culture which they so much need. Also, vegetation is brought back into life, not by perpetual snow, but by the reviving heat of the sun. As at the close of a winter's day we sit at the window, gazing upon vast wastes of snow. and see it sparkling with a golden hue as the rays of the setting sun fall full upon it, we can but think of a noble character shedding a radiance upon a nation, a state, or a family, long after the owner of such a priceless gem had passed into a better world; and dear brother Philomatheans, there is *no* reason why we, born as we are in a land of christian privilege, may not attain to a character which will not only bless us here but hereafter.

We are now in the spring time of life, we are buoyant, and feel that life has many charms for us; but we forget that if we would advance when this life is o'er, in mental improvement, and in every noble quality, we must here, in this preparatory season, sow the seeds of truth and of wisdom deep in the furrows of our life, so that when the winter of death is past, an eternal summer may in another world bring forth the qualities which have been, to a certain degree, latent within us. We think the words of Rowe can appropriately be quoted here. "There to be good is to be happy. Angels are happier than mankind, because they're better. Guilt is the source of sorrow; it's the fiend, the avenging fiend, that follows us with whips and stings. The blest know none of this, but rest in everlasting peace of mind. And find the height of all their heaven is goodness."

SELF HELP.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

I will endeavor to briefly point out the necessity of self help and the benefits arising therefrom. We all know that the tree that stands alone, removed from its fellows, will, by being thus exposed to wind and storm, be stronger than the vines clinging to supports, or trees in clusters, which are sheltered by contact with each other, but at the same time deprived of the sun and rain, while that, standing by itself, being fully exposed to the warmth and moisture alone obtains that beauty of proportion which is denied its fellows. It may be shaken and strained by storm and tempest, but having always depended upon itself and the earth from which it drew its nourishment, it becomes stronger, while its neighbors will soon fall to the ground upon the removal of their supports. So man, endowed by his Creator with a mind capable, if rightly trained, of overcoming all difficulties that may present themselves to him, and like the tree, although he may be sorely tried by tempests and storms of adversity, yet in like manner he will come out of the trial strengthened, enobled, purified, and better fitted than before to meet whatever may oppose him.

In the first place, this virtue, for virtue it can well be called, must be formed in early life when trials are slight and triumphs easily obtained, and if the determination to overcome difficulties is strictly adhered to in the beginning. if the faculties are allowed the exercise required, soon, strengthened like the gymnast by practice, the mind becomes stronger and more ready to grapple with disadvantages. On the other hand, the man, who, from the first, places his dependence upon others when the difficulties are slight, will soon become accustomed to go to others at every little discouragement to seek help, and when deprived of the aid of others will be wholly helpless when emergencies arise requiring instant thought and firm action.

The scholar who commences his studies, relying upon what others, who have preceded him, have left, will soon become entirely dependent upon their aid, and if deprived of them will be nearly as helpless as one ignorant of the studies. Although these facts are well known and instances are brought up before us every day, yet, with these warnings before them, many *will follow* the path that, in the end, will lead to failure. The greater the means of helping that are within reach the less the need of helping one's self, is the motto of too many in beginning life, who will, in after years, deeply regret that they did not help themselves, and put those talents, intrusted to them by their Creator, to their legitimate uses.

Every one eats and exercises for himself. Why? because it is necessary for the health and growth of the body, and, for the same reason, each one should think and act for himself, as the mind without exercise will not continue active, but gradually fails and in a short time loses the use of those powers that are unemployed. Why is it that we see so many, who, in early life, were promising to become good and useful citizens, in the haunts of vice, the dens of drunkenness and the hovels of poverty? Why is it that these have fallen so low when they had all the advantages for becoming honored? For the very simple reason, that in youth they did not act for themselves. They leaned upon others for support, suffered themselves to be led by the will of others, neglected the opportunities offered them, put themselves in the power of unprincipled persons, and not having the strength of purpose or moral courage to say NO, were led from bad to worse, until they reached the level they now occupy. They live to be pitied by all for having thrown away their chances for success, and die unnoticed and unlamented.

How many men born in poverty, with nothing to help them but the means given them by their Creator, have risen to power and trust? Why is it that they are now honored? Because they were determined that they would be somebody, clung to that determination, battling against opposing circumstances, and making all their resources aid them, until strengthened by battles and trials, having overcome all obstacles in their path, they have reached the places they now so well fill, and having benefited humanity and shown what can be done by perseverance, they leave behind them an illustrious name, that will ever be remembered with pride by their successors, and will be the guiding star leading many to emulate them after they have passed away.

We have seen what has been done, and know the old adage, "what man *has* done, man *can* do." We have advantages that were denied our predecessors, we have only to begin *now* to put our powers to their right uses, and by perseverance and determination we can make ourselves independent of all around us.

We can all become what we choose to be. Let us choose aright.

INDEPENDENCE.

BY G. F. MEARS.

How few persons, comparatively, possess independence of character enough, to fight their way through difficulties, and over obstacles, until surmounting all these, they can stand before the world as champions of right. Not such as have been borne on the wings of party or fortune or have by their own craftiness obtained the highest rank in the country, but those who have toiled against foes on every side, and have at last conquered. How many talents have remained buried? How many lights have burned dimly that would have shone the brightest on the pages of history but for lack of decision of character? Could Luther have kindled the spark which set the world on fire, if he had tamely submitted to the desires of the Pope? Could Knox have accomplished such a mighty work in Scotland, if he had obeyed the commands of his Queen? But to come nearer home, what examples we have of this trait in those men who boldly signed the Declaration of Independence, even when a reward was offered for their arrest.

But some say that these were "great men!" What are great men? Are they those who allow themselves to float idly along the stream of time, following the same paths which their ancestors trod? Are they the ones who say that because they have not the *good luck* of others that for this reason they cannot become distinguished men? No—these are not the men who have moved the world, who have overturned and will overturn until every land shall enjoy religious and political liberty! These are not the men who have made the great Thinkers and Actors of the world! But from the farm, the work-shop, and the counting-room have come these "Stars of history." Position, wealth, and influence are but tools in the hand of the man who is really determined to succeed. But the one who depends on these alone will find that he has a weak foundation indeed. Let us then cultivate this talent, if such it may be called, and put forth more of our own powers and not depend on any thing else. On this principle alone we shall succeed.

THE INFLUENCE OF FLATTERY.

BY F. S. HATCH.

A remark made to me by an acquaintance, not long since, brought forcibly to my mind the potent influence of flattery, and the fact that this influence is often undervalued, especially by those who are most subject to it. Now a persistent flatterer may be considered, and this will generally prove to be a correct estimate, as desiring to gain some end other than the real advantage of the flattered. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule; lawyers, editors, and clergymen, each flatter the members of their own profession; retiring officials flatter their successors, receiving, in turn, from them similar testimonials; and there are a few silly girls, let us be thankful that their number is small, who will permit constant flattery from young men equally weak-minded. These flatteries, and also the elaborate dedication of some books now before the public, may be without any sinister motive on the part of the flatterer, and may not materially affect the flattered. They are simply commonplaces, which are expected, and upon which undue weight is not generally placed. But flattery which is continued, which is studied, which is not so profuse as to be satirical or sickening, has an influence upon most people which they are slow to acknowledge, but which a third party can plainly see. It corresponds, so exactly, to a demand of our natures, to be praised, that one easily falls into the habit of enjoying such unwholesome food. There is his danger; seeing his love for that which can be so very easily bestowed, his shrewder companion flatters him, until his adulation is considered as a manifestation of the most trustworthy regard, and he takes the place of a friend in the affections of one, whose friendship, gained in such a manner, he can never value and never respect. Especially is this the case if these compliments are given in a manner somewhat public, and where the pleased recipient of the same erroneously thinks the opinions of the hearers are all like his own. I say erroneously, for among those of the best judgment such things usually pass for about what they are worth. Certainly, observers should be able to judge by the manner, quality and quantity, of the praise rendered, whether it is inspired by the demands of etiquette, by a scheming disposition, or by a genuine regard. But the flatterer must also remember that if, by chance, he is misunderstood by those around him, he has no one to blame but himself. But do not judge him too harshly, for often, ends are attained, which, without the influence of flattery could not be accomplished; ends which in themselves are valuable, whatever may be said of the means by which they are secured. Yet it is not wise to imitate such a person, for not only do we make ourselves liable to be misjudged, but among those who may know us, and who are worth knowing, we shall always be suspected of some dark intention if we venture to allude to them, or their actions, in any approving manner outside of the most common methods of expression. They have a right to be suspicious.

Wise men are inclined to think that even the most deserved praise should be given only at rare intervals, because the fact of its being a common thing would detract from its value. One who is much praised, even though he may be worthy of it, soon learns to expect it, and to estimate it unwisely. I was acquainted with an individual, who for several years was connected, as an employee, with a gentleman whose opinions he valued, whose judgment he respected. Much did he try to please him by his business conduct, but never did he receive from his employer one word of commendation, one word of praise. But, at length, when the pleasant relations which had existed between them were dissolved, and the clerk bade his superior "good bye," a terse and laconic remark from the latter, indicating his satisfaction at my friend's past course, gave to him more pleasure than would the most verbose utterance from one whose habit it was to praise.

O young men; if we have not already, let us now, ere the harsher experience of future years teach us the sad lesson, learn to loathe, to hate and to despise flattery. Let us place the flatterer as among those who are to be feared; and while we are in this world, let us always distrust him, who, however loud he may be in his professions of friendship, sees in us nothing which he cannot praise.

But there is a praise which is of no slight value; there is a commendation which it is wise to seek. It is manifested most frequently, not in words, but by those actions which have a voice far more distinct. The public speaker sees it in the continued close attention of his audience to the words which fall from his lips; the teacher, in the interest and constant progress of his scholars; and among true friends it reveals itself in looks of approval, in pleasure manifested in the society of each other, and by that mutual confidence which scorns even the fear of betrayal. Such praise is beyond price. Be sure that it will be safe to "covet earnestly" this honor and prize; and if you make nothing lower than this your standard you will soon be among that few who are beyond the influence of flattery.

VESUVIUS OF THE PAST.

BY CHAS. P. LATTING.

How weak and mean the noblest of man's works
In contrast with the mighty works of God.
The fanes and temples, and proud fruits of art
Of ancient Rome—her glory, and her fame—
Are pigmy efforts to the grand old mounts
That tower above the plains and level fields
Of Italy. These thoughts occur to me
While now I stand in fancy, on the heights
Of this old noble headland, which o'erlooks
The glorious bay of Naples, and presents
A scene which poets long have loved to praise,
And painters have essayed to picture forth
On canvass. Here the eye sweeping the view,
Doth take within its glance the places which
The classic so delights to dwell upon.
Yon ruins—looking bare and desolate—
Reveal the fact that Cumæ once stood there.
Apollo's temple, or the Sibyl's cave
At one time flourished upon yonder height.
The golden branch the good Æneas found
'Tis said was obtained from that darksome wood.
The Trojan leader with his weary band,
Tossed by the Fates upon the boisterous waves,
Found these fair shores a welcome resting place;
What must have been the joy of every soul,
When, after many days of painful work,
Hideous the nights by cruel Juno's wrath,
These toil-worn men again stood firm on land.
There proud Vesuvius from a sterile plain,
Rears high in air her alpine peaks—for years
A marvel and enigma to the world.
Dread mass of earth, so terrible and grand,
Ready as ever to belch forth again.
To think upon the awful ruin which
Thou oft hast caused, the pain and bitter grief,
Dost chill the very marrow of my bones,
And make my frighted blood run cold. Lo, see
The spot where two bright thriving cities were,

Whose glory, grandeur, and whose future hopes
Were ruined many centuries ago.
The awful scene seems plain before my gaze,
And seventy-nine again returns; the ponds
And scenic lakes now rise and fall, retreat
From shore, anon pollute the mossy banks,
And earth produces strange, inhuman sounds,
Smoke, foul and black, swells from the quivering mount,
Hides the bright moon, and shows the twinkling stars,
At times between the heavy ebon clouds.
The forked lightnings from the crater's top
With brutish glee leap into space, and throw
A ghastly light upon the frightful scene.
What deaf'ning thunders agitate the air,
Hark to the savage peals, which swelling through
The hills, with hellish and invidious rage
Endeavor to eclipse each other's power.
The quivering bulk now pours forth fiery streams,
Which hissing, boiling, down the mountain's sides,
Have in their merciless and reckless course
Reached the fair cities doomed to an awful fate.
Fierce storms of stones and ashes fall about;
Huge red-hot rocks, dashing against each other
In the air, break into ugly fragments,
And with a terrible and headlong fall
Descend upon the reeling homes below.
Shrieks of women, and the yells of men,
The little children paralyzed from fear,
Nobles and beggars calling alike for aid,
Now giving words of hope to fainting friends,
Now throwing in the air their trembling hands,
Idly begging the gods to pity them,
Add to the fiendish horrors of the night.
The din increases, and the burning beam
Tottering and falling, crushes to atoms
The raving fugitive in his wild flight.
Faster and deeper flows the molten stream,
On, on it rages in its angry course
Nothing to stop the demon conqueror;
Louder and louder do the thunders roar,
Fiercer the lightnings flash; the heaving earth
Now more convulsed, discloses blacker chasms;
With greater fury does the trembling mass belch forth;

And thus more frightful do the scenes become,
Until at length the sable smoke slowly
Begins to roll away; the long lost light,
With lingering advance, again appears
And drives before it the collected clouds;
The lightnings and the thunders are at rest;
The rumbling of the mount—weary and spent
With its exhausting work—have almost ceased,
And peace once more returns; the lord of day
So welcome back—at times, with modest mien,
Peers through the fleeting clouds, but no fresh fields
Alas, are here to greet his cheerful gaze,
No verdant banks adorned with fragrant flowers,
No solid walls, or pompous palaces,
But his bright rays light on a sterile plain,
Where formerly proud cities stood; o'er these
Chill Death has drawn his cold and bloody shroud,
And silence terrible, reigns undisturbed.

THE MECCAS OF AMERICA.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

The object of history is to bring to our minds the past deeds of ancestors and countries, to enable us to profit by their characters, experience and actions, to show us what effects are produced by certain causes. Thus, by its two-fold nature—written and material—we are often able to avoid what is detrimental, and to act only for the best. Material history possess an especial advantage over written, for it shows to us by visible means the circumstances and results of important events, and leads us to a more perfect appreciation of the mental renown of other persons and times. These monuments are faithful and interesting reminders; faithful, because they are so nearly connected with the results themselves; interesting, because they are so adapted to our natural curiosity. Situated in a region of almost completely barren grounds, on an oasis of small extent, Mecca itself, a small city of mean appearance, and of no commercial importance, has remained for many years an example of the instability of character possessed by the poor, indolent and uneducated persons, who inhabit such places. Yet, in the time of its greatest prosperity, it attracted people from many countries simply by the great connection it has had with the early life and subsequent actions of Mahomet. That great luminary in the blaze of Eastern splendor, which at one time spread over the whole world, has rendered everything, in any way related to the Caaba, holy in the eyes of his followers, and through him this place has been immortalized in history, and will remain a prominent feature in the memories of the many thousands who yearly flock here. And so it is in the great attractions of other lands. The plain of Marathon, as a field could induce no one to exert himself to see it, still, from its being the scene of a great event, which so finely displayed Attic valor, and proved so important to Greece, travellers will go many miles to visit it. Faneuil Hall, the pride of Boston, is worth little in itself, but considered as the "Cradle of Liberty," it will always have the greatest interest connected with it, and will be a continual reminder of those days, when freedom first received its advocates in this country.

Although comparatively a young people, yet we have in our own country a few great places, which are the pride of all true Americans, because they are monuments of men, whose heroic and noble deeds shall ever live in our memories as worthy of lasting praise and emulation.

What pleasant memories cluster around Bunker Hill and its monument! How our hearts thrill with emotion as we examine one thing after another, made illustrious by the work of a few hours! So fresh is the story in our minds, that we seem to see the action repeated, and hear the heavy tread of the Britons, as they come steadily on, while their guns flash in the sunlight. We see the two armies in close combat; we hear the noise of the battle, and behold the surging of the contestants, as they, with the purposes, feelings and actions of two beasts at deadly feud, wrangle and foam in their rage. Now they separate, only to gather new zeal and impetus, and contend the harder; again recoiling in one place, but to bend more energies at another. And so they fight and tear each other, neither relenting or ceasing, till at last, too weak to do more, wanting ammunition and strength, but not courage, our army, a handful in numbers, retreated. This retreat, coming when and as it did, was almost equal to a victory. Such actions have given to this hill, on which they were performed, an interest which grows as our country advances in greatness.

The thoughts that arise on visiting the tomb of Washington, recur to the same period, but are extended over a more general space. We note, in connection with his life, the noble deeds performed by him, when our land, then not ours, was in the midst of peril and almost defeat; and we truly admire the wonderful constancy with which he defended the same. Considering him as the Father of this land, we naturally look at the causes that called him forth to battle for the rights we now enjoy. The whole course of his life seemed divinely planned. In youth he was trained to a love of right, and detestation of wrong: when older he became inured to peril and hardship; still later in life the French and English war gave him a military discipline of much value. And so he was prepared for the great work of his life.

When the colonies were more and more involved in difficulties, they sought men to carry on the political contest, and they were readily found, but when they had to choose a commander-in-chief for their armies, they had a more difficult task, and well it was that Washington was selected. No other man in the country was so well fitted for the situation, as results proved. Gates was brave, but he lacked the great knowledge of Washington. Lee was courageous and talented, yet he was too headstrong, and wanted the uprightness that characterized our commander; and there were others equally well adapted to the position in some respects, but none of them combined the thorough honesty, executive force, and military wisdom displayed in Washington. We can but think him the only man who could at that time have filled the position, since his whole life seemed providentially spent in preparation for, and active labors in the affairs of his times. Justly does it behoove each of us to visit his tomb, if while there we have impressed on our minds how great was his character, how honorable his motives, and how many his virtues; for his life was an example of purity of heart and fidelity to right.

And there is another tomb, which bears to us an especial interest, because we have lived in the time of the great deeds performed by him who reposes within it. On our hearts are written, in characters more durable than time, the events connected with his public life. He has been one of us. Over all has his influence spread. The circumstances of his life were marked, and his actions seemed aided by superhuman foresight and power. Though Washington gave us freedom and happiness, Lincoln has preserved them. Then do we not dishonor the former, if to the martyred President we give equal glory.

The thoughts and feelings which rush into our minds when we visit the tombs of these great men are different from all others; since they have with them a feeling of the presence of those whose lives were filled with deeds indicative of the wisdom that since has opened into perfect knowledge; while we, still on this side of the great mystery, are separated by a veil, through which we cannot see. On such occasions we mingle with thoughts of what have been, ideas of things to come.

Beautiful, indeed, are thoughts of the dead, when with them are linked the memories of illustrious deeds in battling against wrong, and when their lives are brought so vividly before us that we see in them only the noble and great qualities of men, faithful to themselves, their country and their God.

So let monuments of personal achievments and national victories be sacred in our eyes. Bunker Hill, a type of American fortitude; Washington, the father of our country; Lincoln, the defender and preserver of it. Together they form a link of recollections, sacred to us through the deeds of those whose lives were spent in founding and maintaining the great virtues of our government. Let us all, once in our lives, visit these Meccas, and then can we feel that we are pilgrims on the road to that place, which the men these monuments commemorate, have reached.

Mr. J. Perkins

GAY HEAD.

The Gay Head Reservation is situated at the West end of the Island of Martha's Vineyard, near the cliffs that give it that name, and was set apart by the Government for three tribes of Indians in the Eastern part of Massachusetts. The name Gay Head was given to this place on account of the beautiful appearance of the cliffs after a shower. For then all the different shades of black, blue, red, yellow and white clays are glistening with wet, and the appearance when the sun shines on them is dazzling. There is one cliff of pure white clay rising to the height of one hundred and fifty feet from a smooth sand beach, perforated at its top with holes made by kingfishers and swallows. At the base there are large rocks so disintegrated that they can be easily picked to pieces with a common knife, and in them curious fossils are found by those cutting out the clay. The lighthouse is one of the finest on the coast, and is situated near the top of this cliff, the light a revolving one and can be seen for a great distance. The little Island of No Man's Land, uninhabited as its name implies, lies to the South; just before a storm its rocks are white with gulls and sea birds, seeking refuge from the coming blast. On the other side of the island is the harbor of Holmes' Hole, and during a northwest gale it is covered with craft of every description; sometimes one hundred and fifty are counted. The shore is very rocky and dangerous, and the sound of the heavy surf breaking on the shore can be heard from quite a distance inland. As there is no wharf, all wishing to land are obliged to do so in boats, but in a windy day this becomes impossible.

There is an old Indian tradition that one of their great giant chiefs attempted to build a bridge across from Gay Head to the main land, carrying the sand and gravel required for building it in his shoes. Just as he put down his fourth load, one of the huge crabs, so numerous then, seized his bare foot and gave it a sound pinch, whereupon the giant, roaring with pain, gave up the undertaking, and the Elizabeth Islands are the remains of his unfinished work.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD.

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

Naturally, almost inevitably, the master minds of a nation's literature are found in some transitional period during which the habits and opinions of the people undergo a marked change. It was with reason then that the Greeks placed the life of Homer between the heroic age which he depicted, and the historic whose character and literature he moulded. So a few centuries after the arts of the same land arose, as in later times did those of modern Italy, when the ignorance and poverty of a dark age were succeeded by a brilliancy fed with Eastern wealth. In obedience to this law the genius of Virgil and Horace, of Sallust and Livy appeared when the republic gave place to the empire.

The literature of any nation during that period of radical change, which we call the reformation, would be of a similarly representative character, and especially would this be the case in England, which derived advantages from this epoch, superior to those of any other country. Preserved by its insular position from actual invasion, it did not feel its desolating effect, while the fear of it saved the people from the debasing and degrading influence of a "neutral" policy. The success of the British arms kept them from the despondency and lethargy, nearly always the accompaniment of defeat abroad, unattended as it is by that sense of danger which rouses a people when the scene of action is nearer home; and the spoils of Spanish galleons saved both government and people from bankruptcy, in an age when the modern refinement of a paper currency was unknown. An age of such prosperity could not fail to develop every germ of genius, which, under less favorable times might have lain dormant, and to impress on the work of its authors its own joyous assurance of success, and disregard of customary forms and beliefs.

Fortunately the climate of England did not favor nor did the popular taste encourage the fine arts. Fortunately, we say, because thus the intellectual masters, the mind teachers of the nation about to colonize the North-American Continent, did not have their masterpieces confined to some gallery, but, capable of indefinite reproduction, could be carried to the newest clearing and there appreciated, in the humblest cabin as well as in "some gorgeous palace or solemn temple."

The mixture of divers races in the modern Anglo-Saxon, is in part the cause of another peculiarity of these writers, the absence of any sectional religious bias, but it results still more from the quiet introduction of the reformed religion. Espoused at an early date by the King, it was adopted without those wars, which, in other lands embittered friend and foe, and drove both to dangerous extremes, so that a great change was effected without shocking the prejudices of the people, and the English Church, always one of the purest in Europe, was enabled to retain, after its more flagrant abuses had been abandoned, much of the Romish ceremonial.

Italy's great poet was forced by the corruptions of his church, to make a pagan his guide and her author's have never risen above his example; the internal dissentions of France and Germany prevented their literature from profiting by the reformation, and their distinguished minds flourished in that most intolerant of all atmospheres, a skeptical one. Chaucer had laid the foundation of English literature so that the writers of Elizabeth's reign did not have that labor to perform, and as the rapid growth and change of the language prevented his religious opinions from becoming those of the national authors, they were able to raise their edifice guided by feelings warped neither by traditional prejudice nor by the religious rancor of their own times. Although we may regret this want in Elizabethan writers, yet religious tenets, expressed, as they must have been, in some narrow shibboleth, would have debarred a great part of the nation from their pages when there did not arise that bigotry which is too apt to be an accompaniment of the stubbornness of the Anglo-Saxon.

A natual result of this want of strong religious opinions, and the excitement of the period was an intense sensuousness. Every thing in nature and imagination calculated to please and delight was used by them, with slight regard to its moral purity, and the eagerness of men freed from a religion, which in theory made all pleasure unlawful, to enhance the splendor of their works and by this touch of nature they made the whole world their kin.

In depth of thought their writings have been rarely, if ever, equalled. Aside from the power of discriminating and generalizing character which Shakspeare showed among them, is the name of the man, who, undismayed by the verdict of centuries, the prestige of success, and the sanction of Christendom which the prevailing philosophical system possessed, fabricated a new one which rendered advance in science possible. Here, also, is the name of Coke, one of the most learned and equitable judges, who have honored England's bench, a voluminous writer in what might be considered by some as hardly worthy to be compared with the other works of that gifted era, but who shall say how much of England's immunity from revolution in the last century was due to the security of property arising from his erudite labors in a branch of jurisprudence till then almost neglected.

To us, one of the greatest charms of this literature is that its language has at once the racy freshness of a strange tongue, and the easy access of a familiar one. Attributable in part to the influence of its master poet, it may well be held as not the least of the debts we owe to our translation of the Bible, that it has kept our best authors, after the lapse of three centuries, still open to the comprehension of the humblest.

WHY STUDY THE CLASSICS?

BY FIRST EDITOR.

This is a question often asked by those who overlook the chief aim of education. To read, write, and understand so much of mathematics as is essential in daily life is not all that is meant by education. We must rise above this narrow sphere of action if we would make the best use of life. To the uneducated, nature is a mystery inspiring only superstition and dread, while to the cultivated mind she becomes a vast store-house of knowledge, needing only to be explored to yield an abundant harvest, and the key by which this treasure may be reached is a refined and cultivated mind. How, then, can this be obtained? Surely not by leaving the mind unassisted, for history shows us that man, unaided, will not educate himself; therefore some means must be employed to accomplish this, and in no other way can it better be obtained than by making use of the learning, refinement, and eloquence which Greece and Rome have transmitted to us. As by companionship with an eminent man one becomes in some degree similar to him, thus may we at the present day have our sensibilities quickened and enlarged by intercourse with the illustrious minds of antiquity. Men with whom only the Websters and Clays of the present age can be compared, ought surely to be able to impart to us the means of valuable improvement. Who has not been benefitted by a careful study of the classics? What orator or statesman can not reap great benefit from the eloquence of Demosthenes, or the subtle reasoning of Cicero? What philosopher is not deeply indebted to the researches of Socrates and Plato? Where can we look for beauty of language and trueness of description better than in the Odessy and Iliad; by these the imagination is exalted, the thoughts ennobled. Would not the command over language obtained through these means be a sufficient reason for making the literature of those ancient nations a study?

There is great danger of a people becoming narrow-minded and bigoted when education is made the means of selfish aggrandizement; but being used, as it is eminently fitted, for the cultivation and discipline of the mental powers, it will produce results in the highest degree beneficent, and there will be no need of asking of *what use is classical study*, which, if faithfully pursued, strengthens the memory, refines the reason, and in fact brings into play and renders effective every department of the mind. But, you say, a mathematical course of study will produce all this! True, but it will not give that refinement of intellect which a familiarity with the Latin and Greek is eminently fitted to produce. If our highest aim was to be successful in acquiring wealth or fame, then perhaps it would be policy to give up these studies, which tend to expand the mind in what is noble, and devote our time and talents to those things which directly bear upon our chosen pursuit; But since this is not the chief purpose for which we are placed upon this earth, let us vie to that far nobler sphere of action, and endeavor to educate, refine, and strengthen our minds, that the world may be better for our having lived in it, and mankind may reap rich benefits from our example and lives.

BURNS.

BY GROTON.

Mention the name of Burns to a Scotchman, and mark the mingled look of tenderness and triumph on his face. You strike a chord in that man's heart which vibrates through his whole body. Shout that name among the Highlands of Scotland, and the echo returns seemingly laden with joy and triumph. There the birds seem to sing his praise; the mountains seem to look with a calm and majestic delight upon his tomb; the lady in her hall, the woman at her tub, both rejoice in his songs. Scotland trembles in her love for him, who, in her eyes, is the greatest among poets. We who are not of Scottish blood, can thrill with his enthusiasm; we can weep for his sorrow; we can laugh at his wit.

Like a true poet his life was sad indeed. Born in poverty, brought up in misery, he ever lived a life of woe. Here and there only did a few flashes of happiness and joy enter his beclouded life. But yet he trod his path with a wonderful patience and resignation, kind to every one, yet he loved not himself. He would share his only penny with the needy. He loved wealth, but he loved his country and his muse better.

His father was a man of fine qualities. Though stern and irascible in temper, he was kind at heart. He understood the true worth of education, and made every effort he possibly could to educate his children. He strove to impress upon their minds a deep reverence for the Almighty. And Robert Burns, his first son by his good wife, Agnes Brown, born on the twenty-fifth of January, 1759, crowned his endeavors with success. Often, in after life, did Robert, the Poet, love to describe his home. Often did he use to relate the times when he sat by the waning fire, when the winds howled without, and the snow beat against the house, the father would take down the big Bible for evening prayers, and laying it on the table, would look reverently around, and then

"Selects a portion with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God,' he says with solemn air."

To his death were these things stamped upon his memory. Their remembrance would often call him from an evil course. He treasured them up in his poems, and gave them to us to admire and to love.

His was a tender nature, and a warm heart. He could not bear to see suffering, though he suffered fearfully himself. He would protect the weak, and he despised the tyrant. He hated cruelty in all its forms, and no man was ever more tender to a dumb brute than Robert Burns. It made him sad to see the little mouse start from him as he ploughed his fields, and as he laid open with his plough the house of the "wee, sleekit, cowin, timorous beastie," he said

> "Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin,
> Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
> And nathing now to big* a new one.
> O, foggage green!
> And bleak December's winds ensuin'
> Baith snell† and keen."

And at another time it smote him to the heart as he crushed the mountain daisy with his plough. The

> "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."

Such humanity as this always characterized the Poet.

From his rashness sprang his misfortunes. Jean Cameron was his most famous love; she occupied a conspicuous place in his affections. But she gave unhappy Robert the "cold shoulder." This seeming coldness from the object of his deepest affections so lacerated the heart of the poet that he resolved to leave her forever and seek his fortunes in one of the West India Islands, and he would have done so if his departure had not been providentially checked, and Robert Burns again tuned his lyre, and again sang his matchless songs, but ever afterwards lived a different kind of life than he had expected.

> "From every joy and pleasure torn,
> Life's weary vale I'll wander through;
> And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
> A faithless woman's broken vow."

Into that society which his fame led him he ever retained the same character. He was not dazzled by the glitter of flattery or by the greatness of his fame. He knew sufficiently well that he was only looked upon as a curiosity by the nobility, and that soon he would be cast away to make room for some new genius to gratify the vulgar gaze of wealth and power. Though fully expecting this change, and he had, as he thought, prepared himself for it, yet when it did come it pierced deep into his heart. But he gained the triumph of emerging from among these corrupting influences with the same good heart, the same kindness, and the same tenderness. He returned to his humble life as poor and as honest as he left it. Having a short time before this seen his old love, Jean Armour, his regard for her was rekindled, and burned with renewed vigor, which resulted in an honorable marriage between himself and his "bonny Jean." From this time to his death he lived a sad life. He scarcely had the money with which to support his family. His farm was unproductive; he disdained to live by his writings; his proud nature refused all charity.

*dig. †sharp.

On the 18th of July a gloom had spread over the town of Dumfries, where the home of the poet was. Here and there might be seen groups of men with sorrowful and anxious faces. Ah! Scotland was preparing to yield up her illustrious poet. Robert Burns was dying. On the morning of the 21st of July, 1796, he breathed out his life. Thus lived and died one of Scotland's noblest sons. He suffered that his country might be exalted; he suppressed his desires that she might rejoice through him; he died for his beloved country. Scotland repaid all this love by erecting a beautiful monument over his ashes. Many, very many have stood beside that tomb and there have learned to love the Scottish poet.

Long may his memory live, and surely it will! Long may his songs fire the Scottish pride and enthusiasm to the performance of great deeds! And may he, though dead, guide his beloved Scotland through her perils and dangers forever.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Progress is universal and unevitable, and although it may be checked, when proceeding in one direction, yet as lightning, stayed in its course by compressed air, darts forward in another way, so progress seeks some other means to advance, when present ones prove ineffectual. Each nation has a work to perform, and that is to increase the universal civilization; and so long as it performs faithfully its labor, so long will it move forward in wealth and power; but when it becomes indolent, it falls, and is subservant to another. Particularly is this marked in the histories of those nations, which inhabited the borders of the great sea, on and after 600, B. C.

A band of robbers established a small town in the western part of Italy, and, to render themselves safe from the attacks of the petty tribes around them, they early began the cultivation of military science. It grew as they grew, becoming more successful and important, as their power increased. It was the ground-work of their government, and to understand it was the duty of all, while they were eligible to office, only as they were versed in the art and appurtenances of war. The great purpose of the tribe became perfected as they made accessions to their territory, until at last the motto of the state, the one idea in every mind, the height of ambition, and the great point to be gained seemed to be the subjugation of the world. To accelerate this end were the laws enacted, the customs formed, the people trained; until all who desired to be distinguished, sought renown not in obtaining excellence in literature, philosophy and the fine arts, but in fighting to increase the state territory. And in this way war became a passion; nor was it of short duration, for, being born with the people, it became matured with them, and finally monopolized all other passions. It became the stimulus of statesmen and orators, and by its rewards increased the desire among all for a more perfect knowledge of it, and a greater field for its actions.

The Roman people were certain to be powerful and prosperous; for their habits, far superior to those of the nations around them, gave them the means of gaining a great ascendency. Everything, which we, with the histories of many countries before us, see was the cause of ruin to those that have perished, was with few exceptions, prohibited by their laws, and everything calculated to increase their power and greatness was adhered to strenuously. The Romans were careful that but little attention should be paid to literature, philosophy, art, commerce, and especially luxury, since they knew such things would destroy the taste for conquest, and, they thought, render them effeminate. In this way were these great principles instilled into the popular mind, and a universal government by war became the great purpose and passion of the people.

This desire of the Romans seems to have been providentially theirs; for no nation, then existing, could so well attempt to bring under one rule all the important parts of the known world. A "universal government must be succeeded by a universal peace," and this was necessary that the higher qualities and virtues might be manifested, and the world prepared to receive a religion new to them. And such a government would tend to advance cizilization by giving to the world the advantages of the great knowledge of military science and jurisprudence among the Romans, and the perfection in literature, fine arts and commerce, attained by Greece.

It would be needless to follow the history of this great nation until it possessed under Julius Cæsar an amount of military power capable of contending with the greatest countries on the globe, and embraced under Augustus the greater portion of the then known world, being four thousand miles long and almost two thousand in width; but let us look at the state of the empire, which became in the time of the emperors practically a universal government.

The great work was almost done, and all the world knew the military genius and knowledge of jurisprudence among the Romans, while the field, freely opened for the extension of Grecian literature, arts, philosophy and commercial spirit, had been rapidly occupied. There seemed to be little room for military enterprises, for the barbarous frontier nations alone remained unconquered, and the name of Roman valor was almost sufficient to prevent any trouble from them; and the people were becoming more subdued in spirit; and were content to spend their time in cultivating the arts of peace, by encouraging painting, sculpture and poetry, literature, philosophy and commerce. At this time, which may be termed the golden age of the ancient world, when peace was universal, the Christian religion made its appearance. It came when the great religious want, caused in a measure by the spread of Grecian philosophy, was becoming more and more felt. It supplied that want. Still the new revelation had to fight its way, and at first gained ground and believers slowly. So great a doctrine could not be embraced and appreciated in a day, especially by a people with whose ideas it was antagonistic. Soon the new religion gained many followers, and entering Rome found believers among the nobility. Prior to its advent the religious feelings of the people had become quite firm, and any thing which attempted to root them up met with a stout resistance; still Christianity with divine aid worked its way to the heart of the empire, and received several emperors to its church. The empire had become filled with civil troubles, and the greatness of the territory occasioned a division of the state into two parts, eastern and western; and this change was made also in the church. By one influence and another the great empire crumbled to pieces, and sunk greatly in point of power and influence. The people had been intoxicated by the luxury in which they had revelled, and had been stupified by the drugs administered by politicians and emperors. The nation had wandered from its former sobriety into a thirst for lust and folly; and so the great empire fell tottering under its own weight; too great to be harmed by enemies abroad, it wasted to atoms, a nation destroyed by itself.

The religion, which when it was young had found a place among the people, continued with them during the Dark Ages, gathered together the principal fragments, and has built for itself thereby a firm foundation. It has brought light out of darkness, strength from weakness, and from ruin, decay and gloom, has made the most perfect system, the greatest civilization, and most universal enlightenment, with which the world has been blessed.

Providentially, the Romans became a great people, extended their territory, and their power. The nations around them were not fitted to undertake this great action. Rome made a universal government, which brought universal peace, and opened the way to a religion, at some day to be universal. It performed its duty, and becoming almost useless in that channel, it perished, and universal gloom was the consequence. Still the progress of civilization must go on, and the new religion took up the work, and we of this day see the dawning of universal enlightenment. No nation has finished so well its task; no nation ever existed to which the modern world are so greatly indebted as to the Roman empire. Its history has solved a great problem, has fixed firmly a great truth, and worked out a great result, the importance of which may never be known so long as time lasts, but eternity will do it justice.

COMPOSITION WRITING.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

How often the remark is made by the Student, "I have to write a Composition. I don't know what I shall take for my subject. I have not been in the habit of writing compositions," and so on, as if the fact of writing composition, in itself was disagreeable, one to be avoided, if possible, and by all means to be dreaded. In the majority of cases, it is the individual who makes the fact disagreeable, by looking at the task as beyond his power, by taking a wrong meaning of the word composition. In the school-boy view the composition is a refined method of torture, a something much to be desired and never obtained except by a favored few. Even in this case the student can by trial add himself to these in his imagination, and, upon making the attempt, will find that his former dread of the task has in a great measure disappeared. The majority, in writing compositions, at first, instead of taking a subject within the range of their powers, and writing in a natural, unaffected manner, thinking that something great must be done, choose a topic requiring time and thought, which would need a long article to do it justice.

In writing short compositions, taking, perhaps, only one side of the subject, or one point of interest, persons will fall into habits of writing that will not do justice to either author or subject, and will afford no benefit to the writer, and no pleasure to the reader or hearer.

There is another extreme in choosing subjects. This is in taking such topics for writing as will not require any thought, and, consequently will give no aid in strengthening the mind or forming the judgment. This is very frequently practiced by those who wish to shirk the duty placed upon them, and to get through their task with as little labor as possible. Although, at the time, this may seem to be a benefit, yet in the end, they who employ these means will find that instead of benefitting they have injured themselves. Many rely too much upon the works of others; for instance, in writing a short composition upon the life of a noted man; to write a good composition a knowledge of the subject must be acquired, and consequently in taking a Life for a subject, this knowledge can only be obtained by reference to either the writings or words of others, and the writer, although expressing the thoughts in his own words, will be relying upon others for material, and in a short composition there is neither space nor time sufficient to fully treat the subject as it would merit.

All like to read a good story. Few look upon it as a composition. The majority read it for the story; not the manner in which it is related, or the accuracy or inaccuracy in disposing of the various topics. Thus by only gleaning the sweets from the story, they pass by the nourishing solids that would aid the imagination by strengthening right ideas and clear reasoning. The writing of these persons is characteristic of their style of reading; their compositions are all story, even if they take a subject requiring thought it is composed of stories, interesting for the moment, and forgotten as soon as heard. By critical reading the faults of others can be avoided in our own compositions, an easy, natural, unaffected style will be introduced, and each composition will show merits not possessed by its predecessors, thus gaining, by each effort, a victory over some fault or habit that had before rendered the composition imperfect. The early discouragement of too many can be traced to the fact that, in the beginning, they tried beyond their power; half performing their tasks on account of their inability to understand them, and in this way laying the foundation of a loose style that will alwasy be unappreciated. Many forget that letters are compositions, and if they would write their compositions in the same easy style that they do their letters, they would gain one of the most desirable aids of good writing. A forced style is unpleasant. It carries the impression that the composition is very poorly copied from some preceding work, or that the writer was trying to follow the thought of another, that he did not perfectly understand.

The efforts of many consist of passages quoted, now from this, now from that one, and so joined as to read smoothly, but in many cases to bring into contact things widely opposite, and create discords which mar, if not entirely destroy the impression the words are intended to convey. In writing compositions the language should be choice, omitting the many vulgarisms that although allowable when used in conversation, are not sufficiently refined to be placed upon paper. In this manner the writer will also use correct expressions in speaking. This at first may give trouble, but after practice will become a very easy task, requiring no particular thought or attention.

Much can be said concerning the mistakes under which too many fall in beginning to write, and unless these mistakes are corrected at once they will become noticeable in every work of the writer, showing a habit of carelessness in the beginning. In a word, choose a subject within the range of the powers. Think well before writing, and when you look at the subject from one point of view, treat it thoroughly, and then take another side of the subject, leaving nothing half done. In this way a good Composition will be written, the mind will be strengthened, and broader and more correct views will be acquired.

HAROUN ALRASCHID.

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

> "His deep eye laughter stirred
> With merriment of kingly pride,
> Sole star of all that place and time,—
> I saw him,—in his golden prime,
> The good Haroun Alraschid!"
> —*Tennyson.*

No other name in history has more vivid associations of barbaric pearl and gold, the " wealth of Ormuz and of Ind." With it we link almost instinctively, all that we have read and heard of boundless power and absolute despotism, of Eastern splendor and magnificence, of oriental luxury and Sybaritic indulgence. While the names of other Caliphs, composing a long line, reaching through five centuries, are known but to the careful student of history, his is as familiar as a household word. But although his reign was brilliant and successful, and his talents varied and remarkable, they were hardly such as to demand, rightfully, so prominent a position, and in some respects they were inferior to those of other Caliphs.

His empire, lessened as it was by Spain, Northern Africa, and the extreme provinces of India, was much smaller than that of the Ommiades, his immediate predecessors. But it was not in territory alone that his power was inferior; he ruled over an enervated race. That the descendants of the wild adventurers who first fought for the Crescent should lose the fierce valor of their ancestors, is not, in itself, strange, as it is an almost invariable result of Eastern conquest, but it necessarily diminished his military strength, and thus his attacks on the crippled Eastern Empire were mere raids, and could not be compared with the earlier triumphs of Islam. In mere wealth he was equalled if not excelled by members of his own dynasty, and several of the Caliphs of Cordova, in the refinements of civilization, and the patronage of the sciences deserve a higher rank.

His public acts will bear as little scrutiny as the rest of his fame, and seem to have proceeded rather from a desire for ostentatious display than from upright principle; even the justice for which he received his name was stained by some of the bloodiest deeds in history, and at all times was apparently exercised too much for mere effect to be deserving of the highest praise.

But his power and pomp as a sovereign form but a small part of the fame attributed to him, which rests far more on our regarding him as one of the few who rose superior to the influence of Asiatic luxury, and by his chivalrous spirit and magnanimous temper atoned for the lack of some qualities, and enhanced the value of the sterling virtues which he possessed. The personal character, however, which has been by common consent given him, is so far false that we find him in truth guided by chance whims; enslaved by sensual pleasures; ready to sacrifice the fortune and happiness of others to a momentary gratification; and unable to brook the smallest opposition to his will, or the slightest deviation from his commands, even by his most faithful counsellors or his nearest relatives.

Yet knowing all this we cannot divest ourselves of the impression that he was the beau-ideal of an Asiatic prince; who should use absolute power to further the happiness of those around, and employ wealth more for the support of learning than for personal gratification. This is not a merely popular sentiment, it is not in the poetry and prose of every writer, and it is only in the pages of some grave and dignified historian that facts are found which lead to a contrary opinion. Could a more remarkable instance be adduced of the power of literature to perpetuate current estimates of men and things? To the unknown and illiterate author of that wondrous romance, "The Thousand and One Nights," is this proud and wealthy monarch indebted, not only for the high rank he at present holds, but also that he should be remembered at all other than as one of the hundred Eastern Sovereigns who have successively ruled their empires, and who, noticed in the study of history, are never again recalled to memory. In that work, glowing with the gorgeous hues of an Arabian imagination, will we find our Haroun Araschid.

OTHER DAYS.

BY W. E. STANLEY.

A piece for the Mirror? Certainly! The demands of "Old Philo" shall always be honored while we have the tongue to speak, the pen to write, or an interest to feel. Then away with soul and brain worrying tasks, and a flight to scenes of other and happier days, where free from instructors, penalties, and hours of toil, we roamed the free fields, and sat beneath the shadow of our own "vine and fig tree." One of these reminiscences now comes floating across my mental vision, and I will leave the abstract theme and select topic and point my pen to the past. The descending sun was shining beautifully over the green hills and leafy woods, on a pleasant May afternoon, as I climbed a lofty eminence leading from my native village. For a moment I stood upon the ridge and gazed upon the sunlit, placid valley below, with its tapering spire, old stone mill, and sluggish stream winding through the verdant meadows, then started away at a rapid pace, busily absorbed in contemplating the probable terminus of my expedition. The circumstances were these: About half a mile away, in a pleasant, secluded valley, lay a farm, which, from the extent of its meadowland and the genial warmth of its air, was famous for the number and size of its frogs, hence the name of "Frog Island." Here resided one of my older friends, who by the way, had fallen in love with a most lovely young lady in an adjoining town, some miles distant. One day as I was wandering through the woods, sketch book in hand, I suddenly came in view of the farm of my friend. At that instant I saw him drive down over the rustic bridge that spanned the trout brook, and speed away on his mission of love. I immediately resolved to have some sport, so I sat down on a half decayed stump and spent a long weary hour sketching bridge, house and trees. Then hastening home I commenced transferring my sketch to the larger dimensions, and firmer lines of the cardboard. My hero was depicted driving full speed over the little bridge, the domestic fowls and animals leaving the sunny road in tumultuous haste, while the cat displayed the huge dimensions of her frightened tail on the first tree limb. In one corner I depicted an enormous bull-frog just emerging from the morass, which frog, by the way, was about twice the size of the house. With the assistance of a drawing teacher, the picture soon assumed an artistic appearance, and was pronounced ready to frame. Accordingly it was mounted, and I resolved to set out some evening and hang it on the door of the young lady in question, or in other words, to

"Hang a May basket."

The proper time had come, and I started on my nocturnal expedition. How cautiously I crept along the highway, how often I sprang behind some protecting bush to avoid a passing vehicle; but at last, as the thick shades of evening settled down, I entered the desired village. A slow, stealthy pace at last brought me to her door. With a noiseless and tremulous motion I placed the picture against the door, and how sharply my knock rang through the hall! Almost instantly the door flew open, and I hastily plunged into a lilac bush under the window.

"Well, well, what have we here? something large and hard,' says a female voice. The door shut, and through the half closed sash came the rattling of paper and the hum of voices. Suddenly, as the picture comes to light, a wild shout of laughter rang through the room. Oh! how the blows of wit and ridicule fell upon the head of our heroine as the team, the cat, and frog, became the topics of observation and conversation.

"Who hung it! who hung it?" burst from many a lip, and then the whole party burst through the door and down the path in wild pursuit. As soon as all was quiet I determined to emerge from my fragrant bed and make my exit before too strict a search should be instituted. So I stepped from my concealment and walked down towards the gate. Somehow the fir trees seemed to have increased wonderfully in number and size since I was last there, but attributing it to some optical delusion, or perhaps some new improvement of the grounds, I marched on.

But horror! What a heart-rending, ear-piercing yell broke on my senses. O, mercy! the trees had come to life, and worse than that, they had turned into a bevy of wild, screaming, frolicking girls. Oh! how my blood froze with horror as they sprang like tigresses full at me. One hand was almost on my shoulder as I turned to fly. I instantly left the walk and determined to reach the street before them, but alas, as I sprang through a box hedge it proved to be a terrace, about hip high, and I went plowing like a parrot shell-face, foremost through the dahlias and smashing their frail supports with my unwilling head. I quickly sprang up, and clearing my mouth and eyes of dirt again sprang forward, but alas! I brought up into another terrace with the same result, but picking myself up from a mass of crushed plants, again rushed for the street, but lo! another terrace! determined not to be victimized again, I gave a wild leap to clear the obstacle, but alas, it proved to be a hedge, and on the edge of a high bank wall at that. "O what a fall was there, my countrymen."

At last I had the pleasure of landing on all fours upon the sidewalk amid the cries and mirth of my pursuers. I was instantly seized by a score of ready hands and dragged in triumph to the house. Of course I could'nt resist the gentle pressure, and surrendered at once.

I need not add that the hours flew swiftly and pleasantly away. We had nuts, candy, and "you know the rest." Suffice it to say that it is one of those bright gems of the past, gleaming forth from a setting of youthful trials and experience.

CONDIMENTS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

OLD BRICK TIMES.

Little did the pious founder of the Old Brick think that while they were building that inclined plane which constituted the floor of the prayer room, that coming generations, taking advantage of the law of gravitation, would cause a "serious disturbance" with their marbles. The marble starts from the extreme back of the room, it rolls a little way, comes against somebody's foot; it stops; to promote ease no one must keep his body in the same position long, so the foot is moved, roll, roll, goes the marble; again it stops; soon again it starts; roll, roll, roll, roll; bunk! It comes right against the pulpit where Uncle is conducting the most solemn part of the devotion. So they come, one after another, till Uncle feels inclined to say some pretty hard words about the inclined plane, and, following up the inclination, we have no doubt he did. Poor Doctor! he had hard work in those days to say anything which went against the fellows' feelings, for they would at once begin a shuffling of the feet all over the house, that sounded like the rushing of many waters.

Little, too, did the pious founders think that this "very unmanly behaviour of individuals brought up in refined families, taught from their earliest years the strictest morality," would put the strange idea into the heads of the faculty, by their marbles, and the fact of turning the identical place where the rolling of marbles had its day, into a bowling alley, where balls could roll as free as air, and the room above into a place where individuals could shuffle their feet with the utmost propriety. But such has been the case, and we are indebted in a great degree for these bowling allies to Old Brick Times and rolling stones. G. L. H.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

A few years ago there was situated on the corner opposite the residence of Dr. Taylor, a building two stories in height, called "Phillips Academy." The building, on account of its sombre appearance, was sometimes mistaken by strangers for the county jail, and in some respects it had very much that appearance, and looked, in vacation at least, gloomy and desolate. Here the boys were wont to assemble at morning and evening prayers, at the same time as now, and I remember of no difference in the manner of conducting them. One chilly morning in the Spring term of 1865, the Academy took fire, and notwithstanding the vigorous efforts made to arrest its progress, in a short time the building was in ruins. Compare the two Academys, the old with the new. The The old Academy, inconvenient, and sadly deficient in architectural beauty; the new, convenient and beautiful, where now it is our privilege to attend. May the hand of the "ruthless invader" never be felt within these walls. E. R. F.

BRASS.

See that young man, with flushed face and half-frightened air, who has crowded himself into a corner, as much out of sight as possible, and *alone* and *sad* is watching the happy crowd who are floating around him. A promenade seems to be in order, part of the company are already beginning to pass from parlor to parlor, and he commences to realize the importance of taking some step in this weighty matter. He watches the "object of his affections," seated upon a sofa at the opposite side of the room, and after composing a careful speech he cautiously advances to her side; but, alas! on his way he manages, with his customary ability, to plant himself upon the skirt of a lady's dress, said lady being in rapid motion. The result is fearful; not only is his friend's dress badly torn, but *far worse*, his fine speech has completely left him, disconcerted, and he sits down by the adorable Julia's side, *speechless*. Before he has recovered himself sufficiently to utter a word, Mr. B steps forward, and to his chagrin marches off with the fair hand of the dear lady gently pressing his arm, in less time than it has taken to tell the tale.

F. S. H.

THE EDUCATED MAN AS A CITIZEN.

What a piece of work is man! A wondrous commingling of spirit and matter, strength and weakness, freedom and slavishness; and these so blended into one another that we know not where the one ends and the other begins; yet all in some way bound mysteriously to God. Man is not wholly in the dark. The moral principles that are made manifest by the circumstances that attend human life is the light of a civilized world moving ahead to religious advancement. The truly educated man rises above the throng, viewing the world from a standpoint without its influences, beholding the drift and bearings of society, understanding the present and past, and judging of the future; he is one who truly deserves the possession of a title of honor and distinction among men.

J. R. B.

EDITORIAL.

The winter term has passed off very pleasantly, and although the busiest one in the year in respect to study, still Philo has not been slighted, and we are able to present to the public this our MIRROR: what you may find in it pleasing we rejoice in, and whatever faults may be detected we hope will be overlooked; or, in poetic language, "Don't view us with a critic's eye, but pass our imperfections by." Among the events of the term we first notice the lecture of Fred Douglass, Dec. 14th, on the subject, "Self Made Men." He was listened to with great interest, and we cannot but feel that a race which has such men for its representatives, are capable of becoming worthy to hold offices of trust and power. On the evening of Dec. 18, Mr. W. W. Silvester, of the Theological Seminary, gave a reading at the Town Hall, which was very interesting. In the first part of the term, Mr. Rogers, likewise of the Seminary, very kindly gave a lecture to the Society of Inquiry, and all who attended were richly repaid by his interesting remarks on the "Idols of India." On the 20th ult. Dr. Taylor announced to the school there would be three prizes given for the best written and delivered orations; these, as well as those for declamation, are to be awarded sometime during the Summer term. On the evening of the 31st of December Prof. Mark Bailey gave a very interesting reading to the inhabitants of Andover, and although at the time he was suffering from a severe cold, yet we dare say all were well pleased with his selections and his delivery. Professor Thompson, of Queen's College, Galway, Ireland, who has been lecturing, during the term, in Boston, while the guest of Dr. Taylor, made a brief address to the members of the school, on education.

On the second of February, Dr. Taylor gave a very interesting lecture on Palestine, in the Chapel of the Academy, and those of the students and invited guests present were highly pleased. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11, the Senior Class had their sleigh-ride. The weather was not so cold as to detract from the pleasure of the ride, and the sleighing, for the most part, was very fine. Much praise is due to the President of the Class for the acceptable manner in which all were entertained at Lowell. On the evening of Jan. 14, Wm. Lloyd Garrison lectured in behalf of the Senior Class, taking for his subject "At Home and Abroad." The lecture contained many interesting facts. Mr. Stimpson, of New York City, and a member of the Seminary, lectured in the Chapel of the Academy, Jan. 16th, by invitation. The subject of his remarks was Florence, which he introduced and treated in a very pleasing manner. We were much interested in the description given by him of administering justice in that country. During the term the Mendelsohns have favored us with several very interesting concerts, the last of which took place upon the 14th of February. It has come to be a rare thing for a winter to pass without Andover receiving a visit from them. We take pleasure in recording the prize reading which occurred in the Abbott Academy, on March 5th. The room was filled by those so fortunate as to possess tickets, but the Hall being small many were unable to be present who would otherwise have been invited. The whole exercise was so deserving "the Judges, Dr. Taylor, Mr. Graves, Professor Thayer, Rev. J. L. Taylor, and C. Dewitt Clark, found great difficulty in awarding the prizes. The names of those who received prizes are given in the Pot-Pourri.

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

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PRIZE READING AT THE ABBOTT ACADEMY, ANDOVER,

March 5th, 1868.

1*st Prize,*—	MISS LEAROYD,	DANVERS.
2*nd Prize,*—	MISS FRENCH,	DAVENPORT, IA.
	MISS TUFTS,	BOSTON.
3*d Prize,*—	MISS WALKER,	ANDOVER.

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THE MIRROR.

LEVERETT MEARS, } EDITORS.
HAROLD WILDER, }

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NEW ENGLAND.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

As those who have been accustomed to the prairies of the Great West approach New England, and gaze on her hills and valleys covered with woods and rocks with scarcely a place for cultivation, they seem ready to exclaim with surprise that *this* is the place from which their ancestors sprang. And yet New England, with all her hills and valleys, has performed a most important part in the history of this nation, from its birth until now.

Planted as she was in the middle of a very severe winter, her settlers inured to every hardship, from famine to the tomahawk, persecuted by the mother country till she was obliged to sever that connection, she was taught what it was to be free and independent. From the time the Pilgrims landed, in 1620, till now, she has been looked up to as the leader in the cause of justice and humanity, and seldom has she shirked from performing her part.

Giving, as she did, in the one hand, the best blood of her sons in the first conflict of the Revolution, at the same time asking with the other only for justice from Great Britain, she set an example to the world which is seldom followed. It is needless to recall the exploits of her heroes in the Indian and Revolutionary wars. They are known to all the world, and they will shine brighter and brighter in history until they shall outshine those of Hannibal and Napoleon. Foremost in the ranks of a God-serving and Liberty-loving people, they nobly stood before all Europe as such men only could stand, and dared to face kings and despots in the struggle for Liberty in which they were engaged. We need not mention the wise rule of Carver and his successors, or of Stark, Warren, Cotton, Edwards, and countless others whose forms are still buried in its soil. Foremost in the various professions which they represented, they knew of no master but the Ruler of the Universe, of no law but his word. Her rock-bound shores and snow-capped hills seem a fitting place for the birth and foothold of freedom. Empires rise and moulder in the dust; Kingdoms flourish for a while and then vanish away; but the state built on the firm foundation of freedom and right, as New England has been, will stand as long as it fosters those rights.

THE THIEF OF TIME.

BY J. E. GARLAND.

Comparatively few of us are acquainted with this powerful, remorseless, and tyrannous spirit, which possesses so strong a hold on us. We see the student, the business man, the statesman, alike yielding to its almost irresistible influence. Time and again have will and mind exerted their utmost for its overthrow, and nearly as often have they succumbed beneath its vigilance.

How many names that should have headed the roll of our illustrious have given way before the obstacles it has raised! What lives have been sacrificed through its result! Yea, what — worse than death — disgrace, dishonor, have been loaded on those who were innocent, rendering life almost intolerable, crushing forever fond hopes about to be realized! Little do we know of its enormous power and deadly grasp, situated where its dire influence can hardly be ascertained by us; yet we all have had sufficient experience to know that while we delay, obstacles increase in size and number, and while we await their disappearance through their own agency, before we are aware their size seems enormous, their number innumerable, and we are ready to sink beneath their awful magnitude. At this period is the grand terminus of the road to procrastination, where untold thousands disappear, never more to be heard from till the final trump shall sound, revealing to all eyes the depth of degradation into which they have fallen.

How slow and gradual are its early stages, dragging, by an imperceptible motion the unsuspecting victim lower and lower, until the thongs are so tightly bound around him that power to retrace his steps is lost, and all farther hope fades quickly as the early dew under the influence of a powerful sun.

Year in and year out we see around us the effects it produces. On some its baleful influence falls heavily and constantly; on others it leaves hardly a trace. All around us we see noble souls contending, bravely using the talents and perseverance nature has bestowed on them, against the adversary. May their efforts be successful; well will they deserve whatever reward shall fall to them. Their success is no day-dream to crumble before the faintest touch; no fragile apparition to be dashed in pieces at the first ruthless grasp, but a stern reality, gained by indomitable will; imperishable as time; ever presenting a brighter phase as we examine its solid structure, reared never to fall.

POETRY.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

"Poetry refines and elevates, novels refine and intoxicate, philosophy strengthens and consolidates; the last *discovers* truth, the first *beautifies* truth, and the other *disfigures* truth." The last appeals to what is purely logical in the mind of man, the first to his tenderer susceptibilities, and the other to his depraved taste. Not that the most glorious *metrical composition* may not be put to the most corrupt and debasing use, but this is not poetry, it is but *debris* taking the semblance of something nobler, purer, better than itself. For, from its very nature, poetry is purity, is nobility of sentiment and expression, and whatsoever is more than this is not poetry, but the lowest class of prose.

The most wonderful productions of the transcendent genius of Byron have not been saved from universal obliquy and condemnation, except where rising out of the sloth of sensuality his nobler nature gains the ascendancy, and he is actuated by true patriotism and manly sympathy. The incorruptible spirit of a Milton, who, in an utterly corrupt age, and to an utterly inappreciative people, dared to pander not to the vices of his time, shall live long after the dross of Dryden, or even of poems such as "Venus and Adonis" have faded into insignificance.

When Milton said of Dryden, "He was a good rhymer but no poet," he expressed *exactly* this difference between true and false poetry: the heart, the lofty and generous thought, constitute the gem of which verse is but the outside covering, used to beautify, certainly, but not to form the true poetry; for some of the grandest poems, since the foundation of the world, have been written in prose. First and greatest of these is the Bible, which is a continued poem from one end to the other. There is a poetry in every original thought, in every great or good deed, from the grand epic of Napoleon to the simplest, but not less glorious pastoral of one holding the even tenor of his way, performing his duty to God and man, and living a simple, christian life.

But the deepest and purest vein of poetic feeling lies in nature. This is the inexhaustible, the unfathomable mine which has supplied so many with a wonderful mind with almost a surfeit, a superabundance of thought, which far surpasses in actual glory all the pleonastic hyperboles of rhetoric which have been so freely lavished up, and so varied and wonderful are its inherent qualities, that it speaks, at the same moment, to one mind in the utmost of pathos, to another in the utmost of awe inspiring grandeur. And it is from this very vastness of scope which is allowed to the mind, that descriptive poetry was said by Prof. Wilson to be either "the most delightful or dullest thing in the world.

There is a great deal said about theory in poetry. There is no such thing, for it is the *spontaneous* bursting forth of a soul *emancipated* from rules and theories. It has been allowed that Wordsworth, who talks so much of theory, wrote well, even gloriously, but that he wrote well in consequence of his theory has been most emphatically and conclusively denied."

THE POWER OF MAN.

BY W. M. GROTON.

Old Sol had just but left his golden track
Upon the Summer's smiling evening sky,
When one—a man of ancient name and look,
Whose beard fell white and shaggy far below
His breast, where but virtue and honor lived—
Led me forth 'mid flowery fields, whose fragrance
But echoed back the beauty of the sky.
Wand'ring, we beneath the shady oak tree
Came, where birds were lifting to heaven their songs,
And there we rested. And while we loitered
He with nature's power fill'd my eager ears.
And this I gathered, which I give to you:
"The only man that ever lived was Christ.

He the axle is on which revolves
The great wheel of humanity. And He
The Great Clock, also is, to which the eyes
Of men turn to regulate their actions.
In awful darkness did the world commence;
The gloom of trembling hope now covers it.
As on the world revolves it strikes against
Yet wears upon that granite rock of dark."
Then he described how noiselessly it strikes,
How imperceptibly it wears. Again,
How sublimely the particles to man
Are given as proof of its progress. Changing,
He commenced on subjects not so lofty:
"When science first found foothold in the world,
When Newton speeded on its rusted wheel
With giant strength, the mind of man was darken'd;
He saw not then the thin pale flame that shed
A glimm'ring light along earth's gloomy path,
But lifted by the power of man high up
Among the mighty thrones of thought, and fann'd
By the breath of each discovery made,
Has raised high her flame above the earth,
And lights the dark uncertain paths of science,
And throws its light upon the soul of man
As proof of the living and mighty God."
As he said this, he rais'd to heaven his eyes;
And while he gazed upon the dark'ning skies
He seemed to catch the glory of his thought,
For on his face there shone a mighty light,
Such as a dying man will have when he
A good and righteous life on earth has led;
A look indeed which seems to catch the glow
Of angels' wings who for his soul have come.
"Man the world has seen an infant. A giant
Will she behold him. As out of chaos
Roll'd the earth, and fixed herself as one of
The planets, so from the hand of God came
Man, and fixed himself as her sovereign.
As without form great nature first appeared,
So did the mind of man. Its might lay hidden
Beneath the rind of immaturity,
Which heated by the light of knowledge burst
And showed to man the beauty of the great.

As when the husk, ripened 'neath the Summer's sun,
Breaks, and to us shows the mellow fruit within."
Then he went on to speak of other things,—
Of great nature, and of the power of man.
How man's power is resting on his nature
And his nature on his degradation.
How it is weak when man is in this state,
How it is the machinery which moves
Him from the gloomy clouds of ignorance.
And then: "When this, our world, her task performs,
When man has risen from a lowly earth
To live amidst the glory of the good,
Or found his way along the dark defiles,
That lead where woe and grief are held supreme,
To moan among the shames of wickedness,
Then will knowledge and wisdom reign in power,
And throw upon nature a heavenly light
Which, startled, will bow before the power of man;
Then will all hidden things rise up and reveal
To man the mysteries that they contain."
He ceased: In silence long we sat, and then
We rose and homeward turned. The sun had long
Before sunk down below the horizon.
The cattle had ceased their anxious lowings,
And the cricket rang out his merry song
On the clear night air. The soft falling dew
Had spread its mantle o'er the lonely fields,
And we, daring not to break the stillness
Of the night, in silence walked until
We parted, he taking his path, I mine.

RUINS OF TIME.

BY H. W. RANKIN.

Few, indeed, of the works of men's hands e'er survive their founders. For more than six thousand years has mankind lived, labored, and died, to raise some lasting monument, some imperishable token of its own greatness, and would-be omnipotence; and how seldom has it done aught but verify the fact of its exceeding frailty.

The destroyer impartially visits alike its great efforts as its weak ones, and what seems longest to have eluded his grasp are but the memorials, as it were, of its fallen greatness. A few tombs of earth's great men have, indeed, withstood for ages the more fatal ravages of time, but they seem to have almost no partner in their endurance. What the world has most valued it has been deprived of, and scarce anything, save what thought and intellect have accomplished, has outlived the age in which it sprung. Great empires have not been spared; no kingdom, however powerful, has reached down to us from more than a few years back.

The firmly cemented structure of the Roman world has fallen in ruins; the majesty of Greece has forsaken her; the antiquity of Egypt is now no boast of her greatness; Assyria is but a desert; the glory of Alexandria, once queen of the sea, has departed, and "a place for the spreading of nets" is now where once proud Tyre stood. Nor is the fierce destroyer here content. Not only does he level the building, but he destroys the builder; not only do man's works decay, but *man* perishes. Nor can a preference here be found: great as well as humble, rich as well as poor, strong as well as feeble, one far famed, as one obscure, all travel on one road; all reach one final goal.

There is nothing placed within reach of time that it does not subdue: and one fate seems to await all. But happily for man, there is a limit to time's strength, a realm which is *not* within its reach. All the physical, the seen world, shall be humbled to the dust, but the moral and intellectual shall live, and not only shall it live, but it will enlarge, and continue to do so throughout the unnumbered ages of eternity: it will grow more and more powerful each year of its advance, and time itself will finally bow before it. The knowledge that men get they'll keep, though they themselves, and all their doings, moulder together.

It seems as though some lesson might be learnt from such a theme, as though a brief review of clear facts such as these, presented by the history of man from its commencement, should have had some influence in banishing from the mind the vain idea, or wish of temporal greatness. What though, like Napoleon, like Webster, like Michael Angelo, like Brunelleschi, man rears by great empires, statesmanship, or superior excellence in the arts, or by anything whatever, a great name on earth, what real gain is it to him? His Empires are soon known only in history; his statesmanship is buried with himself; his works of art, though lasting perhaps longer than either of the other two, will eventually share their destiny; and he, himself, so far as this world is concerned, will not be permitted to do otherwise. Conceding all this, does it not seem as though man, if for no higher motive, yet out of policy, would be induced to base his hopes and efforts upon other ground.

THE ANALYSIS OF CHARACTER.

BY F. S. HATCH.

"Know thyself," is a maxim which comes to us, laden with all the prestige which antiquity can give to a proverb; nor is this advice of trifling moment, for its observance is intimately connected with the success or failure of life's most weighty concerns. *Know other people*, is a sentiment more rarely expressed, but scarcely inferior in importance to the maxim quoted above. To mention some of the benefits to be derived from a careful study or analysis, not a cynical criticism, of the characters of other people, is the purpose of this article.

To observe carefully the character of a person whom we often meet, is a real and positive pleasure. No one doubts the fact that the study of Greek literature, or mathematics, may, after a time, if not at first, be pursued with enjoyment by the attentive student; in the study of another's character this is equally true. Who is there that has ever marked, with close attention, the words which fell from the lips of his friend, that has noted carefully the actions, that has watched the changing countenance, and the speaking eye, that has learned to weigh even silence, in the balances of his judgment, and to compare all these observations, varying as they are, with the causes and motives which may have influenced them, that cannot testify to the great pleasure enjoyed in such an inquest. And as one grows more and more expert in making his estimates, as he finds how nearly to the truth one can arrive, not by making himself disagreeable, but by a proper attention to those occurrences which others would pass by as unworthy of notice, his happiness in the study is increased. As he who has long searched the starry firmament until he has gone beyond all his predecessors in discovery, still strives to send his gaze yet farther into infinite space, and rejoices in his work, so the true student of human character constantly finds out his own imperfect knowledge of the race, compared with what remains to be known, and his enthusiasm is wrought still higher, and the pleasure of his study increased, as he reflects upon the field of investigation before him. It is often pleasant for two such observers to meet, for they appreciate each other; the friendship, formed by such individuals, it is a pleasure even to behold; such people rarely talk much to explain their hidden life; they have never told each other what their temperaments are, yet each is thoroughly understood, and spoken language is too poor and feeble a medium for them to use in their highest and most sacred intercourse. Such acquaintances are of inestimable value, and well repay all the care and study which may be spent in forming them; such attachments stand secure and unharmed amid life's storms, when even the breezes of fickle fortune have overturned those brilliant appearing fabrics, built hastily upon sounding speech, and *called* friendships.

To analyze the character of another, is also profitable. Those who make others a study, are least often deceived in their own estimates of worth. How many times we have heard people say,—"Had I only known his true character, I should never have trusted him." In a large number of such cases, one might be tempted to answer,—"That character you might have known, had you ever taken the trouble to study and analyze it with care." Not that this would be always true, for there are some who will bear the most attentive watchfulness, and yet will be comparatively unknown; but of the great mass, it is a fact that their character may be read, especially by a gifted reader.

Again, this patient study is useful in enabling one to veil himself, and his real temperament. Although frankness is a virtue beyond price, yet there are times and places where it becomes of the greatest importance for one not to throw open his whole heart to other people, and to possess the skill requisite to keep his own character and intentions to himself, and the needed judgment as to when this should be done. Care should always be taken not to extend this idea too far, for that person who constantly draws about him the curtains of mystery, and whom no one understands, is very apt to be harshly judged; while among those whom we should always pity, surely the individuals whom *nobody* knows, ought to have a prominent place. What, then, will secure the skill and judgment necessary in order to avoid both the extremes of openness and of reticence? Surely nothing is better calculated to accomplish this than a proper study of other people; and this naturally brings our attention to the most important benefit to be derived from the contemplation of another's temper. No person can investigate the habits of his friend, or study his mental characteristics, without finding something both of good and evil; and if there are several to the study of whom he devotes attention, he will find many virtues which he can profitably cultivate in his own life, and will see many faults in his friends which may be equally noticeable in himself. Hence the great personal benefit of watching other people; we see their virtues, and with commendable resolve determine to emulate them; we behold their faults, and the deformity which they create, and are reminded that if we allow such excrescences to grow upon our characters, their symmetry will be likewise marred.

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us."

The student of human nature has this wish gratified, for in others he sees himself, at least partially mirrored, and may go on profiting by the vision. If there were no other reason why we should devote ourselves to the study of character, this, alone, would amply justify the spending of much time and thought in learning our fellow men and their mental manners. But there is a plenitude, rather than a deficiency, of reasons why we should analyze the characters we meet.

It might be pleasant to mention some of the ways in which this scrutiny of character might be prosecuted; but the times and the circumstances which allow such a scrutiny are variable, and t h methods of obtaining high rank in this study are equally so; yet they can be easily discovered by a proper attention to the subject. It would seem advisable for us to give increased thought to this matter, as we expect to meet the world in many different phases, and we wish to know how to jndge of it correctly. We can do this only by the analysis of character; and the more we study upon the subject, the more prompt and correct will be the decisions at which we arrive.

One conclusion is unavoidable,—all of us are, to a greater or less degree, constantly watched. We may be unconscious of it, and may not shape our actions as we otherwise would; but, nevertheless, the fact remains. Wisdom would seem to prompt us to make our lives worth the attention of other people. Our teachers, our fellow-students, and our friends, are each forming a judgment upon our characters. "What will that judgment be?" is a question of exceeding interest. The answer is as plain as the question is interesting,—"What we choose to make it."

WASHINGTON ON THE EVE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

BY W. E. STANLEY.

It was an hour of triumph at the National Capital. The power of the rebellion had been broken. The salutes of an hundred batteries, and the upraising of countless flags had told the soldiers and citizens that Richmond was ours, and its rebel defenders prisoners of war to the gallant Grant and his heroic army. The augmented armies of the east, with the victorious hosts of Sherman, were rushing upon the retreating Johnson, and the complete extinction of armed rebellion was the inevitable event of the month.

In this height of national success and glory, on the eve of the fourth anniversary of the fall of Fort Sumter, the city of Washington was illuminated with unprecedented cost and splendor. In the soft beauty of a Potomac twilight we seated ourselves on the brow of a lofty bluff, that we might enjoy the extensive and picturesque scenery that lay outspread beneath us. On the left rose the heights of Georgetown, bristling with menacing guns; on the right the Potomac swept out of sight in a beautiful curve around the base of Arlington Heights; in front lay the expanded river, reflecting the hue of the evening sky, while from the nether shore arose the National Capitol, crimsoned with the dyes of the sunset clouds.

As dusky shades gathered in the ravines, and dark shadows crept out upon the waters, our vision was greeted by the glowing spark and fiery trail of a rocket, that, starting from the Smithsonian Institute, described a beautiful curve over the dusky white of the Capitol. Then from square and street rose lesser fires, tinted with all the colors of the rainbow. As deeper shades settled down upon the city we could see indications of an elaborate celebration, worthy the capital of a triumphant nation. The Capitol, lifting its dome three hundred feet above the surrounding buildings, was thickly studded with lights, and seemed, in its magnificent drapery and colossal proportions, like the creation of some oriental dream. The national buildings, illuminated from basement to roof, presented a sight of supernatural beauty and grandeur. The hotel, private mansion, and street, added their glittering tributes to the festal scenes. The sky was filled with bursting mines and rushing rockets. From all parts of the city shot beautiful sprays of fire, while Bengal lights rendered the streets and squares like day.

Most joyous, beautiful, and gorgeous sat the city of "magnificent distances" that night upon the Potomac bank. The crimsoned river gave back from its mirror-like surface the blaze of every rocket, and the sheen of every light. On the chamelion tide lay reflected the festive city, while o'er head, and pillared on the purple bluffs, soared the arch of the fiery heavens.

Soon light after light flickered, and expired. The glow died upon the heavens, and the river gave no color from its darkened bed. Then, over the sleeping city rose the calm moon, silvering Capitol, monument, and bluff. Serenely it looked down on the silent river, environing watch fires, and the still night. No sound broke the midnight calm save the slow tread of the sentinel, or the sharp challenge of relieving guards.

That night the National Capital revelled in its greatest triumph, and attained the loftiest pinnacle of unclouded joy, for, when the peaceful moon next shed its mild effulgence over Potomac's hills and city, it shone upon a scene of blood — the stricken form of the nation's magistrate. Then, dark clouds uprose in the starry heavens, and thickening gloom settled down on the earth and the hearts of men alike. As the cold rain fell through the morning gloom, and deep thunders moaned in the mountain gorges, the soul of the hero went forth to its reward. Weeks passed, and 200,000 sturdy patriots marched through the streets of Washington with victorious banners, and stately steppings, but sadness rested on every brow, and a requiem floated with every pean of triumph, for the immortal Lincoln, the friend of the people, and the champion of liberty, had passed away by the hand of violence, to the eternal sleep of the prairies. May his opening vision greet a nobler capital and a more gorgeous city, where treason, death, and sorrow can never enter, and whose atmosphere is eternal freedom, peace, and life!

THE LAST FAREWELL.

BY T. E. SMITH, JR.

The storm of war and strife was raging,
  The cannon roared thro' every dell,
As a mother stood, her son embracing,
  Bidding him a last farewell.

Truly, 'twas a scene heart rending,
  That mother's tears were falling fast;
Thoughts of hope and joy were blending
  With thoughts of sorrow of the past.

"Farewell, my son, you have my blessing,"
  Said she, smiling thro' her tears.
But while receiving this caressing,
  A courier came with threatening fears.

"Receive now, quickly, thy embracing,"
  Said he, "and onward to the strife;
For each man needs strong enforcing,
  And life is sacrificed for life."

With sword in hand 'mid sabres clashing,
He sought the thickest of the fight;
Heeding not the cannons' flashing,
For he *knew* his cause was right.

While fighting in the bloody battle,
The brave young lad began to pray,
'Mid smoke, and flame, and muskets rattle,
That God would with his mother stay.

When a deadly bullet flying,
Brought our hero to the ground;
A comrade turned, and saw him dying,
He turned too late! he caught no sound!

Among the slain in that dread struggle,
Which his comrades bravely won,
There were none so young and noble
As that brave and only son!

MENTAL CULTURE.

BY R. C. STONE.

Creative power reaches a sublime height in the construction of the brain. The infinite variety of impulses given by the mind are promptly obeyed. There is no confusion in the hundreds of millions of cells and fibres which connect, interlace and support each other, producing combinations from the most delicate and intricate to the vast and powerful. The brain, as the machinery of the mind, is like a perfect watch, in which the countless wheels perform their revolutions with respect to the object in view.

In order to make these brain wheels revolve independently, the cogs must be torn off, or the true purpose of the brain will be as surely defeated by forcing its wheels into a single line. That cultivation of the mind only is natural, which, while preserving the individuality of every faculty and its connections with the others, increases its power as a whole. This enables full concentration without narrowing. An inferior mind thus directed may accomplish large ends, while a misdirected gigantic intellect may scatter its power into nothing, or so confine it that its very force causes its own destruction. The charge of electricity on the first Atlantic cable was so intense that it burnt off the wires.

Adaptation must be consulted. There are minds which, like the ocean, mirror a universe on the surface of their depths. There are others exceedingly minute, but like a bit of worthless glass in the street, may lie so as to gather a thousand rays of sunlight, and send them dazzling into our eyes. A diamond could do no more in the same place.

Observe, next, the natural growth of the mind. The child seizes with intense avidity on the simple objects around it, and by an association of ideas it acquires, almost unaided, a degree of knowledge that, compared with its advance in after years, is wonderful. Is education then laboring harmoniously with nature when it destroys this delicious thirst, and at the very age when imagination is richest, vitality greatest, and hope strongest, causes study to be looked upon as a task? The majestic elm, delicately powerful and noble, makes no discord with the earth and air from whence it draws the life it sends quivering into the slender forerunners of its strength. Nought animate or inanimate is averse to the means of its increase, when those means are consonant with its nature. Straining and torturing the brain to develop the mind, is a relic of the old ascetic principle of crucifying the flesh to purify the soul. No one would expect to become strong and vigorous on a course of nauseous medicine for food.

A natural education is wine and meat to the constantly inquiring mind, and, beaming with joy and light, it irresistibly leads the mind to the heights of truth.

Such is the culture given by the Natural Sciences. In their vast number of subjects, each complete within itself, yet intimately connected with the others, there is adaptation to every mind. Their complete and perfect classification, which Agassiz calls "reports of Nature's order," arranges the ideas in a natural order of connection and dependence calculated to exercise the reasoning faculties in the most thorough manner, to sharpen penetration and deepen thought. As every law, principle, object and phenomenon has its appropriate language, they teach concise, clear, and fluent expression. The mind is not burdened with a chaotic mass of distracting facts, but, on the contrary, possesses immediate and positive control of lines of knowledge extending through nature. While the naturalist is developing the resources of nature and revealing her laws, he both gives and takes invigorating mental draughts. His mind is a great depot, from which, as a centre, observation and experiment, with their army of co-laborers, advance into the domain of nature. As kingdom and state are conquered, telegraph lines bring the master into instant communication with his new territory, and railroads bring him its treasures.

This accumulation of knowledge is not the sordid hoarding of the miser for selfish utility, nor still worse, selfish *elegance*, but it is the gathering of the crystal floods into the fountain which gives life and beauty to all around. He that courtsnature only to coin her favors into dollars, is a passionless parasite; but he who by reason of his humane purpose, reverence and love is admitted into the Arcana of Nature, has his senses enveloped in rarest and ever varying beauty, bringing constant and substantial joy.

> "Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony."

Our Bryant, the minstrel who,

> "From the gushing of a simple fount
> Has reasoned to the mighty universe,"

found ever a voice of gladness and a simile in Nature's teachings. The immeasurable superiority of the natural sciences for utilizing the elements of knowledge is unquestioned, and too it is that utility adorned by divine intelligence, hence, as "Beauty is the splendor of Truth," this is the highest ideal of beauty, and teaches the sublimest conceptions.

The present age, rising armed with vast developments from the sterile centuries, demands minds that have learned to appreciate its wants, minds which coincide with its grand progressive principle, strong, steady brains, which are not confused amid the startling changes and innovations springing up on every side. And such men are produced by the culture the Natural Sciences give. Humboldt, Liebig, and other illustrious men, stand forth as the types of his system in the Old World. Franklin, Agassiz, and a host of others in the New. Their achievements are the most eloquent eulogium on the merits of their culture. Our country calls for such bold, liberal, penetrating minds, to guard its freedom by advancing the intelligence of the people, and developing its immense resources.

Finally, and above all, nature provides knowledge a pathway to her God through a country of divinest beauty, abounding in choicest food for the hungry heart, mind, and soul.

LIFE, — A PERIOD OF WORK.

BY L. P. ABBOTT.

Life is not the time for ease, but of earnest, hard, persevering labor; when one victory is won, one obstacle overcome, another foe, another difficulty more stubborn and unyielding confronts us with its huge proportions, bidding defiance to the faint hearted, but offering an incentive for stouter, sturdier efforts to him who has determined to tear down the wall blocking his path upwards.

Whoever allows himself to be overcome by any difficulty, however great, without struggling nobly for victory, is not worthy the name of a " man." To give up the contest at the first appearance of danger, to show any disposition to retire from the field of action before you have exhausted all possible means at your disposal, and then to wonder at the so-called luck of others who have persevered, shows at once the " coward " and the " fool." The unscrupulous person, who, having determined to do something, does it without hesitancy, is admired more than the faint hearted man, knowing, but not having courage enough to perform his duty.

All around us we see many without brilliant talents, but possessed of a fixed resolve to conquer, plodding slowly along, and at last surmounting all obstacles because they do not flinch in the hour of trial; others, of whom much is expected, fail miserably because they would not, when the time came for action, exert themselves, but relying on their superior talents, they permitted the opportunity to slip by unimproved.

If we do not seize time, as it were, by the fore-lock, and make him serve us, we shall not fulfill the design of life; we should not permit anything to draw our attention away from our duty, but unflinchingly perform whatever may fall to our lot.

When we can look back upon years employed in application, then, and not till then shall we begin to work out the true object of life.

LABOR.

BY W. M. GROTON.

In God's own image was man formed,
By God's own breath his soul was warmed,
At first, as now, the Bible sings,
God to man gave heavenly things.
These soon his nature threw aside,
And then to God, the King, it cried,
" Give me work that I may not die,
Give me love that I may not sigh
For th' Eden you did me endow.

Let me earn bread by the sweat of brow."
And God bestowed with heavenly grace
What Nature wished and dared to face.
And thus was man compelled to grind
In the mill of life. And the mind
Was made to work for the world's good,
And find for man his needful food.
The world has learned to thank the God
For ruling her with an iron rod;
For if the golden wand was used,
And happiness in man refused;
If nature with radiance shone,
And in the life of man alone,
Lazy, indolence, and weary ease,
The course of happiness would cease,
And Paradise man's lot destroy.
So thought and wisdom did alloy
In life the bitter with the sweet.
At first our nature did not greet
The change that in her had been made,
For she grieved, as aside she laid
The old happiness for the new;
But in her soul a new strength grew—
A strength in which she could lay trust,
A strength untarnished by the rust
Which sometimes clouds the world's advance,
Whose progress ofttimes seems but chance.
Now she looks at the flaming sword
Placed at the gate by the great Lord,
Barring her from an easy life
With steady gaze, and free from strife
Within herself. Ye mortals, cease
To cry for plenty and for ease!
For love divine does for us work;
And shall we wish our parts to shirk
When Providence and her great band
Hold to us a succoring hand?
No! labor is to us a gift.
As down the stream of life we drift,
We use our strength and brains to keep
Our feeble crafts on life's great deep
Where they shall find no hidden rocks
Or dangerous shoals. Nature mocks

That for indolence we should cry
While she and hers earth's wants supply.
So let us profit her example,
And with work life's halls so ample
Fill with blessings; these God bestows
If to indolence we are foes.

THE STUDY OF SHAKSPEARE, A BENEFIT TO THE STUDENT.

BY F. S. HATCH.

Critiques upon the life, the character, the genius, and the writings of this remarkable personage, have been written by both men and women of the highest culture and brightest gifts, from Jonson and Steevens of the olden time and country, to Hudson and White of this new nation and age. When such as these have spoken, I might well keep silence; yet I desire to place upon record, in the humble words of youthful admiration, my dawning appreciation of the benefits which may naturally be derived from a study of the greatest uninspired writings which the world has produced.

Of William Shakspeare we know but little. The history of Dante is involved in less obscurity than his. He left no impress upon the political or religious life of his age; he made no discovery in science, and founded no new school of philosophy; yet one of his contemporaries truly says of him,—

> "He was not of an age, but for all time."

What did he do to merit such praise? Appearing upon the stage at a period which might be called the "golden age" of English literature, adorned by so many dramatists, from Marlowe to Ford, writers who would have been wider known had not their fame paled before the brighter light of his own genius, he moulded, although perhaps unconsciously, the drama of his own and subsequent times. This was the work of Shakspeare,—a work as successful as it has been extensive, and which has linked his name with the lofty and grand of our literature.

Before alluding to any of the benefits of Shakspearian study to the student, I remark that his works should not be studied to the seclusion in any degree of the great object for which we are at school. I shall therefore speak of them only as to be taken up during the hour of leisure, or as a refreshing change from long attention to the classics of another tongue.

The study of Shakspeare is eminently useful to one who would be a good elocutionist. Although we hear much about oratory being a gift, and are told that he who speaks to interest his audience must be by nature a man of rare power, yet we find, by reference to history, that this idea is fallacious, and that the best orators have been those who have devoted the most attention to the study of ideas and the proper method of expressing them. This was the fact in regard to the ancient Grecian orators. Nor is it less true of the public speakers and readers of our time, whether in the pulpit, upon the rostrum, or the stage. Those who can command the largest and most intelligent audiences, and who leave the most lasting impression behind them, are persons who by study have obtained their ability. If this, then, is true, what is it best to study? Shakspeare's plays afford to the student of elocution a large opportunity to cultivate a wide range of capacity. In a correct oral rendering of his writings, almost every conceivable style of utterance and expression is demanded, from the cool wickedness of the miserly Shylock, the solemn and stately manner of Hamlet, in some of his meditations, and the fiery passion of Lady Macbeth, as she would do what her milder spouse hesitated to perform, down through the list of every varying characters, until we reach the half wise, half foolish words of his clowns, and the nonsensical babbling which he sometimes puts into the mouths of his lunatics. And can persons study and read these with care, and not find their power over the human voice increasing? What has given the leading actors of the last century their fame? What, but the study of Shakspeare? Why are selections from his dramas to be found in all the text books of elocution? Why, but because they afford the widest range of practice? It is urged that young women will not become public speakers, and but a few young men: hence this painstaking is unnecesasry. This premise may be true: yet where is a good reader more valued than at home? For his own personal pleasure, and the entertainment of his friends, he should do the best he can to become a good elocutionist.

Two scenes, gleaming with brightness, now rise before my memory,— one when in my early boyhood I sat at my mother's side, listening to the words of interest she read to me; the other, still more pleasant, when, later, I became able to spend delightful hours in her presence, striving to discharge that portion of the great debt I am conscious I owe to her, and equally conscious I can never repay.

The matter and style of a person's literary composition are improved by the study of Shakspeare. There is the most abundant evidence that of all the influences which unite to make a writer, there is no one so powerful as his reading. No one can constantly associate with another without being affected by that companionship; no more can a person bring his mind under the inspiration of the printed page, and feel the power of the author's words, without being influenced, to a certain extent, by his style. If those who have chosen for their favorites' works which are harmful, or have formed the habit of reading books which, although they may be of no evil in themselves, yet require no thought or study to comprehend them, such persons may bid farewell to proficiency in composition; while, on the other hand, he who reads and studies those books which demand and are worth attention, will find the strength and energy of his reading infused into his wisely wielded pen. The one attempts to draw water from a well, sustained by no fountain, the other seeks precious draughts from the stream supplied by the unfailing springs—the springs of a solid, healthful reading.

Let no one think he can imitate Shakspeare successfully, for such an one can only fail. How, then, shall we be benefitted by studying his works? As the painter gazes long and earnestly at the canvas glowing with the colors of a Raphael or Murillo, and catches some of their inspiration, although knowing he can never repeat their work, or fill their places, so we may look upon the genius of Shakspeare, and its wonderful creations, and admire that which we cannot hope to attain; and this will not fail of an influence upon our style, although it will make Shakspeares of none of us. The variety of his style is amazing. Now we are astonished at the boldness and extravagance of his hyperbole, and now delighted at the brilliant metaphors which crowd the measure of his verse. He wrote not always in strict accordance with the rules of rhetoric, but always so as to impress the desired point most forcibly upon the minds of his hearers, for his plays were originally written for the stage alone. In consequence of this, we have a style entirely his own, free from many of the conceits which abound in most of the Elizabethan writers, and which is better capable to instruct us and purify our style than all the others; that our composition may at least be worthy to be written in the same language as that in which the immortal bard penned his own words, still in the youth of their fame.

As a discipline of the mind, and a producer of thought, it is beneficial to study the plays of Shakspeare. There are single lines in his writings which will bear the study of days, and which would make excellent texts for prolonged discourse. How might both of these be amplified:—

> "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

and

> "Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides."

And besides the opportunity which is given to amplify ideas, the reader has before him examples of that still greater power, which enables some minds to condense into a sentence the ideas of a page.

There is another result which flows from the study of Shakspeare, which some may consider the most important of all. I refer to the knowledge of nature, (especially human nature,) which one may gain from his works. There are those whom necessity or inclination causes to see little of the world as it really is. These are dependent upon books for their knowledge of the great good and evil which exists beyond the circle of their observation. Of all books which can be read, there is no one which teaches so wisely, and so truly, as the book of Shakspeare. I say "no one." I mean here, and in other allusions of a similar character which I make, to compare Shakspeare with works of an earthly origin. The Bible, as regards its influence both upon the mind and soul, stands pre-eminently in advance of all human compositions. Its stories of life and character have never yet been equalled by the best delineations which man has made or can make. But among the works which the genius of man has created, Shakspeare stands the first for the instruction he gives in regard to the world about us. His descriptions are of a character which chain the attention. Inanimate objects glow with life beneath the magic touch of his pen; and he makes us see, as he sees, the beauty which perhaps before lay unnoticed around our pathway. But it is when he comes to tell us of man "noble in reason, infinite in faculty," that he rises to his full strength, and exhibits the greatest power of his genius. He describes almost every class which can be named,—good and evil of almost every grade can be learned at his feet. He places before our imaginations, by means of his own unbounded fancy, the lowest depths of fiendishness, and again the loftiest heights of mercy. Now he excites our wonder, as we gaze upon Lear, standing like some ancient temple, sublime in its ruin, and next he constrains our pity for the gentle Ophelia, crushed like the rose just commencing the bloom of beauty. So through the whole scale of vice and virtue he takes us, giving a glimpse of all we need to see to make us reasonably familiar with real life. He was himself intimately acquainted with nature's currents. This was the key to his merit. Says one of the most accomplished of his essayists:—"No man ever laid his head so close upon the great heart of nature, and heard so clearly the throb of her deep pulses." No wonder that he bound himself to us by ties which cannot be sundered, for there is one of his statements true of us all:—

> "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

UNION OF PURITY AND YOUTH.

BY R. C. STONE.

With joyous heart and spirits as clear
As Mount Ida's sacred atmosphere,
Essence of youth's hope and love,
Beauteous Hebe came bounding above
To Jupiter's awful throne,
Where that dread monarch sat alone.
Her snowy arms bore gracefully aloft
The crystal beaker that beamed and frothed
With immortal nectar; inspiring draught!
Which none but gods have ever quaffed.
Impetuous love o'ercame her care:
She, stumbling, spilled the nectar in the air.
Dark grew the frown along the Thunder's brow:
"Such carelessness I'll not allow,
"Be banished thou from my divine employ,
"Nor hope its favors hereafter to enjoy."
With awful nod he firm the mandate bound,
And shook his ambrosial curls in clouds around.
Dismay's black mantle o'er her heart a moment hung—
Then with sudden impulse away was flung;
Its pall but lent a brilliance to her beauty,
For now Hebe's free from every duty.
Impulse of heart alone her guide,
Love, Hope, and Youth, intensified
By perfect freedom. With cheerful adieu
She hastened the etherial regions through;
Downward joyfully to Delos' Isle,
Where chaste Diana, without guile,
Received the fair exile with welcome sweet,
And Purity and Youth in fond embraces meet.

OPPOSITION.

BY J. H. HARRIS.

Opposition is the great agency of action, known to inspire the world with a longing for a higher state. It matters not how unpleasant opposition may at first appear to us; it matters not though it seems at times almost to sweep us into a premature ruin; there is ever found flowing from its bitterest moments and strongest blasts a swelling tide of civilization. And as civilization, which implies culture, is man's greatest achievement, opposition is an element productive of much good.

Man gains but little advantage while his career is gliding smoothly along, uninterrupted, when compared with the improvement he makes while battling with the stern realities of life. What gave to the lower class of people at "Rome" the mind and *power* to rise above their oppressors? What is *to-day* doing more to elevate us in the scale of being, to place humanity on the same level, than many other forces combined? It is the influence of opposition.

Every spot upon the earth becomes brighter and brighter by this practice. "American Liberty" would have been forever hid in the plebeian of England had opposition been unknown to man. It was the cause of our Pilgrim Fathers forsaking their rural homes to build up the temple of God,—the result of which we need not be reminded. The men of the finest aud noblest parts have achieved their greatest power and influence by being opposed. The example of Abraham Lincoln, as well as those of many other noble men, owes much of its glory to his opponents.

We are unable to estimate the value of being roused from that lethargy which is so apt to come upon us while time glides smoothly along, until we consider the rapidity of the hours and moments. One by one they measure our allotted "three score years and ten;" no herald announces their approach; no voice proclaims their departure.

We are too apt to forget that our journey through life is just approaching its destination; and if we meet with no opposition we are still more careless, still more unmindful of the just duty we owe to ourselves and to our God. The infant prattles away its childhood. Its days are but stepping stones to a broader field of life and action.

Manhood finds us still negligent and regardless of the departing years,— still reaching after those things which, when won, prove but the "baseless fabric of a dream." Old age asserts its power; the trembling hand and weary footsteps proclaim that the earthly march is almost ended.

Thus we pass our best days in an uninterrupted dream. The dull and easy disposition of man, if not agitated to a certain degree by some repulsive agency, would become turbid, and unqualified to occupy the position designed it to fill. But, when man is forced to grapple with opposition, he exerts himself, puts forth an effort to accomplish his will. Many have thus lived and gained the pinnacle of fame.

Advance, ye, then, who have an inward longing for a higher state! Look around you! behold the harvest is rich, the fields are broad, and there is stretched out before you a vast extent in which to labor. Be not discouraged if the path is rough and the atmosphere dark. Prosperity is never won without trouble, and "he who can endure can overcome."

A. D., 1.

BY R. C. S.

Bound within the temple of Janus writhes grim war, his brazen shield, whose horrid clang sent terror to mankind, is dumb at his side. Mild-eyed Peace soothes a weary world. Jehovah's great plan is perfected by the incarnation of his Son, and the last sacred era on earth is born. It is winter.

> "Nature in awe to him
> Has doffed her guady trim
> To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
> Confounded that her Maker's eyes
> Should look so near upon her foul deformities."

Peace inaugurates the first year of our Lord, the origin of universal, infinite mercy. The seasons hasten in their yearly round with their choicest treasures to praise and honor the Holy Ghost. Thirty years have been gathered into the great garner of the Past, and the Saviour, coming forth from Jordan's baptismal waters, is greeted by the Spirit of God in Mercy's image, a dove, and here begins the career of love.

Three years more, and Jesus has opened a way to Heaven through human passions, lust, and power. His outstretched arms on Calvary's cross are the open portals of the New Jerusalem. Forty centuries of sin lay like a vast mountain in the Almighty's scales, but the Redeemer's precious blood washed all away. "He has risen," but his disciples carry the glad tidings near and far. Jerusalem, haughty, powerful, and cruel, pursues with unrelenting hatred the followers of the meek and lowly Saviour, impelled, by all the force of evil, to drive virtue from her midst. The sight of the holy blood she has shed maddens her hastening her destruction. For already fierce dissensions are arising among the people, and even the sanctuary of the Temple is defiled by the blood of the factionists. Blind fury fires the opposing mobs with the wildest passions. James, "the Just," the brother of Jesus, is slain in one of the riots, a deed of such wickedness that the Jews, although ignoring Jesus, are wont to ascribe it as the cause of Jerusalem's destruction. Ten years more brings the culmination of God's wrath on this hard-hearted and perverse race. The Roman army is his avenging arm, and marks the penalty of their sins in the miserable death of one million one hundred thousand Jews,—their Temple razed, "not one stone left on another,"—their city destroyed, and the nation sent into the world as an outcast, doomed to wander over the earth through long ages, with the mark of divine vengeance on its brows.

The remaining thirty years of the first century sees the establishment of the eight churches. The Kingdom of Heaven, "like unto a mustard seed," sends forth the first branches of that tree which is soon to extend over the world.

Persecutions, bitter and great, followed the devoted disciples. They suffered the most cruel tortures that human ingenuity, aided by the arch fiend, could invent. But these persecutions served as a wall of sorrow to keep out impurities and vice from them, preserving them in the simple virtue of the Saviour, and rapidly they gathered true, earnest hearts into their fold. The church at Ephesus was especially blessed by the presence of St. John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved," and who died in A. D. 100.

When no longer able by reason of age to participate in the meetings of the disciples, he would always dismiss them with the words, "My children, love one another." How beautiful the picture that is brought before us as we see the aged apostle,—he who had dwelt near the Saviour's heart, and heard the words of life as they fell from the sacred lips,—now extending his hands over the closing century, dismissing it with the sublime benediction, "*My children,* *love one another*," and reaching out towards the Future, ushers in the new century with the words as a blessing. And to day, with the holy associations of eighteen centuries clustered around them, these words come to the world, to Christians, to us. Let us cherish them and practice them.

TERRITORIAL ACQUISITION.

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

Nations, like individuals, have their peculiar traits of character. Each, influenced by race, by geographical position, and by history, obeys its master principle. And, too frequently, the character of the nation, warped by the undue influence of a quality in itself excellent, leads it to many an unjust action, sure to recoil with terrible force on its own head. But, whatever this propensity may be with nations, there is but one way in which it can be gratified: by the acquisition of territory. Military glory may be the goal of some country's ambition, yet territory is the only proof that it has been gained. "The jingling of the guinea" may be another people's delight, but without conquered provinces to plunder, without colonies to amass wealth in, whence shall it be obtained?

Our own nation has never shown itself the slave of a desire for military glory; it has freely expended treasure for an idea, hardly comprehended in the more material old world, still, though apparently free from those potent motives which have generally led other nations in this respect, we have, during the short period of our national existence, more than doubled our original territory. That this has been wisely done is undeniable. It was impossible for a narrow belt of States, reaching along a thousand miles of seacoast, extending but a short distance into the interior, and thus as relatively distant as they could be, to preserve strong national feelings. But a very slight advance westward brought the settlers on to the slope of the great valley. Their safety and prosperity required the control of its outlet, and the cession of this carried with it the dominion of the western as well as the eastern slope; of the mineral treasures of the Rocky Mountains, as well as the Alleghanies. The former, in their turn, demanded a nearer seacoast than the now distant Atlantic, and California, with its gold mines and its still richer eastern commerce, was added to the Great Republic.

Of a country thus bound together by nature, and extended by its influence, none but a determined opponent of free institutions can predict that interests will ever arise so opposed as to lead to its disruption, but it may well be doubted whether a like unity can be expected of any extensions without these natural boundaries, having a people of a different race from ours, and moulded by diverse climatic influences.

The commercial advantages of remote or even comparatively near maratime possessions are hardly greater than may be obtained from them under a friendly government. They necessitate an increase of the power of the central government always to be dreaded in a free country, and in war they are the points where a nation's honor can be most easily assailed, where its blood and treasure are most futilly expended.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

EDITORIAL.

Gentlemen of Philo:— Another term and also year of study has passed, and we are called upon to send forth another issue of the "Mirror," hoping that it will *reflect* as great credit on the labors of Philo as it has in times past. We naturally look to the end of this term with great pleasure, not only as the forerunner of a long vacation, but as the time of that long looked for transition from "Middlers" to "Seniors;" from "Juniors" to "Middlers."

Among the events of the term we notice two Lectures, under the auspices of the Senior Class, by those greatest of American orators, Phillips and Gough, which were of course fully attended, and were highly appreciated, as they deserved.

On the fourth of June, the speaking for the "Draper Prizes" for declamation took place in the Academy Hall, which was full, as it also was on the eighteenth, at the speaking of original compositions for the "Means Prizes." Both were listened to by an appreciative audience, and those who prepared themselves reflected great credit not only on their own efforts but also on the whole school.

Base ball has had of course its usual amount of attention, and the games for the Championship were unusually interesting. We have only to regret that all the grounds have not been made fit for use, as they do not favorably compare with the other surroundings of the Academy.

Although Philo has been kept in a somewhat excited state during the past term, still we hope (to use the *poetic strain*) that it is only "the cloud before the sunshine," and that it will shine only the brighter for the ordeal through which it has passed, and yet be the means of much good in this school. The "Mirror" has been well supported, although the "Editorial Corps" has been smaller than usual. We have taken the responsibility of opening the "Editor's Drawer," which for some reason has been closed, and although our first attempt has been on a small scale, we hope our successors in the "Editorial Chair," will look to its interests, and keep it open. And now we leave the "Mirror" in your hands, with the hope that you will

"Be to its faults a little blind,
And to its virtues very kind,"

remembering that its productions were penned by no veterans in composition.

During the *decline* which preceded the *fall* noticed below, the author of the following was one of the principal sufferers, and receives our sympathy:

OBITUARY.

We write of the decline and fall of the Mutual Club. Though born and brought up in poverty, it continued for three years to hold its place among the clubs of this most classical spot, Andover. Its history will always remain fixed in the memories of those who were accustomed to enter its gloomy precincts. A sad life it passed! From its very birth it struggled to give up the ghost, and after three long years of weary suffering its pallid existence and dreaded name passed away to regions where, we sincerely hope, abundance reigns.

In 1865, a band of men, stern in countenance and determined in purpose, grasped hands and solemnly vowed that henceforth they would "gnaw the file," and in order to do this founded the Mutual Club. Ah! that wicked file! It wore away their teeth. In one short year they "threw up the sponge," and gladly turned away to "milk and honey;" but their places were supplied by others, and they, too, looking upon the actions of their predecessors, gathered up their goods and followed another path. Why was this? Why could not this stern club, gifted with a beautiful name, flourish in the mellow air of Andover?

Hearken: A deep seated consumption from the very first had settled upon her. A consumption that had made her children robust and their pockets meagre. But, alas! they hungered for the delicacies of richer climes, and if their pockets must be meagre, let them be meagre in a better cause. They left their Alma Mater, and her lamp went out. In the Spring of 1868 she yielded up an unfortunate existence. No eye moistened in her behalf. She went down to her grave as gloomily as she had lived. O, ye Mutual men! if ever your feelings rebel against hunger, think only of your former Altrix Mater, and your whole self will rise up and call for food, food. We hear that there is to be another club after the character of the former Mutual Club. We give her success, though our hearts fail us. May she enjoy the better destiny that was denied her departed sister. A long farewell to the club that once sustained us.

OUR SPICE BOX.

Singleness of Purpose.—A sword with half a dozen edges would make a good *hash-cutter*, but a poor weapon.

Beefy Pluck.—A willingness on the part of some of the members of the clubs to die at the "steak" (stake).

Sambo.—Pomp, Ise been an' got lurnin; dis wurld am melted inside.
Pomp.—Den, sah, we'se all beggahs.
Sambo.—How am you to eloosidate dat idea?
Pomp.—Case we lib on a crust. Yah, yah; anodur niggah sold.

Why is a dog with his tail cut off, like a politician? Because he stumps it.

How were Adam and Eve taken out of Eden? *Snaked* out.

☞Since base ball is the rage of the season, we have the pleasure of giving the following description of a game which undoubtedly excited great interest at the time:—

BALL MATCH FOR THE CHAMPION JEWSHARP.

The day was glorious, and the sun, like a red hot frying pan, smiled calmly on the concourse of "Fem Sems" and "Phillipians," (not to leave out "Theologs,") which had assembled on the ball ground to behold the match between the Grasshoppers and Snails for the champion jewsharp. Phillips was there in all her glory. Here an infantile Junior creeps along, fearing lest he may get trod upon by some lordly Senior, or receive an unwelcome impetus in his rear by some Middler. Along the fence stand a row of Middlers. It surpasses the power of the pen to portray the characters of these sapient individuals. Half boy, half man, half fool, and half wise, half way between everything, and nothing,—all their qualities are embraced in that one word, "Middler."

But, behold, there approaches a lordly Senior. See how the Juniors tremble! see how the Middlers scowl! while the Senior, with a calm and placid smile on his countenance, steps forth the monarch of all he surveys; while behind all, is seen a row of Theologs, whom one who had an uncommon poetic talent, thus describes:—

"In his hat there was a brick,
Under that, and very thick,
Was his head.
Though his head was made of blocks,
Yet his purse was full of rocks,—
So they said."

* * * * *

"But I saw him after that,
When he wore a kinkey hat
On his head;
And his shoes were worn away,
While his pockets seemed to say,
'Nary red.'"

But the game commences. The Snails slowly creep to their various positions, and a lively Grasshopper, with glaring eye-balls, whacks the ball into illimitable space, which starts an upstart of a Snail in "right field" slowly after it. And thus the game goes on, with now and then a home run by some lucky Snail. The victory inclines first to one side, and then to the other. But at the end of the ninth innings, the Grasshoppers are declared the champions, and one bold Grasshopper seized the jewsharp, and sung as follows:

"A grasshopper sitting on a sweet shady vine,
On a sweet shady vine, on a sweet shady vine;
An old turkey gobbler came up behind,
And yanked him off that sweet shady vine."

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

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Thompson, A. H.	Searsport, Me.
Thompson, A. H.	Jamaica Plains.
Thompson, H. F.	Jamaica Plain.
Thompson, L.	Elizabeth, N. J.
Thompsen, C. E.	Baltimore, Md.
Thompsen, F. J.	Baltimore, Md.
Trow, W.	Madison, Ind.
Upton, F. R.	Peabody.
Wainwright, R. D.	Washington.
Walley, I C. B.	Boston.
Walsh, H. M.	Albany, N. J.
Wetherill, A. L.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Wild, H. F.	Rhinebeck, N. J.
Williams, J. A.	Uxbridge.
Williams, A. H.	San Francisco.
Williams, E. H.	Altoona, Pa.
Williams, S. W.	Nashua, N. H.
Woodman, R.	Bucksport, Me.

Total, - - 124.

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SPEAKING FOR THE "DRAPER PRIZES" FOR DECLAMATION, JUNE 4th, 1868.

First Prize,—S. W. WILLIAMS, NASHUA, N. H.
Second Prize,—C. F. CUTTER, PRINCEVILLE, ILL.
Third Prize,—C. P. LATTING, NEW YORK CITY.

Committee of Award.

Messrs. Cook, Stimpson, Chamberlain, Sanderson, and Prof. E. A. Park.

SPEAKING OF ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS FOR THE "MEANS PRIZES," JUNE 18th, 1868.

First Prize,—A. R. MERRIAM, Goshen, N. Y.
Second Prize,—C. F. CUTTER, Princeville, Ill.
Third Prize,—TALCOTT WILLIAMS, Harpoot, Turkey.

Committee of Award.

Rev. Joseph Bartlett, Warren F. Draper, Esq., Rev. Daniel Merriam, Rev. W. L. Ropes, Prof. J. Henry Thayer.

Vol. XIV. No. I.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

Philo Mirror.

Phillips Academy, Andover.

ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

FALL TERM, 1868.

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1868.

THE MIRROR.

J. E. Garland,
W. M. Groton, } Editors.
M. F. Cogswell.

Vol. XIV. NOVEMBER, 1868. No. 1.

MY BOOK.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

This is a cheerless day; the rain falls in an unbroken shower; dreary black clouds, overflowing with moisture, cover the heavens; the ground, a few hours before so firm and hard, now yields to every footstep; the tree trunks, at the fall of every rain drop, are spatttered with the slimy mud, and everything tells me that I can find no comfort out of doors. How blank a prospect! To be penned in the house for a whole afternoon! Can I endure it? Yes; for here at my side lies a book, whose author has rendered his name famous by his able works. Now can this book so please and interest me as to shut from my mind the feeling of restriction and the unpleasant day? But why ask such a question?

If I have any desire to cultivate my mind; if I wish to learn facts and strengthen my understanding to cope with subjects requiring depth of thought, I can be fitted in no other way than by becoming acquainted with the opinions of different authors upon subjects of which I know comparatively nothing.

I take my book in hand, and soon am absorbed in it, for I must keep the tightest rein upon my thoughts or I will lose the thread of argument. Soon the passage is finished, the book laid aside, and the brain begins its real work. New channels of thought are opened, which promise abundant space for meditation and improvement, and soon we feel able to grapple with subjects which shortly since we thought beyond our power.

Day after day and week after week we spend our spare moments with our books, learning to discriminate between the good and the bad, the true and the false, gradually but surely transforming our brains, here adding a truth, there clipping off a false impression, until the patches are far more numerous than the original fabric, and much more valuable.

Do we often think in how great a measure our opinions are formed from what we read? How the skillful author, interesting us in his favorite ideas, leads us, unconscious of his intentions, by the subtlety of his arguments, until our belief fully coincides with his, and we are as ready as he to speak in their favor?

As surely as we read a book, *so* surely do some impressions fasten themselves upon our minds, turning our views oftentimes in an entirely different direction from which they have ever taken before. Oftentimes, from the nature of the subjects we are reading, our minds do not readily grasp the thought, and a careful re-reading is necessary, and sometimes even a third perusal is required for its complete understanding.

By means of such books the power of comprehension is strengthened, and we are influenced to read whatever we think conduces to bring into active play our reasoning powers.

Whether our reading is of benefit to us or not depends on the character of the books almost wholly; if novels alone or in a great measure form our selections, then indeed but little good will be derived *after a certain point*, which is reached upon the perusal of but a few books of this class. This point is an insight into the plot and composition and the various methods used to alleviate tediousness. This result, as we stated before, can be reached after the perusal of but few of these works, for everybody knows that they are all, in a great degree, written alike; the various plots and different fertility of imagination, constituting their chief dissimilarities.

By using the term novel above, we do not wish to be understood as considering in that class all novels which etymologically belong to it. There is a wide difference between the novel written to inflame the passions and one which is written to illustrate some great truth or event; between a mere sensational story and one which makes us acquainted with the different phases in real life, which may be alleviated through our means.

The reading of a work of fiction is very well in its place, that is, as a rest from severer books, which tire the unaccustomed reader.

When we see the great advantages arising from the perusal of works of science, art, history, &c.; when we see all the foremost men so delight in reading, see the influence a good author acquires by his compositions, that the character of a nation, and, more than all, of private individuals, is molded in a great measure by their reading, how important it is, not only to read, but also to see that our selections are of the highest order, not chosen because they amuse, but because they contain the most instruction.

Well will it be worth our time to steal many an hour for our book, to nourish the bud till it shall burst forth into a beautiful flower, remembering that though all worldly wealth be torn from us, yet a man's knowledge is that which cannot be taken away.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY W. E. STANLEY.

In this age of resounding metals and ceaseless enterprise, the old landmarks of our ancestral customs are fast passing away. Already the iron track glides through our peaceful vallies, and the pure country air is tainted with the foul breath of the rushing locomotive. New ideas are clothing old usages in patent and fantastic garbs, until the genial soul of the past has been supplanted by the selfish love of personal interests.

While old customs have decayed and passed away from the habitations of men, like the moldering orchards about them, these old homesteads still stand, silent monitors of our early history and a departed ancestry. These old moss covered roofs, and crimson clapboards gleaming in the sunlight, have sheltered the human joys and sorrows of a century.

What is more picturesque than the sight of one of these old red houses just breaking into view through the flowering shrubs of Spring. The morning sunbeams leap from tree to tree, changing the dews of night into glittering gems. Awhile the rosy light lingers in the huge tree tops, and then descends with the sparkling drops, bathing house and lawn and lane with its fresh refulgence. How the antique windows sparkle with delight, and flash back a welcome to the coming day, and pour into the ancient rooms a ruddy morning greeting.

The sturdy farmer leads the docile cattle to the huge trough, while the creaking pole brings the mossy bucket, dripping from the well. Mark the proud arch of that horse's neck, and listen to the elastic beating of his restive hoof on the damp turf. Hear the deep breathing from those ponderous throats as the broad chested beasts plunge their quivering nostrils into the cooling draught.

All is life and animation, from the huge old mastiff shaking the morning dew from his shaggy fur, to the robin redbreast, adding a deeper tint to yonder blossoming peach.

The farmer's daughter, radiant with rustic beauty, dispenses from the broad door-stone the morning bounty to the feathery tribe. What a wild rush and sudden rally from all parts of the yard! What a clamor of unknown dialects! What exhibitions of rudeness! Now an unfortunate bantam finds itself riding, John Gilpin rate, around the yard, astride the neck of some frighted gobbler. An over zealous hen, vainly striving to carry off a tempting bit through a knot hole, only finds her unprotected head relieved of its dainty bit by some successful rival on the other side, an evident case of *foul* play.

The long bright days of Summer succeed, the waving fields yield beneath the glittering scythe. And now keen frost browns the hill sides, and rends apart the bristling burs. The golden corn and crimson carrots gleam from their massy bins, the docile sheep are sheltered by the towering stacks, and the lusty youth, with eager hounds, speed their way through the autumnal woods.

At last the sun, with his face ruddy from the chilling north winds, sends his crimson bars athwart the brown roof and sturdy trees, bids a cheery parting through kitchen windows, and then assumes the dusky mantle of night. Now the bright blaze leaps up in the old fire-place, and illumines the merry faces peering into its fiery depths for sportive omens. Here one fancies a magic glen peopled with salamanders, tossing their caps in air, as two huge logs, disturbed by the bustling dame, send their nimble sparks far up into the darkness of the capacious chimney; and there, another beats a speedy retreat before an angry chestnut that comes hissing from its roasting place. The creaking crane bears upon the flames a huge kettle of sap, and a premonitory note of preparation is struck from an antiquated violin.

Now the evening sports begin. The wise mastiff has long since drawn his massy paws under his shaggy coat, and the apprehensive kitten carefully conceals her imperilled tail under the friendly shelter of the old settle. The swiftly flying hours tire even the buoyant heart of youth, and soon the decaying flames flicker alone in the gathering gloom. Now some outburst from the glowing hearth illumines the solemn face and ancient garb of the old family clock, plays along the brass trimmings of the secretary, and then hastily retreats across the darkening floor. Then the mournful winds sigh through the waving elm branches, and clash their arms against the chattering casements.

How full are those stained beams and time warped ceilings of the domestic scenes of a century. How many little feet have gathered around that blazing hearth, listening with awe at the wild roar of the winds in the massy throat of the huge chimney! How, older grown, they go through the outer door, bearing the burdens of life, and then they sit by the cheerful blaze, and time pencils silvery lines in their glossy locks; and then the old chair is vacant, and new faces gather around the old fire-place.

The damp moss clings to the decaying eaves, the relentless woodpecker probes the heart of the roof-tree, and the winter blasts scatter its branches over the brier-encumbered ground. Joyful voices no longer ring through those deserted chambers, and the hearth fire flickers — and — *has gone out.*

Alas! like all earthly joys the glory of the old mansion has departed, and its tenantless hulk blackens in utter desolation.

ONE NIGHT.

BY R. WOODMAN.

I sat in my window one evening,
After the sun had set,
Watching the shadows slow creeping
Up from the golden west.

Soon the last glow had faded,
Out of the western sky,
And the hours began to lengthen,
And the whippoorwill to cry.

Then night came up in her chariot,
Driving her coal-black steeds;
Spreading her mantle of darkness
Over the land and seas.

And as I sat in the stillness,
Held by its subtle spell,
I communed with the unknown spirits,
That in the shadows dwell.

They seemed to hover around me,
Whispering midst the gloom,
Gathering from every quarter,
Filling the very room.

They drew me away from the present
  Into the world of theirs,
Doing away with all sorrows,
  Bidding farewell to all cares.

Suddenly there came from above me
  A fiery gleam of flame,—
Then the crash and the roar of thunder,
  And the dashing of the rain.

Then the spirits fled in darkness,
  Leaving me there alone;
Vanishing into the shadows
  Back to their hidden homes.

At last the thunder grew fainter,
  The lightning gleamed less from the stars,
Again darkness and silence enwrapped me,
  Held by their magic bars.

But my spirit tossing within me,
  Longed for the break of day.
And my heart with eager desire
  Watched for the sun's first ray.

And a bitter, angry feeling,
  Came where peace had been,
Making me hate my Creator,
  And envy my fellow men.

Wishing my burden were lighter;
  Thinking my cares were too great;
Saying my life was "shadowed"
  By an unfriendly fate.

Thus murmuring and repining
  I fell to sleep at last,
With my head bowed down on the window,
  Unmindful of the past.

I woke at dawn next morning,
  After my troubled night,
And I looked on the eastern hills,
  Bathed in the sun's first light.

And as the sun rose slowly,
Heralding in the day,
Like oil on troubled water
To my spirit seemed to say,—

Joy will come after sorrow,
As day cometh after night.
After our midnight of troubles
Soon there will be light.

THOUGHT.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Some seven thousand centuries have slowly brought the earth we can almost say, even to the outskirts of its ideal. Through this long period history has woven the thoughts and actions of men. Since the creation thought has held its sway as a foremost power, and before it action has bowed, and will, of a necessity, still continue to bow. Man has been compelled to harbor it, or his actions would contain no power in themselves, and therefore would exert no influence on those things to which they are directed. The schemer employs the deepest thought to mold well his intentions. The theologian prefers the profoundest thought to discover those truths for which he is searching. The man of science contents himself with the most intricate thought to work his way to discoveries. All sciences must therefore require thought of the most searching kind, though those sciences taken separately may prefer it in different characters. These different shades of thought, each applying directly to its separate use, are continually interweaving themselves through the world's history, binding the future closer to us, and throwing a light over the gloom of the past. Though they branch off in different directions, still there has been but one point towards which they all aim, the enlightenment of a benighted mankind. Here we notice one of the great blessings of creation. These different lines of thought, running off in different directions, each gathering its separate and peculiar knowledge, serve to make a whole, beneficial to the happiness of man and greatly important to progress. When we look back through the world's history we can perceive where thought has risen, and can easily trace its progress; we can note its effects upon the actions of men; we can find in the tyrant, the schemer, and mark well his evil plans and disastrous purposes; we can discover in the philosopher, the deep thinker, and understand his well directed efforts towards the happiness of his fellow creatures. But there is one part of the subject which we do not so readily perceive; the origin and growth of thought in the human mind. There is a great deal said and much written as advice for the purpose of bringing thought into its natural activity; to bring it out of a dormant state in which, it is said, it rests until wakened. Thought *never* rests dormant. Around the dead reason of the lunatic it flits, and betrays its presence in the clutching of the hand or starting of the body. From infancy it holds its sway in the mind, and rules until death. It twines itself through and around the brain, pushing it on to success, or fortifying it against the evil effects of misfortune. All its growth is accomplished without help. Yet, disregarding all this, we must remember its cultivation. The earnest student wishes no advice to aid him in nourishing and strengthening thought. He wishes no printed work telling him how to expand his mental powers. The puzzling classical sentence and the difficult problem are all he desires. He wishes the crooked derivation of a Greek or Latin word to strengthen thought; he wishes the winding problem to give to it patience; he elevates it by hard and severe study, depending upon his own exertions, and at the end is able to carry into the world a strong mind, a hardy purpose, and a keen intellect. In metaphysics, he is expert; in philosophy, he is a good judge; in all the sciences he understands, and when he composes his writings that same clear precise discipline which he obtained from hard study will guide him to success. He will suffer no conclusion to be made which he himself does not understand; he will endeavor to guard his statements against criticism; he will not resemble the unskilled inquirer, who, building his frail craft of conjecture, is regardless of proof and argument as ballast, but launching it with his own safety on a stormy sea of opinion, does not hesitate to tear it in pieces for weapons against assailing opponents, thus sinking himself and his views, while if he had avoided these dangers, and steering through these boisterous scenes had sought the calmer parts, and seasoned his statements, making them a firm strength in themselves against the furious howlings of a weak reasoning, he might have given to the world opinions that would have raised his fellow creatures to higher thought. Thus is much that would have been valuable lost. Through immaturity, opinions are sunk amid a few stormy words, which if the owner had allowed to ripen into strength would have been as favors to the world.

Therefore let us hold that thought is a growth in itself, though continually requiring exercise to sever its impurities and to give it accuracy and strength.

A GLANCE AT THE POLITICAL FUTURE.

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

In most nations, parties are coeval with their existence, for it is difficult to effect a change in an unwritten constitution, and the effort often causes its destruction. In our own land, its rapid growth, the ease with which an organization is made, and the disturbing influence of an enormous immigration, have caused in eighty years an unexampled number of parties; each required by some principle, which settled, the party gave place to its successor; often the party machinery is retained, but usually the new issue is so different that there is a disruption of old combinations. The late elections seem to show the country's endorsement of Congressional reconstruction, as at least the best of two evils, and it has thus dictated to the government a policy aiming at justice, even through means more or less unconstitutional. This decision disposes of the last issue arising directly from slavery, and from the past we may safely conclude that the parties who have fought its battles will disappear or largely change their membership.

With great insubordination neither has a clear national policy. Especially is this true of the younger party; founded to resist slavery, it has more than fulfilled its destiny, but in so wide a struggle, fought over the ballot-box and the battle field, it has accepted all aid offered, and, the contest over, with men of every shade in its ranks, it has no marked policy to control them by except on questions relating directly to the main issue. Its course thus far has resembled that of the Federal party, but, for this reason, and because the issues of the twenty-five years after the reorganization of the constitution can not be as negative as those of a like period after its organization, we can hardly predict that like it, its purpose gained, it will assume the dignified position of a protesting minority. Its antagonist had once a national policy, but it has been so often changed in the defense of slavery that it does not deserve the name.

Though composed of more homogeneous materials, the strong effort made by a powerful wing at the beginning of the campaign, and again at its close, to gain its assent to doctrines opposed to those it supports, shows the discord in its ranks, and when it has to shape its course on novel issues, without the direction of party traditions, it may well be doubted if party discipline will prevent secession from its ranks.

The financial question alone will necessitate great changes in existing parties, or the formation of new ones. Present appearances would seem to show unerringly which solution will have the prestige of either name; but each party has ardent supporters of the easiest and most honest payment of the debt, and as neither Democrat nor Republican will be willing to join a camp they have opposed, two new parties, untrammeled by any records, will be demanded. But, however supported, the success of the only honorable and honest payment of the debt, the only one by which not only the honor of the country but still more of the free institutions of which it is a type can be kept blameless, is almost certain, when we remember the Anglo Saxon's belief that a promise is sacred, and that this is aided by the direct and still more by the indirect influence of the nation's religion.

Next in interest to the financial question will be the adoption of a policy for the extension of our national domain, already partially inaugurated by the purchase of Alaska. All previous additions have been prompted by internal necessities, not by external advantages; in a country still maturing its institutions and yet to be tested, this was natural, but a government, proved as ours has been, is not an experiment.

While annexation was a necessity, it was not made a party issue; but in the future, geographical reasons will not have such weight, and the differing opinions of the benefit to accrue from further acquisition will make this an important issue; but the Anglo Saxon, the best colonizer in the world, has rarely refused to annex, and the party gratifying this love is likely to succeed. The opportunities to annex will be numerous; the late revolution will loosen the ties that unite Cuba to Spain, the "dominion" scheme shows England's desire to segregate her colonies, and these, with other countries near us, are likely to seek admittance, now slavery is gone. But this policy contemplates adjacent possessions. If the Pacific Railroad gives this country the Eastern trade, a policy of colonial acquisition may be needed,—for every nation that has had this trade has owned numerous colonies that fell from its grasp with the decadence of its Oriental commerce,—and ere a quarter of a century has passed, the starry flag may be floating on the Asiatic coast from the Amoor to the Indus.

With Europe our relations will probably be amicable; through the recognition by England and Germany of the right of self expatriation, the only cause that for fifty years has threatened war is removed, and none are likely to risk war with a nation, that owns the granaries and seems likely to hold the thoroughfare of the world.

THE TEACHER'S TRIALS.

BY F. E. SHERMAN.

No one knows how many trials the teacher is subject to except one who has undergone them. Perhaps we may conjecture a few without that experience. Take a young man in his first school. He goes into the schoolroom, full of determination to make everything move along just as he pleases. Perhaps he has heard of the trials of a teacher, and thinks he will get along without the usual fuss.

At nine o'clock he rings the bell, and the scholars are soon in order, awaiting further directions. If he then opens the school with an earnest, fervent prayer, in my opinion, he is more likely to succeed than if he pushes on, trusting in his own strength and ability. Suppose he proceeds to business immediately. He must be very careful what he does the first day, for every eye is upon him more that day than any other, for he is a new teacher, and every one wants to see him. A single action that day may spoil his reputation as a teacher. For should he incur the dislike of the scholars the first day, he will be likely to do the same on the second, and so on.

The representatives of so many families returning home at night all express their opinions by word or action, and thus his reputation will soon be established in the minds of most persons, especially if he is disliked. Dependent upon this decision is the question, Does he have the full co-operation of parents and children? And it is eminently dependent on this whether he succeeds or fails in teaching. For if the school does not like him he will probably dislike the school, and becoming discouraged will cease teaching altogether.

On the other hand, if he seeks help from God, and is successful, he is freed from one trial certainly, that of giving up teaching as something impracticable for him.

Once firmly established as an experienced teacher, he has many trials of a different nature. Some one scholar, badly disposed, determined to make his teacher all the trouble he can, will cause him more trials than forty well disposed ones, in whom he can place confidence. Again, the delinquencies of the unmeaning, the blunders of the careless, the negligence of the indolent, the noise of the restless, all bring their trials; and so we might enumerate the many different tempers of such a number of persons. And when we think that a teacher must suit all these, or be disliked, how the difficulties and trials of the teacher rush upon our imagination? These may be alleviated in a measure by each one striving to please his teacher in everything.

Now *we* are scholars, and our teachers have trials as well as other teachers. It becomes us then as scholars to act our part rightly, both from respect to them and to ourselves, and as .exhibiting those christian principles which we profess to love, and by which our lives are supposed to be, and *should* be, governed.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

Imagine yourself standing upon the plateau of Sebastopol, looking down into the valley below; immediately behind you are the entrenchments of the French, strongly garrisoned and frowning with guns. Below and nearly across the valley are four conical hillocks, rising above one another, as they recede. On the top of each is built a strong redoubt, defended by the Turks. On your right, at the distance of a mile, is seen the Tower of Balaklava,—the French line can also be traced until it is lost by a projecting hill,—while on your left and almost behind you, the same entrenchments continue. At the foot of the plateau, and starting out from its base, is a level plain, on the other side of which (three miles distant) is a mountain range, rising very gradually. This range, by taking a sudden turn, almost at right angles with its proper course, forms the side of the valley opposite to the redoubts, and up which you are looking; all along its sides and summit are planted batteries, held by the Russians.

Directly at your feet are the encampments of the English; a little towards the right, Guards and Highlanders; beyond, two batteries, with their supports; while below, and within range of these guns, is the cavalry camp of Lord Cardigan; beyond all can be seen the white tents of the 93d Highlanders, encamped in front of the Town. Farther in advance, and midway between the Highlanders and Turkish redoubts, you can distinguish the cavalry lines. Such was the position of the two opposing armies on the eventful morning of the 25th October, 1854.

As the sun rises and lights up the valley, far away in the distance and almost at its farther extremity are dark masses of armed men, slowly advancing; and as the orb of day ascends still higher it falls upon that black mass, and instantaneously—as if by magic—it is changed to life and animation, and the light reflected from thousands of Russian bayonets is absolutely dazzling. This force is composed of six compact masses of infantry, just debouched from the mountain passes, and is slowly advancing up the valley. Immediately on their front is a regular line of artillery, composed of twenty pieces. Behind these guns, and in advance of the infantry, are enormous bodies of cavalry, in solid squares, three on each flank. Such a sight a man perhaps sees in a lifetime, the whole valley lit up with the blaze of sabres and glitter of arms; while close to you and on either side you see the Zouaves, lying like tigers ready for the spring, with rifles in hand. Below the Zouaves are the Turkish gunners, in the redoubts, all in confusion as the shells of their enemies burst over them.

See! the Russians advance to storm redoubt No. 1! Its defendants make barely a show of defence, and then break and run for No. 2, and in the same manner Nos. 2 and 3 are lost and won. It is evidently the object of the Russians to attack Balaklava.

At this instant, their whole force of cavalry, 3500 strong, came in upon the gallant 93d, drawn up in line. They halted for an instant only. Says an eye witness, "The silence was oppressive; between the cannon bursts one could hear the clinking of sabres in the valley below; and then in one grand line they charged; the ground flew beneath the horses' feet as they dashed on towards that thin red streak tipped with a line of steel. See! how the Highlanders receive that charge! a cloud of dust and smoke envelopes the spot, and nothing is heard save the roar of musketry, volley upon volley, and the clash of sabres; suddenly the tumult ceases. Oh!

what a moment of suspense, and then the cloud is caught by a gust of air, and almost instantaneously is dispersed.

There stands the gallant 93rd, while far away are the Russians fleeing in every direction. Falling back upon their supports, they rally and once more advance, this time not to meet their former conquerors, but the veteran squadrons of Lord Lucan.

Hark! hear that bugle sounding the charge, clear and distinct it sounds out, and the English squadrons charge directly for the centre of the Russian line. There is a clash, and a flash of sword blades in the air, and they disappear in the midst of the shaking line. No quarter was asked and none was given, in that fearful struggle which followed, blood for blood and life for life. Soon the rout was complete, and the Russians utterly dispersed.

Now that the Russian cavalry had been put to flight, Lord Raglan, scanning the ground, saw that the moment had come to recover the redoubts and recapture the English guns. The infantry force of the allies, which was encamped behind the French works, had not as yet reached the field, and he, judging that the lines of the enemy were not strong enough to withstand the cavalry, sent an order to Lord Lucan to advance the Light Brigade, and to take the advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights. . This order Lord Lucan disregarded. He moved the Light Brigade a few hundred yards, halted it, and waited.

Precious moments were passing. Lord Raglan saw all this, and looked to see his order executed; he also saw the Russians bringing up horses, with which to drag away the guns. Then to Lord Lucan he sent the following words: "Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy's carrying away the guns." Could an order be plainer? Yet this is the order which Lord Lucan chose so to misconstrue as to bring on this disaster to the Light Brigade. When he read this, he turned to Capt. Nolan, its bearer, and broke out into an angry criticism, declaring it impossible. Nolan answered, "Lord Raglan's orders are that the cavalry should attack immediately." "To attack what?" said Lucan. Nolan replied, "There are the guns and gunners, my lord," at the same time pointing to the twenty guns drawn up in position at the other end of the valley.

We now come to that charge,— perhaps the greatest and most fool-hardy act ever performed by man; fool-hardy indeed, when we consider that those 600 men charged the entire Russian army.

Pause and think; think of riding a mile through a line all bright with the flash of cannon and gleam of musketry! Think of the nerve that those men must have possessed,—muscles of iron indeed, and nerves of steel! It is at such times as this that men show true courage.

It was in this charge that Lord Cardigan distinguished himself, and won such bright laurels. Having drawn up his brigade, and placed himself at its head, he gave the order to advance; and at this most critical moment he displayed his great love of military order. Every man was in his place, and the ranks were as well formed and as well preserved as on parade. Captain Nolan, who was the bearer of the order, accompanied the charge: perhaps a braver man never lived, but he had the one great fault of being impatient. Riding up and down the line he encouraged the men, and perpetually asked Lord Cardigan for the order to charge.

Among the first to fall was the gallant Nolan, riding far in advance of his men, even before Cardigan himself, he was struck by a piece of shell; falling to the ground, his foot became entangled in the stirrup. His horse becoming frightened, ran back upon the brigade, dragging him as he went. At this sight the fury of the men knew no bounds, and regardless of order, charged, Lord Cardigan himself leading.

Oh! that must have been a grand sight, and yet at the same time a sad one; grand in overcoming every obstacle, and making for those twenty guns which were hurling death and destruction into their very midst, killing and wounding on every side. Sad, when one thinks of the hundreds of brave men that lost their lives gallantly fighting for their country.

Fearful was the havoc made in those ranks as shot after shot poured into that living mass, and swept down file upon file.

On, on rushed those 600 horse, making the very earth tremble, and leaving the dead and dying to mark their wild career, on to that cloud of smoke which enveloped those twenty guns. Quickly they are silenced, and the smoke rolls off, revealing to the sight of the anxious spectator a terrible hand to hand conflict; the gunners, with sabres in hand, endeavoring to resist, some even fighting with clubbed muskets; but such an unequal fight cannot last long; human flesh and nerve could not stand that fearful strain. So after a short but brave defense the Russians fled, and with them all the pluck of the czar's forces.

The Light Brigade, now scarcely numbering 300, pursued the flying foes, killing them by the hundreds. No one showed more bravery than its gallant leader; pressing onward with a mere handful of his followers, he continued the pursuit until most of his men were disabled; then he sounded the retreat, which was but a repetition of the advance, as—

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,—
Left of six hundred."

Great was the enthusiasm with which that remnant was received by the allied army, but it was a dear and bloody victory. Nobly was it undertaken, and grandly was it performed.

KING LEAR.

BY F. S. HATCH.

This tragedy does not seem like a play, but rather, like a story of life; of life in an age when virtue, as well as vice, was regulated by a barbarous standard, to be sure; but yet none the less real and affecting. The story of the play is older than the times of Shakespeare, but to him belongs the credit of giving to the plot its double characters, and of uniting the whole in a manner so skillful that the parts of each seem exactly adapted to the other. In the narrative portion of the play there is nothing forced; some, indeed, have thought the climax might be altered for the better, but the greatest attempt to amend it which has ever been made was a signal failure. The plot of the tragedy cannot be improved. In examining the *characters* and the *style* of the play, we are none the less influenced by the beauty and skill here displayed. In the individuals portrayed in this tragedy we find marked contrasts. Vice and virtue are presented in strong coloring, and in a manner which makes the one hideous and the other lovable. The characters of Cordelia and Edgar excite our warmest admiration, and their misfortunes our affectionate sympathy; while Goneril, Regan, and Edmund, the true man can only despise, and their fate seems but the proper punishment which sleepless justice, after long delay, assigns to them.

If the contrasts are plainly defined so also are the similarities. Both of these are characteristic of all society; no one mingles with the world without noticing the lines of demarkation, and the affinities which everywhere exist. To the close observer, the meeting of Lear and Edgar in the hovel is by no means surprising; real life presents similar scenes as strange.

Lear occupies the central position of the drama. A character whom no pen since Shakespeare has been able to describe, and no player to act, he stands before us the personification of human misery, and an example of human passion as yet unequalled. The character of Kent should not be passed without notice; he and the Fool, "who was not a fool," seem at one time to be all the friends poor Lear could call his own, after his separation from his daughter, in whom he had placed such blind confidence. Uncompromising, firm, and faithful to his sovereign, he not only tried to teach him wisdom at court, but assumed the garb of an hireling, that he might serve, in his misfortunes, that king whose last official act was to proclaim him an outlaw. His passionate exclamation in the first scene is characteristic:—

"Be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad."

These are the men which every fading sovereignty needs. Women like Cordelia and men like Kent are the persons who bring to our minds the fact that all good is not yet crushed from the earth, fallen and depraved though it may be.

The touches of Shakespeare's master pen are visible in every scene of King Lear; from beginning to end the interest does not flag; it is manifest everywhere; from the sublime grandeur of that scene of the old man, defying the heavens and the storm, to the most commonplace utterance of the most commonplace character. The whole ends well, for a tragedy. Death and sorrow all accumulate here; we leave the play with sadness proportionate to the interest we have felt in the several characters, yet feeling that no other climax would have been appropriate.

We notice a peculiarity in this play worthy of attention; the personages whom we recognize as prominent do not take a leading part in the events which are dramatized. We feel that Cordelia is one of the principal actors in the sad drama, yet we see but very little of her, and hear only a few words, from that "soft, gentle, and low" voice, which said

"I am sure my love 's
More richer than my tongue."

Edgar, also, although appearing in the play more frequently than Cordelia, is present to our minds as a sufferer more than as an actor.

For me to undertake to criticise or explain King Lear would be assuming a knowledge of Shakespeare to which I certainly lay no claim; and this, especially, when so many critics and commentators confess their inability to do justice to a tragedy so crowded, at once, with passion and sublimity. I can only call your attention to its wonderful interest and beauty, and suggest its careful study. I would mention, for the benefit of those who desire to examine it attentively, the works of Johnson, Drake, Lamb, Douce, Hazlett, Hudson, and White, who have each given the subject more or less critical study, and whose comments are of exceeding value to the student of King Lear.

Two ideas, by no means new, have been impressed upon my mind more forcibly, by the study of this play, than ever before. One, the wickedness of ingratitude, that "marble-hearted fiend," which so often reveals itself in our mortal existence, disappointing the fondest hopes which love has kindled, and oftentimes embittering a whole life by its terrible curse. The other, the valueless character of words, which, pretentious though they may be, are not founded on real affection. Although the other daughters professed great kindness, yet time proved Cordelia, the silent lover, to be the only one who possessed

> "A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable."

It is the misfortune of our day, that the Gonerils and Regans outnumber, by far, the Cordelias, and the *profession* of much friendship and affection is so often esteemed the same as its *possession*. The play of King Lear seems calculated to dispel this illusion; and if it attracts some to its pages by its beautiful style, and teaches them to be more grateful and loving to those to whom they are indebted, it will indeed be worthy of the high encomiums which two of its many admirers have bestowed upon it, and may justly be called, "The most admirable and wonderful work of human genius," and "The greatest and noblest achievement of the greatest and noblest of poets."

PERU.

E. C. INGALLS.

Peru! How dread and dreary now thy shores,
Where but a few short days and weeks ago
In peace and plenty all thy people dwelt,

And were rejoicing, as do other lands,
In hope, prosperity and quiet homes.
Thy busy cities now have ceased to be;
Thy stately halls and kingly palaces
Are laid in ruin, and no merchandise
Or stores of wealth are longer found in them.
Those homes are desolate, and mourning fills
The places where but yesterday was joy.
Whence comes this dire destruction and these fears,
This great calamity, these thousand deaths?
That day, that fatal day of woe, did dawn
As other days are wont; the morning sun
Did rise in glory o'er those mountain peaks
As ever it had done in all the years
Gone by, and bathed their rugged sides in light,
And sparkled in the dew drops, and did guild
Old ocean's heaving bosom far and wide,
As in the ages past,—without a sign
Of what would follow ere the stars came forth
Again. The vesper hours were drawing near,
And all the busy people had returned
From labor to their homes; when suddenly,
As in a moment, all is changed. Old earth
Is from foundation to foundation moved,
The mountains are brought down, the little hills
Do wrench their hands in agony; awhile
With subterranean mutterings dire, as of
A demon horrid thundering far below,
The plains do quake and rumble everywhere,
And starting open, from the gaping earth
Send belching forth dark clouds of dust and smoke
And stifling gases o'er the ruined towns.
Yea, thrice repeated are these woes, and then
The sea, as if it too must have a hand
In this most terrible display, recedes
Far back into itself, but only to
Return again with four-fold power to flood
The plain, and on its briny waters bear
Away all trace of wealth or comfort from
Those shattered dwellings; and the angry surge
Dispels the last faint hope of thousands, who
Have taken refuge on the mountain side,
And eagerly are watching all that's done

Within the busy city since the morn.
Amid the ruin and the death they see
Perchance, their own loved friends; they see them fall
Among the crashing timbers, swallowed up
Within the fissures of an opening earth.
Or crushed by rolling boulders from the top
Of craggy mountains. Thirty thousand full
Thus perished on that fearful day of death;
And thousands who escaped the worst, for days
Are starving on the hill tops, destitute
Of food, of friends, of homes, of all but life.
Alas! How dread and dreary now those shores,
Where peace, prosperity, and plenty were.
And are there none to mourn with thee thy loss,
Or tell the story of thy sudden fate?
With wonder and pity do we read
The story of this great phenomenon,
And never shall forget the day or year
When such swift ruin and dismay were brought
Upon thy land to make it desolate.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

BY LEVERETT MEARS.

From the commencement of the first page of history has mankind endeavored to devise some means by which he might either have great influence or power over the minds of his fellow men; and this has been the subject, we might say, of more thought than any other with which man has come in contact.

But only in this enlightened age has it begun to dawn upon the human race that its attempts in the past have been in the wrong direction, and the generations of to-day behold only the ruins of their useless attempts, not once thinking that within themselves lay a latent power, which, if expanded in a proper manner, would give them more power for good or evil than all other means combined.

From their birth onward, we see these two powers conflicting with each other, and finally, after repeated struggles, we see knowledge crowned as victor. But if this is the only motive for developing the mind, if some foolish purpose is the only incentive for expanding this latent power, it is limited by no crime, however great. It is a foolish belief, which some persons have, that "knowledge is power," when used for our selfish purposes. We alone are responsible for its use and influence. "What sculpture is to a block of marble in the hands of the artist, education is to the human soul." The power lies within ourselves, and according to the manner in which that education is molded, in like manner our influence over others is gained or lost.

Knowledge is a great leveler. No matter how high or low a man may be in the world's esteem, all must commence on the same level, at the same starting point, and strive to reach the same goal. Well might Archimedes say, "There is no royal road to learning," but yet while the path for distinguishing ourselves in life is rugged and hard, this is the common highway for *all* in which they may travel to reach the summit of the mount of knowledge. The few victories of earth's greatest conquerors will be forgotten, but the numberless conquests knowledge has achieved, will be immortal.

THE RELIGION OF THE MIND.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

A divine providence has given to us a religion of the heart. Men are brought to feel, through its influence upon the world, that they are not entire without it. The pagan, groping amid the dark labyrinths of an unsatisfying religion, selects his idol and cherishes it to his heart as something upon which to rest his faith, and as a protection in time of danger. The disciple of God bares his heart to the divine influence for his own comfort, and that he may hold a happier relation with the exterior world; he desires that his path should be lighted by the divine rays of a nourishing religion. In short, every class of man has its religion of the heart. History affirms that the success of a nation depends almost as much upon its faith as upon its mode of government. It seems to be one of the grand laws of nature that in every person's heart there must exist a religion in some form or other, and thus is the happiness of man increased by possessing a foundation upon which to base the edifice of his life. And thus is it with the mind. It follows but one religion, it bows before one shrine only, it holds to one single solid faith, and that is work.

There is one comparison which we would wish to make, namely: The mind with nature. There seems to be a law extending throughout the universe, influencing the smallest as well as the greatest object; this object comes under the simple head, Work. In looking at this law, or rather word,—I call it law because the very word itself has the bearing of a command,—we scarcely notice the great influence it sustains to nature. In it we find all the elements that serve to make up the beauty of creation; upon it we discover all those forces which act as the machinery of nature, depending.

Such a power should not be passed over slightingly; it has too great an importance to be neglected. I may say here that we are altogether too apt to overlook that which is truly wonderful, because it is common; and thus has it fared with work. I do not believe that nine-tenths of the world have really sought to understand this force; some have gained a knowledge of it by experience, others by observation. The power it has with nature, the influence it exerts upon man, the authority it possesses throughout creation, are scarcely studied or even thought of. This is the great subject upon which we now wish to bear our whole attention.

There seems to be a wonderful likeness between the mind and external nature. The comparison of the landscape is comprised in the imagination. We may as well remark here, that judging from the past,—and we hold it a lamentable truth,—the imagination has been the basis of thought; but we sincerely hope the time will come when thought will be founded upon sound substantial fact.

As the landscape holds its general bearing to the specific of its objects, so does the imagination to its dependents. We compare the mountains with lofty thought; the rivers with the rills of knowledge that exist in a cultivated intellect; thus we can go on, picking out the different objects of nature, and almost always finding an equivalent in the mind. We can well nigh say that the mind is a miniature nature. This may at first appear fanciful, but if we think a moment, we can readily perceive the propriety of such a comparison. We cannot thoroughly understand the mind any more than we can nature; for we look upon it as we would a country covered with forests; we can see the tops of the trees, but no farther. Now the same relation that work bears to nature, we hold it bears to the mind.

We have seen, with an imperfect view, the importance of this law to nature, and as great an importance does it hold to the mind. It seems to have been established by the great and good Divine

Favor, that the mind of every man must possess this law in some degree, just as the heart of every man must possess some kind of religion. The heart exults in the law of religion, the mind in that of work; two elements that almost serve to make up mankind. Without this characteristic the mind would be plunged into that terrible evil, melancholy; it would become exceedingly unhealthy, and finally it would be overthrown by that last and awful calamity, insanity. Here we see the advantage of this great law. By it the mind is kept in a state of activity, enabling it to repel all unhealthy ideas, that are always ready to connect themselves with the intellect. We can go no farther. We have endeavored, though perhaps unsuccessfully, to gain an insight into this subject.

It is only left for us to say, do not by any means, if you value the security of your minds, neglect work. Cherish it in the very broadest sense of its great meaning.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY W. E. STANLEY.

How beautifully rest the golden rays of the setting sun on the variegated landscape. How picturesque the robe that Dame Nature dons as she awaits the cold blasts and spotless mantle of winter. Here towers a fiery maple from the dark evergreen, until its plume mingles with the flush of the sunset clouds.

Long columns of forest trees march from their secluded vales, and rear their topmost ranks upon the lofty hills, to gather in their sturdy arms the dusky glow of departing day. Here the village spire lifts its penciled form above the flaming foliage, and there the dark shadows are struggling among the brown house tops.

A silver river creeps from yonder blue hills, and playfully dashes its golden spray over the mossy stones of the old milldam. Sunlight and shadow gleefully skip around the mammoth chimney of yonder antiquated dwelling, while the distant summits gleam along the horizon like the delectable mountains.

All is radiant and beautiful. The grand procession of splendors comes from behind; every spear of grass and trembling leaf beneath our feet adding glory; and sweeping in river, plains and hills, marches to the sunset, with ensigns waving, amid the soft zephyrs of the evening breeze.

Then above the assembled hosts of earthly splendor rise the glory of an illumined heaven, and an over-arching dome of royal frescoes with hues no human genius can imitate; glory that no pen can describe, and magnificence that thrills the soul of mortal man. The golden gates of evening close in their purple settings, and the heavens are hung with myriad lights.

From the walls of our memory start out many figures and scenes of the past. Some are sombre, and some are brighter. Some, like the fresh beauty of morning, suffused with tears; and others, like still rivers, bear the reflected hues of heaven into shade; but, tranquil and resplendent, shall gleam through every shade the matchless glory of our Indian Summer.

DARK HOURS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

There are times in all our lives when our feelings seem benumbed, and our being created to no purpose; when each moment seems an age, and life itself an unbearable burden. Gloomy and harrowing thoughts then fill the mind; we seek to learn things never designed to be profaned by mortals; vague ideas of God and man, of eternity and a hereafter, are dwelt upon with morbid desire. Skepticism and doubt, to which the minds of all are *sometimes* susceptible, ever vigilant, seize us at such periods, when we are least prepared to resist their encroachment, and, by gradual advances, lure the victim into their interminable meshes, whence none ever return. The belief in Heaven and Hell is doubted, because their localities cannot be fixed, and their realms gazed upon by mortal eye.

Nothing gains credence unless the senses, by their own contact, coincide in the belief. Superstition, by its iron will, endeavors to compel us to believe, with the Hindoo, that we wander forever upon the face of the earth, in one shape or another, or to totally disbelieve in the existence of a soul.

The intellect, God's greatest gift to man, is often, where it should least be expected, strangely opposed to the giver. A great intellect bestowed upon one with a morbid nature, is too often rendered worse than useless by nature supplanting the place of the better instincts. Yet, often as are such cases, we find that more thus endowed beat back the usurper with blows from their mighty wills. The famous ballad of John Gilpin was composed when Cowper was suffering from extreme gloom. William of Orange's force of mind *alone* carried him through the lowering clouds, which often seemed ready to burst and overwhelm him, and that too, when to the gloom of his public life was added that of broken health and a diseased body.

Trouble and grief, often, for a time, overshadow life's pathway, strewing it with thorns; yet, years often heal the wounds, unless despondency settles down upon us from our listlessness.

Each one, in life, must bear some crosses; and the more burdensome we make them rest upon us, the hours and days that hang heavily on our hands will proportionally increase. Strength of will is our only safeguard. Will *must* be strengthened to cope with all difficulty. Some pretend to believe, because they have not naturally powerful determination, that it cannot be strengthened. Now this is fallacy, for many can be pointed out, who, by their *desire*, conquered this deficiency.

When the mind is really determined to gain some coveted object, it will call into play powers that its possessor never *dreamed* were there. When once we have earnestly assailed the grim shadows, that, unbidden, hover around us, making everything dismal, and have repulsed them, the second attack is less dreaded, and every succeeding conflict grows easier.

Many days, and even months, have been rendered useful from the removal of these dull, heavy feelings, which were so wont to hold us under their sway. Our confidence increases in humanity; we learn to believe that which we see by the spiritual, as well as that seen by the bodily.

The few days that occasionally remind us of our previous life, do not gain such an ascendency as formerly; they still appear at intervals, but as often lose strength. No one, not even Christ, has been free from this power. His whole life was constantly darkened by his daily contact with those who hated him. What mortal could have endured that awful night in the garden of Gethsemane, when he "sweat great drops of blood!" God, by subjecting His Son to such trials clearly intimated that men should not complain of their few moments of despair; for what has man undergone, compared with the life of suffering and foreboding endured by Jesus?

And when gloom and shadows hang over us, and despondency seems ready to engulf us, our minds will be soothed, and our combative force aroused in self defence, if we remember—

"Behind the clouds is the sun, still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all.
Unto *each* life, *some* rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

BY S. P. ABBOTT.

Nothing in the universe of matter is ever lost; particles of dust floating to-day in the air may to-morrow pulsate in the heart of a man. So scientific truths, which are of little value now, because not rightly understood and applied, some future time may prove of the greatest importance. Because of this, men are striving like giants to increase their knowledge of the material world; expeditions are sent to the almost impenetrable regions of the frozen pole, to examine the phenomena of the ocean, the atmosphere and electricity, and to discover if possible any new principle of magnetism. Heat and cold are endured without complaint that the forces of nature may be rendered obedient to man. It has been truly said, in a web of cloth many, if not all, of the arts and sciences are interwoven in the woof; here the beneficial effects of painting may be seen in the arrangement of the colors; there the results of astronomy in the different fabrics of which it is composed, brought over the wide seas; in this part, chemistry claims attention from the delicate preparation of the dyes; in that, the classics, by the study of the triumphs of two thousand years ago, which otherwise would have been lost forever.

The polariscope some think of merely as a very curious plaything of savans, but the architect perceives its importance, for, constructing his model of glass, he can tell whether or not it will stand the wear and tear to which it is subjected.

The swinging of a chandelier had been noticed with idle curiosity by thousands, but a philosopher saw, and his researches gave to the world the correct measurement of time, the foundation of astronomy, navigation, and indirectly, of many of our advantages.

To some the fall of an apple is of little importance, but yet it was deemed of sufficient worth, by Newton, to be investigated, and to-day the impulse given by his researches to science and commerce is felt with undiminished force.

The chemist toils for a lifetime in his laboratory, experimenting with the forces and properties of matter, and his labor, of no avail it may be for years, is at last rewarded by the discovery of facts which will be useful in one way or another. To-day there is every incentive for a person to acquire knowledge, for—

Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,

no longer; the age of brute force has passed away, and man, shaking off the chains of superstition and ignorance, begins to see that—

Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry,

must be the rallying call of the nations.

Muscle is demanded no longer, but brain, intelligent, cultivated, active brain, that the interests of mankind may not perish at the announcement of the most glorious age since the dawn of christianity.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

No student of "Old Phillips" will fail to recognize in an instant, the worthy enterprise referred to, or to remember with the deepest gratitude the excellent lady through whose influence it was undertaken; while to the *indigent* student it opens a new era, as it were, gives new encouragement to toil on against difficulty and misfortune, new incentives to diligence in the daily requirements, and a new impetus to press on toward the mark of a noble calling, an honorable name and a useful life in the cause of right.

The greater portion of those friends of an extensive and liberal education, who have used their influence, and with open hearts have given their fortunes to noble institutions, to build costly edifices, dedicated to the interests of literature, art and science, or to establish scholarships for the assistance of worthy students in *college*, seem to have disregarded the equal claims of the preparatory schools, and seeing their need have left them to press on alone. And alone they have hewn their path to progress, and have done it nobly, keeping pace with the demands of college and university in our country, since Cambridge first opened her halls of learning.

But because they have so long and so well striven to overcome every obstacle, shall they continue to be without assistance? Because a person, without house and destitute of clothing, has endured patiently and well the severities of one winter, shall he be called thus to pass another?

It is evident that just so large as is the proportion of needy students in our colleges, so great must it be of those in the academy who are without resource, and must work hard as well as study hard in order to meet expenses. Yet, while there are scholarships innumerable, and funds of vast amount on which those in the collegiate course can place some dependence, the barriers which rise up before those just commencing the long and tedious course of education remain almost untouched by the spirit of philanthropy, or by the hand of benevolence. Thus have many been discouraged and turned from their purpose who would have taken an honored station and been distinguished men.

We claim not for the indigent student superior talents or greater abilities than are found in others, but they *are* characterized by a native energy and a never-failing perseverance which will ensure success. Industrious, self-denying and hopeful, they tax every energy and seize every opportunity until they have reached the goal, and stand in triumph on the lofty stage that wisdom hath reared, and art and science have adorned, wielding an influence that will tear down the strongholds of error, and raise in their stead the standard of truth.

We presume to tell nothing new, or add a single argument to all that has been said for this most worthy cause; but in view of that grand and successful movement in its favor during the present term, we cannot fail to "mirror" back from within the scene, at least an acknowledgment, and in the name of the hundreds who shall come after and receive encouragement from its results, to return a grateful thanksgiving.

And as the years pass on, we will seek to repay the debt, in earnest, active endeavors to promote the cause of liberty, of justice, and of religion.

There is now new encouragement for the indigent student, not so much because a number of dollars have been added to the means of his assistance as to know that there are those who will be no longer indifferent to the interests of the Academy and school, and that the day is beginning to dawn when the craggy mountains of difficulty, which rear themselves in the pathway of the young student, shall be rid of their terror, and he be cheered on to noble purposes and healthful effort.

Every such undertaking is a deed for *freedom*, and a tribute to the cause which our ancestors have placed in our care, while it will receive its own reward in men of true hearts, tried principles, and an honest life.

CONDIMENTS.

Barriers, at first thought of but lightly, soon become difficult; what we thought to be a clear channel, proves to be full of hidden rocks; and, as we advance, their number increases, and the greatest care and skill are required to keep us clear of the danger. It is this constant care ever on the increase, that renders life's burdens hard to bear.

Each day we pass is nearly the counterpart of that which has preceded. Though new and important discoveries are constantly being made, who can tell of the days spent in research; days so nearly alike that many, whose success seemed near at hand, wearied with this constant repetition, have utterly failed through despair.

Though life is one great day of toil, is it entirely without object? By no means! We each have marked out for ourselves some part to perform. Now, since we are free moral agents, it is our duty, both to God and to man, to perform our allotted portion to the best of our ability, in that manner most serviceable to mankind.

Any structure, whether of art, of science, of political polity or of religious enterprise, must be immovably founded in truth and principle, or it is destined, before half its course is run, to meet with disaster and ruin; and may be seen sinking back into the very ground where should have been the seeds of its life, whence should have come the power to raise it up, and make it noble and useful in the cause of right.

Continual concentratedness should always be our great promoter, and we should cultivate our acquaintance with it, so that we should never be obliged to search for it, but ever have it at hand. In other duties as well as in composition we should have our minds at work, amplifying some point in such a manner that the object aimed at shall ever be present in our minds.

Pride, like ambition, when once it obtains its evil sway over us, vitiates the mind, and renders it incapable of moral and religious feeling. We see it in self-esteem, and an unreasonable high opinion of one's own superiority in talents, beauty, wealth, and accomplishments, which manifests itself in lofty airs, distant reserve, and often contempt of others. It intrudes itself into the social relation, bursting asunder the sacred bonds of friendship, leaving sorrow and misery in its track.

The lives of men, both good and bad, still live in history, while the hand of experience points to their achievements and failures, and tells us to profit by the one, and heed the other. The philosophy of one generation is the stepping-stone of another. The one commences, the next finishes.

Great men do not rise by chance, nor on the wings of genius. We look on their noble deeds and wondrous exploits, but do not see the long and weary hours of study, the severe self-discipline, and sleepless nights of thought and care; we see them rise, but notice not the stepping stones of energy, will and determination on which they mount.

If we would be honored, loved, esteemed, with influence wide as the broad world in which we live, we must begin down deep under the ground to build and toil in the dark; then can we shine as the light, when our time shall come.

That flower is sweetest,
That oak is strongest,
Whose soil is richest,
Whose roots run deepest.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

We have to offer to your notice the following. It is a translation of that part of the seventh eclogue that comes under the head Thyrsis. We would simply ask the Middlers not to take advantage of it when they come to take up the study of Virgil.

Ye shepherds of Arcadian song,
Your rising bard with ivy crown,
That rival Codrus in his rage,
May burst his sides through my renown.
Or, if my Muse he wrongly praise,
More than my genius yet deserves,
Bind round my brow with lady's-glove,
And so the magic charm remove;
Lest his base tongue should by its power
To your young poet an evil prove.

Yearly, Priapus, do we prepare
A bowl of milk and cakes for thee,
The keeper of a garden poor;
To whom should these sufficient be.
But, if the breed increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be gold.

More bitter than Sardinian herbs,
Rougher than briers, more worthless far
Than sea-weeds cast upon the shore,
E'en in thy eyes may I appear;
If not, to me this day's a year.
Go home, my well-fed steers! Away!
If you have ought of shame, haste and obey!

Upon the hearth a fire glows;
From resinous torches oft 'tis made;
Till, by its long continuing smoke,
On every post thick soot is laid.
We fear no more the winds and cold,
Than streams their banks, or wolves the fold.

The field is parched, the herbage thirsts,
  For each has want of cooling rain.
The withering vines no longer yield,
  And blasted is the tender grain.
But when our gentle Phyllis comes,
  Each grove shall look both fresh and green;
And Jove, descending from above,
  In joyous showers shall be seen.

The ash is fairest in the woods;
  The pine in gardens reigns supreme;
The poplar by the river grows;
  The fir on lofty mountains teem.
But, if, my charming Lycidas,
  Thou oft'ner still shalt visit me,
The ash and pine in their own realms,
  Yea, every tree shall bend to thee.

In the following may be seen the outlines of a gushing spirit. We are sorry to see the gentleman so familiar with the rules of the institution that contains so many of our fair neighbors.

PEDESTRIANISM.

The progressive spirit of the age is fast bringing about a change in this matter. In accordance with this spirit are the mandates of that strong-minded, public-spirited, and universally beloved lady at the head of the institution known as the Abbott Female Seminary. For she requires the fair damsels, whom fond parents have intrusted to her care, to devote a certain amount of time each day to walking.

The author of the following is probably well acquainted with the region where the event, related below, occurred, and as he was perhaps an eye-witness of the scene, we will vouch for its truth. Let this be a warning to all that are wont to prowl in that fair territory.

"LAUGHING WATER."

Once upon a summer's evening,
As the shades of eve descending,
Wrapped earth in its gloomy mantle,
Cast the shadows long and longer,
That a youth from out the Hart House
Sallied, armed with his banger,

For he was a feeble Junior,
And he needed some strong weapon
To sustain his feeble courage,
Lest he should meet with a Middler.
(This was in the year preceding
This in which I tell the story;
He was of the class of seventy.)
In his hand there was a fish-horn,
In his heart there was a purpose,—
Purpose to salute the Fem Sems.
Soon he reached his destination,
And beneath the Fem Sem windows
Soon he boldly took his station,
Raised the horn up toward the windows,
Blew a sweet and gentle solo.
Soon he heard a window open;
Then his courage waxed stronger,
And he raised his smiling visage
To salute the lovely damsels,
While his horn he was preparing
To repeat his salutation.
Suddenly there came a dashing
As of moisture, quite unpleasant,
Guided by those hands above him,—
Hands so gentle, fair and lovely,—
And he heard some stifled laughter,
And the water dashed about him
Like a little Minehaha;
And it trickled down his bosom,
And it wet his nice new breeches,
And he dropped his precious fish-horn,
Lost his banger in the cellar,
Knocked his hat into the gutter.
Poor young Junior, quite discouraged
Left his hat within the gutter,
Left his banger in the cellar,
Quickly for his home departed.
In his hand there was no fish-horn,
In his heart was desperation.
Breathless, panting, from his running,
Wet and choking from the water,
Streaked he up into his chamber,
Sat him down, thought long and deeply,

On the falseness of the Fem Sems,
On the treachery of woman.
And he left his couch next morning,
Sadder, wiser, for the lesson.

We hope that the author of the following has not portrayed himself too truly; if he has we sincerely sympathize with him, and and would warn all others to keep out of his course.

Something more! ah, something more
  Is the cry of every soul.
That something more is not for us;
  So, Johnny, fill up the bowl.

And we'll drink till morning comes;
  Drink the frothing tankard dry;
We'll drive away each every care,
  For "something more" we will not sigh.

Oh! how my mind burns within;
  Once so gay, and bright, and free.
But Fate has willed it thus to me;
  A wretched drunkard I must be.

Something more! Oh, something more!
  For this, my ambition sought.
But now,—come John, fill up the bowl.
  For I must meet a drunkard's lot.

Ha! Ha! Well, so let it be;
  For I must still drink and drink,
Till every drop of blood runs dry,
  And into grateful death I sink.

God! That I should live to see
  My very being sink to Hell!
My heart filled with a demon's hate,
  And ringing out its mournful knell!

Something more! 'Twas that, I say,
  That drove me away from home.
I wished to be a famous one,
  And I hoped that my fame would come.

But, ah! I was not successful.
  I sank 'mid the shames of vice.
My only thought then seemed to be
  In sipping wine and casting dice.

And lower I sank, and lower.
  Ha! Well did I play my part;
For when I chose this loathsome life,
  I broke my gentle mother's heart.

I am lost! My soul cries, lost!
  And I pass through death's dark door.
My life has lost its eager love
  For something more; for something more.

This was once its only aim.
  This it placed beneath the sod.
Alas! Too late, too late I found
  'Twas an eager thirsting after God.

Something more! ah, something more,
  Is the cry of every soul.
That "something more" is not for me,
  So Johnny, fill up the bowl.

EDITORIAL.

With this number begins the fourteenth volume of our Mirror. Amid the duties of a new school year, and untried studies, our contributors have found time to support these columns, which, we trust, will reflect credit upon the society.

The term opened with prospects of fine, clear weather, but alas! the rain has fallen so often that pleasant days have been rather the exception than the rule. Cold weather has again asserted its sway, and fire in-doors, and overcoats out, are in constant demand. The trees have shaken off all their foliage, and when the snow covers the ground, as it has three times this term, Winter appears to be fully upon us.

Philo, as a rule, has been well supported, and the debates have been very interesting; on Friday evening, Oct. 30th, the fourth day before the national election, there was a debate upon the question—"Resolved, That the election of Grant and Colfax would be more beneficial to this country than that of Seymour and Blair." Four hours and a quarter the "warfare of words" was carried on, both sides being ably supported. Upon weight of argument the negative gained the question, though the "House" voted upon the opposite side by an overwhelming majority,

Base ball has received its due attention, though the warmer part of the term witnessed but few interesting games. Among the most prominent were those between the "Alert" and a "picked nine," for the school championship, the score of which we give in the Pot Pourri; between the "Alert" and the "Athlete," which resulted in favor of the "Alert," by scores of three to one, and between the "picked nine" of the English Department and the "Athlete," of which the "Athlete" were first victorious, but the "picked nine" in the two following games.

The noticeable events of the term have been diverse and attractive. The great event which will be long remembered by all here at the time, and especially by all who are to be so greatly benefitted by it, transpired September 22d and 23d. The Fair in behalf of the "Students Educational Fund," holden in the "New Academy Hall," was brought about mainly by a lady whose universal kindness has caused her to be most gratefully remembered by all of this institution. For two days the Fair was largely attended, more than fulfilling the expectations of its supporters. From articles sold and the various attending appurtenances, the sum of sixteen hundred dollars was realized, for which students in coming years will be most thankful.

October 22d witnessed a grand torchlight procession, by the Andover Tanners with a company of Phillippians, and two or three from Lawrence; the Lawrence Brass Band furnished music, and the affair was enjoyed by all; many residences along the march were finely illuminated, though in one democratic house the lights are said to have been extinguished upon the approach of the procession. The enthusiasm manifested by all clearly showed forth Andover's position in the national crisis.

October 23d another Fair was held in the hall of the Punchard Free School, in its own behalf; this Fair also was well attended, and, we understand, was quite successful.

October 29th, Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, read at the Theological chapel; his selections were very fine, and reflected credit, both upon the reader, and upon the public spirited Porter Rhetorical Society, through whom he was induced to read.

November 1st, the Academy students listened for an hour to Dr. Taylor, discoursing about Greece. His remarks were very instructive, and pleased all his hearers.

November 3d will long live in the memories of all, as a day fraught with the nation's destiny. Its history is still fresh in all our minds, and needs no comment; we will only say that Andover did justice to herself and the country by her vote of Republican, 572; Democratic, 123.

The evening of November 5th was the event of another torchlight procession. Though the number participating was not as large as upon the former occasion, yet more enthusiasm and earnestness were visible than before. The procession marched eight miles during the evening, invading, it is said, the boundaries of Lawrence and Reading. Nearly every house along the route was finely illuminated, many *splendidly*! After the march, those participating were refreshed by a repast at the Town Hall. All seemed pleased and to enjoy themselves.

November 6th, there was a fine display of tableaux at the Punchard School. Many of the statuaries appeared as if carved of marble. Had it not been for the tediously long intervals between the various parts we should have enjoyed it exceedingly.

This, we think, comprises all the interesting occurrences. Knowing *too* well the defects herein manifest, we crave your indulgence, for, like the rest, we are wearied with the term's study, and look with longing eyes at the vacation before us. May you all have a pleasant Thanksgiving, and a happy respite from toil, is our farewell wish.

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

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ALERT B. B. C. vs. PICKED NINE.

ALERT.	O.	R.	PICKED NINE.	O.	R.
Mason, 2d B.	2	5	M. Cogswell, C.	3	2
Barker, 1st B.	4	3	Mendell, l. f.	3	2
Aiken, P.	3	4	Gault, P.	1	2
Hall, C. F.	1	3	Coolidge, S. S.	2	2
Grubb, C.	4	3	B. C. Reed, 2d B.	3	2
Swett, R. F.	1	5	Wicks, R. F.	2	2
Abbott, S. S.	4	2	Foster, C. F.	3	2
L. Cogswell, L. F.	0	5	Hobart, 3d B.	3	1
Thompson, 3d B.	2	4	H. B. Reed, 1st B.	1	2
Total	21	34	Total	21	17

Played on School Grounds, September 16th, 1868. Stopped at the end of 7th innings.

ALERT.	O.	R.	PICKED NINE.	O.	R.
Mason, C.	2	4	M. Cogswell. C.	2	5
Barker, 1st B.	3	3	Mendell, C. F.	2	4
Aiken. P.	2	3	Gault, P.	3	2
Hall, C. F.	4	2	Coolidge, S. S.	1	4
Grubb, 2d B.	2	3	B. C. Reed, 2d B.	2	4
Swett, R. F.	3	2	Hobart, 3d B.	4	0
Abbott, S. S.	2	2	H. B. Reed, 1st B.	5	1
L. Cogswell, L. F.	4	1	Foster, L. F.	3	1
Thompson, 3d B.	5	0	Wicks, R. F.	5	0
Total	27	20	Total	27	21

Played September 30th, 1868.

ALERT.	O.	R.	PICKED NINE.	O.	R.
Mason, C.	0	5	M. Cogswell, C.	3	4
Hayward, L. F.	2	2	Mendell, C. F.	3	3
Aiken, P.	4	2	Gault, P.	3	2
Hall, 1st B.	4	2	Coolidge, S. S.	3	2
Garland, R. F.	1	4	B. C. Reed, 2d B.	2	2
Swett, C. F.	5	1	Hobart, 3d B.	2	2
Abbott, S. S.	3	2	H. B. Reed, 1st B.	3	1
L. Cogswell, 2d B.	5	1	Foster, L. F.	4	1
Thompson, 3d B.	3	2	Wicks, R. F.	4	2
Total	27	21	Total	27	19

Played October 7th, 1868.

Vol. XIV. No. II.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

Philo Mirror.

Phillips Academy, Andover.

ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

WINTER TERM, 1868-9.

LAWRENCE:
Geo. S. Merrill & Co., Steam Book and Job Printers, 120 Essex St.
1869.

THE MIRROR.

W. M. Groton,
T. D. Anderson, Jr.,
J. R. Burroughs.
Editors.

Vol. XIV. MARCH, 1869. No. II.

STYLE IN COMPOSITION.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

Most men are accustomed to examine what is abstruse with veneration, and are inclined to view what is clear and evident with something of contempt, as having always existed a confirmed fact. The fact may be of supreme importance, but it loses its awe-inspiring power when it is understood. Nature holds up to the intellect of man its cloud-enveloped treasures; he seeks for them, urged on by the inspiration which the consciousness of his sacred work affords him, and by the fine veneration with which he approaches her secrets; such a feeling may be named the true veneration of the abstruse, which is intimately connected with literature; for we have in literature two distinct styles, each necessary to the other, namely: the Evident and the Abstruse.

An abstruse style of composition can display some of the most beautiful language and expressions as one may wish to find; for some persons have the happy art of molding a dim idea into a pleasing shape; they will often write it in a poetical form, that it may better suit the taste of the imagination. Such sentences, simply from their singularity will have their desired effect; their obscurity will arrest an immediate attention; even the condemner of this style will sometimes involuntarily dwell with pleasure upon a recondite phrase; yet when we examine them closely we find nothing of any real value; we can judge them as only the shadows of thought; ideas which their authors endeavored to grasp as they flitted through the imagination; brilliant puzzles for men to admire and then to venerate: subsequent events, however, have proved that few of these dark hints thrown out by the wisdom of great men have illumined the entrance of some important discoveries in philosophy and science. But it is well that a style of this kind should be cultivated to some extent, for it serves to supply an element in literature; and for this reason it cannot be spoken of with contempt, though it consists of painted expressions only; literature like nature must have its adornment; a painting divested of its little peculiarities and objects of interest that go to refine it, would serve but half its purpose; there is a wide difference between a country covered with forests and a land sprinkled with habitations and all the signs of industry. A stern and dry literature may be rendered flexible and attractive by the use of such a style; though it should not be employed too freely, for the rule is almost certain that "when refinement boasts of itself it becomes vulgarity," and, to draw a fact from every day life, meat too profusely salted becomes distasteful.

A desire for variation seems to be a characteristic of the mind, and a literature that is written without embellishment is unpleasing to it. When we speak of artificial adornment we do not uphold the sacrificing of clear style to its entire use; but we affirm that the decoration of the clear style of composition will add greatly to the interest of what is written. We have in mind a work, though it treats of the dryest subjects, yet the embellishment seems to give force to the clearness of the style, and renders it far more pleasing than it might have been; the author has used to the best advantage his ideas, that were somewhat poetical and indistinct, to adorn his dry style.

In speaking of an abstruse style, the use of which we advise only as a matter of policy, namely: to remove a tediousness from the composition, we are led to the evident or clear style, upon which it depends, since it is an adjunct to it. Here we arrive at the question, What should be our style in composition? What determined rules should we follow?

A short time ago a young lady who possessed some ability as a writer, asked a distinguished gentleman what author he would advise her to imitate, as her ambition was to become an authoress. He recommended Dickens. This lady's style of composition was antagonistic to that of this great author. Now if she studies Dickens and attempts to write in an assumed style, her composition will be unnatural and cramped; she can take no delight in her manuscript and her works must seem tedious; therefore a natural style is also one of the great aims in composition and should be especially cultivated. That the natural speaker will produce a far greater effect than the unnatural is well known, and this holds true in composition. Nature will accept nothing that is forced; she is a stern mistress, and will allow no thieving among other men's talents; each can cultivate only the qualities that he possesses; there can be no borrowing; he that endeavors to occupy a position that is or has been held will surely find himself out of place by the immovable laws of nature.

Further, the natural style will produce an easy way of writing, which should be greatly desired as it gives an emphasis to the clear style. A cramped production will be as quickly noticed as an unnatural speaker, and an easiness in composition will be always greatly appreciated by the reader. The most important rule that can be offered as exceedingly necessary to a style in composition, is: Be natural; cultivate your own style; study no author as your model unless your taste is in direct sympathy with his; remember that there can never be another Lamb; another DeQuincy; another Thoreau.

Study simplicity; avoid all pedantry; impart your discoveries to men as modestly as nature yielded them up to you.

Be clear in your statements, and do not attempt to seek greatness by obscurity of language. Be sure that when you write you have something to say. Many a person aiming at literary distinction has written his book and presented it to the people, only to find his ambition disappointed simply because it was written without a purpose. The majority of men do not read for the sake of admiring fine sentences and harmonious words; they read with an object, to educate themselves. A too florid style should also be especially avoided; a very ornate language mars the effect of what is written; the mind will be more apt to dwell upon the fine phrases, with their accompanying adjectives and unusual words; if nature were to bedeck herself entirely with flowers how insipid would she appear; rather give us the bold forest, the green meadow, with here and there the field of flowers. And thus in literature; give us the bold proposition, the unadorned statement, with here and there the poetic sentiment.

But we feel ourselves compelled to draw to a close, for it is impossible to mention all the peculiarities of literature that could be studied to advantage. We might sum up everything that could be said in two words: study variety. Each one should make his style something of a miniature nature; to be in some degree able to command every manner of expression; to be competent in every way of making his writings agreeable, and also in avoiding a monotonous style.

THE WORTHLESSNESS OF WORDS AS A BASIS OF CONFIDENCE.

"O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely."—*As You Like It.*

Lord Bacon tells us "There are few friendships in the world," and without question, taking the word in its loftiest sense, this is true. Friendship is not a necessary concomitant of relationship; there are many families, would there were few, whose sunless and noisome atmosphere, whose damp and sluggish soil, whose brilliant and glittering, but icelike character, could never create or sustain a single blooming flower of friendship. This plant exists or non-exists, totally regardless of ties which flesh and blood, or civil and religious rites have established. I would say nothing in depreciation of such ties, still I remember that when the Master ceased to walk in human shape with men, he said, selecting the dearest title, "Henceforth I call you friends."

Acquaintance is not friendship. Enemies may be very well acquainted. A long period of acquaintance is often necessary to *establish*, but it does not *create* friendship. Acquaintance is only the vestibule, the outer court in the great temple of life's intercourse, while friendship is the holy place, the inner sanctuary whose veil no common hand can draw aside, upon whose tessellated floor no foot profane can tread.

To say that true friendship springs from no peculiarity of wealth, position, or intellect, would be trite. It is found full as often among the poor, the lowly, or the unlearned, as anywhere. Its foundation is integrity; friendship among thieves is simply an absurdity. Next comes mutual confidence, without which no friendship can *commence*, and then discretion, or as we sometimes say, "common sense," without which none can *continue*. These component parts being given, from them a friendship may arise which shall rival in its attractiveness the attachment of David and Jonathan, of Damon and Pythias. With these conditions for a basis, and I think none can doubt their necessity, we see how worthless words are if taken in their stead. Will a person allow a *promise* to occupy the place which *integrity* should fill? Will he accept assurances for confidence, and enthrone words in the seat of discretion? That individual deserves to be deceived, and surely will be. If we could learn to look at something besides the lips of our fellows, we should be less often astonished that our expectations are not fulfilled. If this one cause could be prevented how many painful effects would cease. It is a trust in worthless word pledges, which overturns the glowing hopes of multitudes, and prostrates the castles of years in a day. It is this same trust in unworthy words which has taken from some their mental capacity, and their entire faith in our race, leaving no heart in them.

Public sentiment in regard to this falsity of conduct is very low. To be perfidious and deceitful does not seem to lower a man or woman in the estimation of the world, and consequently, even our so-called good society is crowded with individuals whose conduct can be put under no other head than execrable. It was recently my fortune to become acquainted with a person once the possessor of shining mental endowments, and a large heart. With a disposition full of trust, and a soul that in its youthful purity was unconscious of falseness, confidence was placed in dazzling words and brilliant speech; and garrulous pretensions of friendship secured to this unsoiled mind the reality, the true coin. Time, which in its silent, but faithful revelations, removes the scales from our eyes, revealed at last the true character of the foundation upon which this trust was built; and now, that heart, erewhile so large, is shut to all the world; and that mind, once proud in the variety of its acquisitions and the brilliancy of its natural endowments, is now wrecked upon the deceitful rocks which the foam and froth of a multitude of words had hid from view. But the being who did all this occupies a respectable position in the most respectable of professions. This is the nineteenth century of the christian era. We must go up the stream of time for our instruction. More than two thousand years ago a heathen author wrote as follows: "Our pledges forbid us to be enemies to each other, and I should never consider him to be envied who is conscious of having disregarded such obligations. Such are my sentiments respecting the friendship that we cemented." Lo! Asia teaches lessons of fidelity in the theory of friendship to America, and a heathen pen puts to shame our standards of faithfulness.

There is no sentiment more lofty, none more humanizing in its tendency, than a pure friendship. Hence we should do all in our power to exalt every valley, and level every mountain which hinders the smoothness of the pathway thereto. Especially should we frown upon that idea which makes friendship, with all its sacredness, an article of contract. Let boarding school girls *agree* to be "eternal friends" (a sure sign that the opposite will occur). We know that a sensible woman would no more think of doing such a thing than she would entertain the idea of making an arrangement to love her mother or her country. The very word itself is suggestive of spontaneity of action and feeling, and anything else is foreign to its whole spirit.

Although, believing with Sir William Jones, that "Words are the daughters of earth, and deeds are the sons of heaven," and with Byron, that—

"No words suffice the secret soul to show,"

still it is not the free use of them in the *minglings* of friendship that I disparage. It is, rather, our willingness to accept them as the foundation of our choicest intercourses, instead of the result of the same.

But rightly used, words wield a power which is absolutely irresistable. From the tongue or pen of a proved friend, they will reach up into the cloudland in which our spirits ofttimes soar, or down to the very butments of our griefs and cares; they will smooth the ascent of our lives, and make easy their steep declivities; and sometimes they will go with us as constant companions, long after the lips that uttered them shall break the dark silence of estrangement or death, no more. Some words will rankle like the sting of a poisoned arrow, long after it has left the quivering flesh; but let us be thankful that there are others which glide down upon us like the soft and gentle touch of a loving hand.

"I have known one word hang starlike,
O'er a weary waste of years,
And it only shines the brighter,
Looked at through a mist of tears."

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

We are not obliged to undergo a wearying search in order to find these beauties; we come across them in our daily walks, though accompanied with a great many of man's works, and being thus accompanied we do not notice so much beauty as we do when we see them in their primeval state; as we walk through the pathless forests, pathless because they are seldom visited by man,—and look on every side through the long colonnades of the monarchs of the forest, and upward through the apertures in the foliage to the azure sky above, we are almost forced to exclaim aloud by reason of our rapture, and we have good cause to exclaim thus, for where can we find a more beautiful spot than that where we are surrounded by nature's marvelous charms?

Can we find anything in art to excel nature in beauty? No; for as we wander over the ruins of ancient empires, and notice the colossal statues of olden times, which are some of art's finest specimens, or as we stand in the gallery of art surrounded by works on which years have been spent, though our deep admiration may be won, we do not see such beauty as nature displays.

Nature's charms cannot be faithfully copied, since she is so far superior to any work of man, for where is the artist that can depict every leaf with as much accuracy and beauty as it possesses when in its natural state, or who can portray on canvas the sublime grandeur of a sunset? Such a sight cannot be fully appreciated until seen with the eye.

And the question may arise, What gives nature these peculiar charms? It is the perfection which is everywhere apparent; we find no defects in nature, and when our senses are attracted to anything pertaining to her, we can discern beauty.

Wherever the careful observer turns his eye, at every step he takes, he can find something that has beauty in it: he can see it wherever he is placed, should his station be on the deck of a vessel when nothing is visible but the firmament above and broad expanse of water on every side, in that sky and in those waters he can discern beauty, whether the sun is moving majestically over placid waters, or is obscured by storm-clouds from a tempestuous sea; should he be placed on the summit of a mountain or in the verdant valley by the gentle flowing river, he feels that there is vastly more beauty around him than he can appreciate.

These beauties are the originators of worthy thoughts in the mind of man, since he can, as the poet says, "look through nature up to nature's God;" as he walks through the fields and sees the trees laden with foliage, on which a few weeks since a leaflet was not visible, and notices what symmetrical proportions these trees present to the eye, and with how much accuracy each component part is formed, and how each twig or branch at one point has one to counterbalance it at another, he is led to think of the Creator; he perceives that nature could not have *happened* to be so perfectly beautiful, but must have been formed by an omniscient hand; as he walks or is placed among the works of art, he sees much that is beautiful and much to be admired; he notices how carefully the chisel or the brush has done its work, and expresses much admiration of the production,—still he finds something far excelling these finely finished works in the beauties of nature.

THE MYSTERY OF BEAUTY.

Soft steals the faint glow of light on the eastern sky. As the deepening flush on the cheek of morning greets the lingering stars gliding into ether, Earth with her dewy locks rises to welcome the king of day. As he ascends the arch of heaven, in his pavilion of golden banners, attired in the gorgeous insignia of his realms of light, Nature lifts her myriad voices, and chants a hymn of sublimest praise. The gentle rivulet mingles with its soft murmur the subdued chorus of the forest aisles. The animated bustle of awakening life from a thousand fertile plains ascends the green hill-sides and dies away amid the mountain glens.

Old ocean strikes the sounding shores, and rolls along the key board of the snowy beach the diapason of Nature's grandest anthem. Beauty, delicate, rich and boundless, pervades all substance. Subtle artists with magic pencils dipped in the sunlight, tint the tissues of vegetable life. Here a foul pool is polished to the brightness of a mirror; that tempest-wrecked oak has its decaying twigs and lustreless leaves tipped with the gems of Indus. In an instant all nature is irradiate. Beauty sparkles in the dew drop, laughs in the rustling foliage, steals over the sunset cloud, and fills the soul of man.

Whence this subtle, all pervading mystery of beauty? Why does nature entwine her web and woof with golden threads, soft lights and shades, with gorgeous fringes and chameleon hues? Why those soft zephyrs that steal from spicy isles? Why the splendor of the sun by day, and the glory of the silvery hosts by night?

From the bountiful hand of an All-wise Providence come these rich blessings of beauty. The—mystery—is—*His.*

Enough to know that His hand placed the foundations of earth, His beneficence rolled out the plains, upreared the pillars of mountains, filled the sea to its sanded edge, and gave the sun to rule by day and the moon and stars by night.

The *mission* of beauty is the culture of the human soul, and the outspread glories of earthly and heavenly plains are but the gardens of intellect. As the soul is filled with admiration at the fine chisellings of nature, the soft graces and infinite variety, so it is moulded, softened and uplifted to the summit of its perfection.

The earth is but the first flower-strewn step in the upward march of man. The ocean's heavings, the resistless tempests, and the bold contour of mountains, are reproduced in intellect. The human mind is filled with foliage as luxuriant, with scenery as beautiful, and hues as resplendent as ever pervaded earth, music sweeter than the harp of David, affections more delicate than the evening zephyrs, and echoes more musical than ever silvered the heather dells of earth. As the lens, gathering in its focus the rays of the sun, condenses the vast expanse of landscape into a miniature of artistic beauty; thus, the soul of man, with its *concentrating* faculties, mirrors within the beauty that lies without. Thus the soul tarries at the portals of immortality, weaving her wedding vesture with patient toil, until the swelling dome of thought crumbles, the windows are darkened, and willing feet no longer bear messages along the corridors of sense.

Then with her lamp burning with celestial radiance, and her hair fragrant with heavenly odors, she passes through those gates of pearl into that source of all light, and the unrevealed mystery of all beauty.

MAN.

BY S. P. A.

As one walks through galleries surrounded by art, and sees around him upon every side the masterly triumphs of the human mind, the results of ten centuries of civilization, when the genius displayed by their creation impresses him, he naturally turns his thoughts to their author; when the consideration of the talents, which have been bestowed without number upon man, the exhaustless resources of his almost Godlike reason, claims attention, the thought arises, what will be the future of man? Can man ever reach any higher position in the scale of being than he has already obtained? From the ruins of Rome and Athens we obtain a proof of the culture to which the intellect of man is capable of arriving.

The envy of our artists is alike excited by the relics of art, which have been spared by the ruthless hand of man, and the freshness of the colors laid upon the canvas by hands which have been dust for eighteen centuries. Their thoughts struck out of living rock, now stand the admiration of the entire globe. But Rome and Athens fell, slaves to their own sinful lusts and passions; their culture and refinement were made to save them. On consulting history, the same rise to a high state of glory and fall to abject debasement is presented in the case of nearly every nation. Shall we then conclude that we are destined to the same failure likewise? Assuredly not! The geologists, on studying the mysterious imprints left by nature upon the rocks, finds that in the days when the earth was young, species of animals were formed, beautiful, symmetrical, and perfect, but after the lapse of ages they become hideous and deformed, and were at last swept out of existence to make room for other species, which were at first created beautiful, but in their turn passed through the various stages to deformity, and then were destroyed to permit nobler species to come upon the stage; this process was repeated; each class being more perfect than the one preceding, until man appeared, made in the image of his God. In the history of man the same fact may be observed. A nation gradually reaches a certain degree of refinement, then proving unequal to the task of advancing further, after making efforts to advance, but rapidly deteriorating, it is cast aside. Another nation takes its place, only to share the same fate after attaining a more perfect civilization.

This has been the history of the world down to the present time. As the first class of animals was imperfect as compared with the next succeeding one, and perfection was reached only after a series of advances, so among men, the present civilization has been attained only after many nations were tried, and then cast one side as being unable to reach the highest degree of culture possible. It may be asked, How we know that this is not our fate also? Of course we cannot tell with certainty; by comparing, however, the condition of man now with what it has been, and noticing the difference between them, we see that the chief causes of failure hitherto prevalent, are wanting among us. Ever before the arts and sciences have kept in advance of the common people, who were thus kept in superstition and ignorance. Now, however, all keep along with the advance made by science; education reaches, or can reach all. As a result, the seeds of destruction are not so abundant among us as in the case of former governments.

Man is now passing forward with giant strides; through his inventive genius the elements are now his attentive servants; even the once dreaded thunderbolt is no longer an object of terror, but flashes at his bidding news around the earth in forty seconds.

INFLUENCE.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

It has been asked, "How all-pervading and inestimable is influence?" This question might furnish many new and enlivening thoughts for contemplation, but the end and satisfactory answer would be no more nearly attained than before, so much is it like unto space itself,— illimitable. Reasoning from experience, we know and feel, how, even in contravention to natural restraints, beings are hurled from standpoints of morality and independence. Not so much from freedom of thought as that of action, which tends so towards conventionalism.

The influence, the power of an heroic action, who can estimate it? The enlightened soul must needs recognize the world around it as merely tributary to its own development. The race consumed some thousands of years to learn this fact; yet men are even now prone to forget it, in the hurry and confusion of our modern life. We glory in this age, as an age of ideas, and we do well; for it is indeed a grand distinction. But we should beware of too much glorification, lest, ere we know it, our civilization be overshadowed by the dark wings of that evil spirit, idea-worship. Ideas are images, you know, and men were always wont to worship images. The Israelites of old cut theirs from wood and stone. The men of modern times evolve theirs from the brain, spin from the imagination the enchanted thread, which, like the witchcraft of Macbeth, leads the unconscious victim to his doom.

The operation of Christianity in the work of regeneration is accomplishing its task with great purity and vigor, infusing itself into the very life-blood of the world. We need something that is not of man, something that comes from God. "Give me," said Archimedes, "a point without the world, and I will lift it from its poles." True Christianity is that point, seeking to raise the heart of man from its pivot of selfishness and sensuality, and which will one day turn the whole world from its evil ways. making it revolve on a new axis of righteousness and peace. Men venerate days and ceremonials; but where is the reverence that is due to that most sacred of the things of time, the organism of the soul! We admire the vast fabric of society and government. We point to the inventions, arts, sciences, and literatures, which form the swelling tide of civilization. Geological revelations carry us back through durations so boundless that imagination is bewildered, and reason reels under the grandeur of its demonstration; but through the measureless series of advancing periods, we discover a stupendous plan, an Infinite Power, working out through infinite time, the destiny of a planet! Those triumphs of science which are embodied in external civilization are well fitted to kindle our admiration; but they are of secondary moment when compared with the consequences that must flow from the full application of their results.

Shall we not recognize the hand of God in these grand manifestations which arise, and start as it were from the dust of the earth, communicating a fresh impulse, a new form and destiny to the human race?

No subject of contemplation could be more majestic or more justly commendable than that of the celestial influence of christianity, searching the depths of the human spirit, and evolving its powers in the broadest, the most varied, the most profoundly moral and spiritual of civilizations. No intellectual exercise could be more invigorating or profitable than that of penetrating or embracing the essence of that influence. The point desired to be reached may be high; but the prospect not necessarily indefinite. The centuries which have witnessed the spread of christianity, we found ourselves obliged to regard as the moral, intellectual, social, and political boundary of the whole continent of modern life. Those streams of influence then commenced their course, which have since continued to flow. At times, they may have been slow and turbid; at times their windings may have been so circuitous that the attainment of the goal seemed impossible: at times they may have rushed on in wild haste and tumult, as the torrent and cataract; at times they may have seemed to have disappeared altogether, like rivers running underground, yet to them the grand conformations of national life were owing; from the most circuitous winding, there was always a return; and even though they should in some quarters seem to be lost, and in others to be turbid or obstructed, the experience of the past combine with faith in Divine Providence to assure us, that they will ultimately work themselves clear, draw towards them new tributaries, and irrigate with their healing waters all the province of human life.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

BY LEVERETT MEARS.

"The human race are all born in subjection to one great immutable law, by which every individual is connected together in the eternal fame of the universe, from whose bonds no one can free himself," namely, the influence which one member of the human race exerts over another; however this influence is exerted, whether by direct intercourse, or by the silent, yet far more powerful influence of example, it is felt on all around.

"Man was not born to be a mere machine like a watch or clock, to be moved merely as it *is* moved," but each one is connected in the great structure of mankind, and *must* exert an influence either for good or evil, which is felt throughout the whole. It has been said that every word which falls from the lips of man, never ceases to sound, but somewhere its influence is heard and felt throughout eternity. As a pebble dropped in the middle of a lake will produce an eddy that will widen and increase until its waves shall reach the farthest shore, so the silent influence, originating from man, will grow wider in its influence, and increase in power as the ages roll around, until it shall reach the farthest shore of eternity.

It is needless to mention the numberless ways and directions in which this power is exerted, but while the soldier looks to his general for example, the scholar to his teacher, the men of one generation to those of the preceding, and each one of us to the other, superior to these, and by far the more powerful is the influence which a mother exerts over her child. This it is that has shaped the destinies of the world, and done more to bring it to its present state of civilization. Said Washington towards the last of his life, "All that I am I owe to the example of my mother." So have said countless others whose lives have proved a blessing to the world.

Mankind generally can never be led to believe, much less measure the mighty power with which they guide and control, it may be against their own will, the minds of others. Said a renowned atheist on his death bed, "Could I but erase the evil which my example *alone* has exerted on my fellow men, I should undo more than half I have done."

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

BY F. E. SHERMAN.

Last July, we all remember, opened quite warm, and we had one week of very hot weather. This was about the beginning of haytime, and what an amount of hay was transferred from the field to the barn during that week. I remember on the farm where I was at work, though we tried to "make hay while the sun shone," still for reasons beyond our control, at the end of the week there was as much left of a particular quality of grass as would occupy us two days in securing. That little was not secured until more than a week afterwards, because the sun did not shine. Thus we found that more hay could be made in one week of sunshine, than in many of storm. Sometimes we see farmers neglecting their work in good weather, and perhaps when they are ready to commence the weather is very unfavorable, and their crops suffer much injury from the neglect. Do you think such a man wise? Yet do not many act in the same way? We see the results of neglect on every hand, and much has been lost through it alone. The farmer with regret looks upon the result of something undone, which, transacted in proper season, would have been easier, and caused less damage. A child has a small task to perform, and he thinks it so small that he will play a little, and he does so; then plays a little more, and at length thinks of his task, but finds it too late to accomplish it in the specified time, and it is neglected.

The student, while he is reviewing his studies, sadly feels the effect of their neglect while he was advancing, and in each succeeding year his negligence during the preceding. Perhaps he sits at his books, weary; his eyes feeling dry by the light of the lamp, wander from his book, and soon his mind is in the land of dreams. After a time he rouses himself, and finds his lessons unlearned, and the hour of retiring at hand. One imperfect lesson causes another, and there must be an extra effort somewhere to gain what was neglected. The ungodly man neglects to accept Christ when there is opportunity, and at last finds himself in torments.

The professing christian neglects opportunities of doing good, which he regrets afterwards. I fear many will fall short of the kingdom of heaven, because they neglected their opportunities on earth, neglected to "make hay while the sun shone." When we think of such things and see the results, we determine within ourselves not to have any such in our journey through the world; but sometimes we forget and grow weary, not seeing what evil can come from neglecting this or that, and so leave it without careful thought and earnest prayer, and too late awake to the awful reality, and regret the reminiscences of our lives. When we reflect on what is lost by delay, how are we led to exclaim—

Procrastination! O, thou thief
  Of many a young man's time,
God grant, through Jesus, strong relief
  From this so grievous crime.
Grant us assistance from on high,
  With this dire fiend to cope.
Let's learn beneath a clear sky,
  To labor and to hope.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

It is a pleasant sight to the eye of a patron of education to see schoolhouses rising up in different parts of the world; both in those parts where no institutions have previously existed, because there, to those who grope in the darkness of ignorance and barbarism (for where the former is the latter WILL BE, as its companion), an opportunity is offered for the enjoyment of the light of knowledge and civilization, and also in those places where institutions of learning may be quite numerous, since the erection of another such edifice manifests that there is an increasing thirst for knowledge, and such information is certainly very pleasant to persons of that class of which we have made mention.

But besides the schools which we speak of specifically as such, there is a general one, and one at which millions of pupils receive information; this is the School of Life. In treating of this school we hope it will not be thought that we in the least underrate the value of our schools and colleges; such institutions we believe are the foundation of our present prosperity, and are of inestimable value to the world, our country, and ourselves; it is our object simply to show that a greater amount of information is obtained from our daily experience in life than from these institutions.

Let us consider man at the different stages of his life, and notice the influence that this school exerts upon him; before the child passes the limits of infancy it receives the discipline of a teacher named Experience, and it continues to receive instruction from him until reason takes its departure.

The young man, fired with ambition, starts on the journey of life, he finishes his common school education, and perhaps graduates from college; his air castles are built, but he is deeply chagrined when he notices how rapidly they crumble to ruin, and pass away from his vision; he sees the walls falling on all sides while being battered during the battle of life.

Scenes have now very much changed; the young man has passed through many vicissitudes of life, and has now arrived at that period when he is said to be middle-aged; he has been led at the instigation of Experience to procure the services of an admonisher named Caution, and he now acts under the direction of these two guardians. Several years have slipped by, and we again find the subject of our remarks far advanced in years; his guardians, Experience and Caution, now sit enthroned, and the aged man feels that they have imparted enough instruction to enable him to begin to live his life a second time; he feels that he needs the knowledge that he now possesses, if he wishes to live his life at all well; perhaps the most important lesson that has been taught him is that of making a proper use of his time; he can now look back over scores of years to the days of his childhood, when he was laying the foundation for future years, while his teacher points out to him defects through the course of his instruction, caused by spending too many precious moments in indifference. He looks back with pleasure to the school days of his youth, but yet he feels that if the teachers under whom he then was, were the only ones he ever received instruction from, his chances for prosperity in life would have been but small.

THE TWO REACTIONS.

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

The law of reaction is equally felt in politics and in physics, in morals and in mechanics. The continuous action of any law or principle necessarily rouses to activity an antagonism. The centripetal is balanced by the centrifugal, the centralized rule of Rome is followed by the feudal system binding nations as by a rope of sand; the ivory ball impinged returns the blow with equal force; the slaughter of St. Bartholemew's surely results in the massacre of September. At the close of the sixth century, there existed over Europe and Western Asia, corrupted forms of the Christian and Sabian religions, pure and venerable in their origin, the supplanters of debased forms of idolatry.

Each in its fall became idolatrous, and thus resulted a general corruption of morals, which in the East rapidly spread mid a people already rotten, influenced by a civilization linking Grecian sensuality to Asiatic voluptuousness, while in the West the influx of new races, untouched by Roman civilization, prevented any deep corruption of morals, and that of religion had but just commenced.

This general decay roused a protest for a loftier religion; in Asia, it assumed the form of an irruption of religious enthusiasts of differing race and language; in Europe, the vigor of the northern races at last effected the change from within, more complete, more durable, yet less violent, and longer in reaching its climax,—the Puritanism of England.

In each reformation, men reasoning from different standpoints uttered their protests for the unity of God, dragged down the idolatrous saints that cumbered the devotions of others, and actuated by a common desire to open a way to the divinity, taught that constant, unremitting prayer was the duty of all. Save the accidental impulse given to literature by the capture of Constantinople, their relations to each other were slight, and the morality taught by the Koran is so low that it alone might seem to exclude a comparison between its votaries and men whose morals were the wonder of the world, yet the coincidence of a religious enthusiasm and a similar aim, produced traits of like character in the early warriors of Islam and the soldiers of Cromwell.

The door of prayer was daily, hourly opened by Moslem and Puritan alike; in the latter, from a belief in a direct interposition of providence controllable by his supplications, in the former more blindly urged by the recurring commands of his religion, the stated hours of prayer, and the merit their observance was sure to bring.

No cumbrous ceremonial was needed by either; all times and places were alike. The Moslem Emir, rushing into the stormed city, entered the christian church, and himself consecrated it to the new religion, and the roundhead, forcing his way into a cavalier city, cleansed the cathedral of the idolatrous symbols that to him were desecration; thus each conquest was dedicated.

If the fruits of conquest were similarly expended, the courage that gained them was of a like type, whether the Puritan were invincible because he felt in a just cause no harm could come to him but would farther his cause, or the Arab believing the soul that ebbed beneath the lance-thrust of the infidel gained instant entrance to Paradise, a similar belief in a heaven-born mission produced a fanatical bravery, and gave the moslem "Allahu" a terror only equalled by the "God with us," that rang forth at Naseby.

But when the battle was over and the conquest consummated, the difference between a mere enthusiastic belief in a truth, albeit grand, and a complete appreciation of an entire system of religious teaching, was apparent. The wave of enthusiasts under Khaled and Amru swept away every institution of the lands they conquered only to let them sink back under a despotism as relentless as that from which they were rescued, into a corruption deeper than that in which Islam found them, yet lacking the polish that gave it a seeming grace. Yet the influence of their conquest can hardly be over estimated; besides molding history for centuries, it gave thinking minds something to think about; it galvanized the effete carcass of oriental civilization; it molded in literature and manners the successive hordes that poured in from Tartary; it gave Europe a practical acquaintance with a learning it had forgotten, and during the crusades a link with a refinement it knew nothing of; it kept in a flame the arts and sciences, and preserved them for another reformation.

THE OLDEST TOWN OF OUR REPUBLIC.

BY C. HERBERT OSBORNE.

Not a hundred years after the successful voyage of Columbus, a few adventurous Spaniards, sailing along the coast of Florida, came upon a little estuary, known at present by the name of North River, and at about two miles founded St. Augustine. It was a romantic spot to establish a town, being accessible by water, and its harbor was soon protected by a fort which bid defiance to any who might have the audacity to intrude upon the peaceful assurance of safety felt by its inhabitants. A church of their faith was erected, to make the enterprise complete. St. Augustine is to-day the same quaint little town, though maintained not by the descendents of the Spanish colonists, but by the influx of invalids, having no trade or manufactures. It is but a relic of the past, yet there is a curious interest in its associations, and every object the eye beholds, impressed by the decay of time, silently narrates the enchanted legends of those chivalrous days that have not been stripped of their charms by the dull, prosy historian, or lost their fascination by the wit of Cervantes, in visions of Don Quixote.

THE POPULAR LECTURE.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

Popular lectures, so far as they serve the single purpose of communicating knowledge, are intended not for scholars only, but for men and women, who are too much absorbed by other labors to toil for knowledge along the printed page, who will get it not at all, unless it come to them in the joy and stimulation of the living voice, and in the magnetic impulses of the personal presence.

The American people seem to be seized with a spasm to be lectured to every autumn; a spasm whose fury lasts all winter, and is appeased only at the approach of the warm season. How is it possible to account for the innumerable numbers, pushing and rushing, by starlight, and by gaslight, by lantern-light, and by no light at all, to the appointed arenas of talk? After all, however, there is really nothing mysterious in this annual phenomenon of lecture hunters. There is nothing ridiculous in it either, except to that shivering minority who persist in forgetting that oratory is about the most genuine and human thing that we know anything about. It is just as natural for men to listen to and enjoy a good speech, as to go to dinner. Hunger for the nourishment of words is as universal and as legitimate an instinct as hunger for the nourishment of bread. Oratory is at once the most intellectual and the most passional of the arts. Often the personality of the teacher is of more value than the lesson taught. Why do men still go, even at considerable inconvenience, to hear Hamlet at the theatre, when they can read Hamlet comfortably at home? What sustains the ever increasing interest of mankind in preaching, when there are perhaps much better sermons in books on the library shelves, than are to be heard from most pulpits? From all such questions we continually come back to the one answer, no other attraction can rival that of the living presence. Knowledge inside of books is impersonal. One word alive outweighs a hundred words dead. The orator's breath is infinitely mightier than the printer's ink. So long, therefore, as human nature lasts the most of us will find knowledge obtained from men more attractive than knowledge acquired from books.

The sight and sound of a great man are alone an educating force. Even yet in the world there are lands where the people never come into contact with the most illustrious citizens. What gratitude do we owe to a system which every year lends for a few hours to each of several hundred different sets of people, the face and voice of such men as Emerson, Beecher, Curtis and Wendell Phillips.

But to consider the popular lecture as a mere vehicle for the conveyance of precise knowledge, is to take a low and a narrow view of the function of this most puissant agency. He is but a sciolist who estimates the worth of his winter course of lectures only by the number of new facts he can count upon his finger-ends in the spring.

Quite outside of the sphere of knowledge, the lecture has a distinct function in the sphere of power; it is an organ of sentiment, of tendency; it is an unequalled generator of public opinion.

The popular lecture is a popular civilizer. To begin with, it is democratic. From various social positions up and down, and from many religious organizations, it brings people together upon a common level, to look into each other's faces, to tolerate each other's proximity, to exchange the affable countersigns of decorum; and it thus awakens, once and again, the consciousness of the human tie which runs beneath all domestic and ecclesiastic separations. Moreover, the establishment of the popular lecture as a national habit is at once the signal and the means of national intellectuality. We judge of the brain of any people by its amusements. There are hundreds of towns between Massachusetts and Colorado for which the lyceum is the absorbing excitement of the season. Such a thing were impossible except in a highly intellectual race. The difference between Spain and America is precisely stated when it is said that the one enjoys bull-fights, and the other, lectures. Then there is another aspect of the case. Allied to no religious sect, open to every political party, the popular lecture accustoms men to the ennobling discipline of listening to the utterance of fresh, independent, and as may be, even disagreeable opinion. It thus becomes a tuition in the finest spiritual courtesy. Furthermore, every separate community in the land has its own local idolatries, bigotries, animosities. In each place special opinions breed in and in, prejudices of a single horizon fester and corrupt, petty aristocracies become tyrannous; and it is henceforth wholesome for all concerned that a half-dozen or more cosmopolitan lecturers, unspattered by the spray of their neighborhood verdicts, should invade our towns every year, and send a ripple over the equanimity of men and women who—

> "take the rustic murmur of their bourg
> For the great wave that echoes round the world."

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

BY JAMES HAYWARD.

In every country, state and city, the inhabitants are marked by peculiar characteristics, since every community is in itself a society. Each city, while in many points similar to the state, and this in turn to the country, still differs in other respects of quality. Next after religion the form of government produces the greatest effect on a nation's character. We can clearly discern the distinction between various peoples, dwelling in the same climate and of the same race, yet living under different political systems. In one, the laws may exert a powerful influence for good, in another, the reverse may be true. Where the laws are stringent, the people are depressed and their freedom confined; whereas, too unrestrained a nation will surely tend to disunion. The nature of a country is seen in its customs and manners; and so the chief means of ascertaining a nation's character is the form of government.

A democracy is the best, because of its influence on society. "Social condition may justly be considered as the source of almost all the laws, usages, and the ideas which regulate the conduct of nations; what it does not produce it modifies." That which is true of each individual of society is true of the whole.

First, let us then consider the self-respect which democracy engenders. Feeling that their rights and privileges are subject to their own control, that the welfare of state depends upon them, that they are on an equality with their countrymen, their very independence gives a democratic people great self-respect. One who desires political freedom, and feels his own importance as a member of a free society, will ever be found to favor that government whose ruler he has chosen, and whose laws are subject, in a measure, to his control. Equality itself leads to independence of thought and action, a jealous foresight to prevent the encroachments of authority, and a desire for honorable and fair dealing in all things. In such a country, self-respect comes also from the fact that each is free to raise himself to any position in government.

Furthermore, there is an educational influence in the ballot. It gives responsibility, as every one sees that his choice will have some effect on the future administration; and hence he keeps himself wide awake to all government measures, carefully weighs them in his mind before casting any decision, and frequently, by their discussion will form more correct views; he will be ready to check any bad result that may arise, and so, by a watchful care and guardianship over state measures his interest is aroused, his mind elevated, his intellect educated. Then, too, since the laws are less rigid, there are fewer officials, and one is thrown more upon his own resources, so that he becomes active, energetic, and practical, and transacts his business much more satisfactorily as he knows his own affairs best.

"In America, religion is the road to knowledge, and the observance of the divine laws leads man to civil liberty;" and nowhere can be found a better system of social democracy than in our own country. There can be no doubt that the influence of religion on a people is much aided by equality. At the time of the christian era providence had brought most all the civilized world under one control, and though there were many distinctions between the several portions of the empire, still each appeared so feeble in comparison with the chief potentate, that all seemed on equality. Thus were these nations fitted to receive the divine revelation; and it was not till that government was crumbling into decay, that innovations were made in that religion, and it became separated into various creeds. In a democracy, the idea of man's unity will lead all to a consideration of the unity of God. In the complete harmony of the spiritual world lies the key to earthly happiness; in its social equality is a divine example for man. But in an aristocratic country the views of the people are various, and the distinctions in classes number the separate religious opinions,—nay, even the deities. It is a marked fact, that in a democracy the clergy do not devote themselves, comparatively speaking, to secular affairs. We find this exemplified in our own land. Although the church and state are not united, still, as American ministers are deeply interested in the public welfare, and strive to point out the true course to national happiness, so the eloquence of the finest pulpit oratory, the sublime examples from Scripture, the grandeur of christian principles, and the touching pathos and beauty of christian faith, have often joined in urging forward reform, and arousing patriotic emotions. The clergy ever strive to keep with the majority, and allow themselves to be borne along by it, save when public opinion becomes antagonistic to sacred doctrines; there they do not desert the people, but aim at proper correction.

Flowing in part from the effect of religion, in part from the general nature of the people, but mainly from the principle of equality, the morals of democratic nations are of a higher standard than those of aristocratic countries. In England it has been noticed that numerous are the cases where social relations have occasioned the commission of crime, simply because of the almost impenetrable barrier between classes; and in the stories of the land many are the tales of gallantry; while, on the other hand, at home the lawful marriage of high and low (that is, in point of wealth,) is considered honorable, and in our novels the home is, as a matter of course, chaste and pure. The free commingling of classes aids the advancement of morals and tends to more refined sensibilities. Among an aristocratic people there is a want of sympathy between the social classes, and the refined lord will tell of the most disastrous accidents that have befallen those of humbler lot without the slightest expression of emotion or concern. There is, also, an intense hatred between the high and low; or, else the weak bow in humble submission to the demands of the strong. But in a community living on terms of equality, where wealth and birth afford no political distinction, all are bound by closer ties of common affection; there is a nearer relationship in sentiments and feelings, and social harmony unites them more firmly.

The liberty of a democracy is found also in the use of language. Authors take less care in the selection of proper words, and frequently give obtuse and ambiguous constructions, and are far more apt to use abstract substantives because of their terseness and comprehensiveness, though by thus enlarging the meaning, it is obscured. The love of change, for its own sake, is also a characteristic of such people. In their literary works they tend more to the practical than the theoretical, and seek to find a use for everything, not, however, totally disregarding theory. Their poetry treats less of common, every-day scenes, and aims at a truthful delineation of the inner being. Their poets seek some more spiritual idea, and are satisfied only by looking within, beholding man as he "springs out of nothing, crosses Time, and disappears forever in the bosom of God." The principle of equality does not destroy poetry, but in contracting its sphere, elevates its tone and strengthens its power. Equality itself tends to enlighten the masses, though as a consequence they do not furnish so many illustrious men, still there are less who are ignorant. By extending the same privileges to all, by giving an additional impetus and energy to trade, by encouraging systems of popular education, in fine, by promoting the general welfare, and by its active, live, and stimulating influences, democracy produces a state of society marked for its compactness and union, for the enlightenment and true cordiality of the people, the friendship and harmony of all, the advancement in political economy and public happiness.

LORD BACON.

BY J. E. GARLAND.

Among the great talent of the age characterized as the Elizabethan age, Shakspeare stands unrivalled; yet there was another man, whose abilities, though inferior to Shakspeare's still place him far above all others, and whose name, perhaps, will be as immortal as Shakspeare's.

Several authors, and some of them of great note, have written the life of this remarkable man, but the greater part of them have calumniated his name, though granting his great intellect. Dixon, who has written Bacon's biography within the last ten years, and has opened to the world facts hitherto unknown, has perhaps taken a juster comprehension of his merit than any other biographer.

Born, as Bacon was, of parents of great ability, his father being Keeper of the Great Seal, and known as the "second prop of the kingdom," while his mother was extraordinarily accomplished, even in that age, his early life portended great opportunities for distinction. But he was rudely deprived of his youthful expectations by the untimely death of his father, who left him without property, dependent upon his own exertions.

Returning from France, where he had been in the train of the English Ambassador, he begins the study of law, and for six years but little is heard of him, until he enters Parliament at the age of twenty-four, and soon establishes his fame as an orator. As an advocate of reform, in condensing the body of the English law, and giving it to the public, he startles the House of Commons and proves himself the ablest debater in Parliament.

About this time Bacon begins to act as counsellor of the Earl of Essex, and Essex, being pleased with him, endeavors to obtain position for him under the government. But Elizabeth, angry because it is rumored that Essex has almost unbounded influence over her, refuses. This angers Essex, while dashing Bacon's prospects, and he soon begins mischief against the Queen. In the course of a few years Essex is arrested for treason, but, by Bacon's earnest intercession with Elizabeth he is pardoned. Was there reason for all this pleading? What advantage had Bacon received from Essex? He had only been thwarted and buffetted in his course; but he, nevertheless, taking into consideration Essex' rashness, and feeling somewhat grateful for his *endeavors*, strenuously exerted himself, with successful result.

Essex, no sooner free, than, deposed from favor by Elizabeth, he again falls into the hands of the law, for conspiring against the Queen's life. This time, when high treason is manifest, there can be no atonement but death. Bacon is called by the Privy Council to plead for the crown; he speaks against Essex, without bitter feeling, but clearly proving his fault, and he is condemned to death. For this act, Bacon has sometimes been accused of the basest ingratitude. But did he not owe many of his severest misfortunes to Essex? Moreover, he was acting under orders from the Privy Council.

After years of patient waiting, he obtains the post of Solicitor General. For six years he holds his office, without any remarkable occurrence, spending much of his time upon his essays.

The great barrier, always obstructing Bacon's advancement, has always been his cousin, Lord Cecil, jealous of his talents; but death now claims him, and Bacon's prospects begin to brighten. Shortly after Cecil's death he is appointed Attorney General, and is elected to Parliament by three different burgesses, an unparallelled occurrence.

But one rival now remains, preventing his steady progress, and this is Coke, an unprincipled and arrogant man, who, from his higher position, has continually been a thorn in Bacon's side, always thrusting him down whenever his superior office had the advantage. But Coke disobeys the King's mandate, and, acting contrary to law, incurs James' displeasure and is brought to trial; points of law are brought into the investigation, and the Attorney General is called upon to unravel and explain them. Coke is condemned, and Bacon takes the position left vacant in the Privy Council.

By the fall of Coke the wheel is set in motion, which, by fair means or foul, shall also drag down Bacon, though not before he has ably filled the highest office of trust and honor in the kingdom. Within a year he receives the seals, is then created Lord Chancellor, and has the title of Viscount St. Albans conferred upon him, in the king's presence, considered a mark of especial esteem.

Coke, burning with indignation that the man he hates above all others should be possessed of the high position from which he has been hurled, ever since his fall has been deeply plotting to drag down to his own infamous depth his successful rival. He finds a fit tool in the person of John Churchill, formerly occupying a place of trust under Bacon; together they pick out every flaw they can find in his entire public life. While sick, a charge was preferred against him of bribery and fraud in his high office. His case is tried before the Peers, who condemn him; he is deprived of the seals, an enormous fine imposed, and flung into the tower.

That he was not entirely free from blame, cannot be disputed, yet the charges against any other person would have been considered almost absurd; we may perhaps obtain the truest sense of his guilt from his own words: "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years, but it was the justest censure that was in Parliament these two hundred years." He was ultimately released from the tower, and his fine remitted, but was forbidden ever again to hold public office.

Henceforward he devoted all his energies to writing and revising his essays, and experimenting in philosophy; dying a few years afterward in the midst of an experiment, though not until he had seen his former enemies all despised and condemned.

It is a lamentable fact that Bacon tampered at all with bribery, staining his otherwise fair name; nevertheless he had as precedent all former chief justices, and was virtuous above them all. It was impossible for any one to obtain position during James' reign, in a perfectly fair manner, and though this may be no extenuation for Bacon, still it should be taken into consideration.

Looking at Bacon, the orator, the lawyer, the statesman, and philosopher, and tracing the working of his mighty brain in the essays he has bequeathed us, we see his giant intellect soaring far above his contemporaries, who, viewed beside him, sink almost to nothingness. His life was one great day of toil, but the fruits of his labor have hardly commenced to be reaped. With a capacity that carefully weighed everything coming under his cognizance, his opinions are invaluable; his philosophical work is full of the subtlest wisdom, while his foresight, knowledge of human nature, and vast ability in scheming for his country's welfare, place him foremost as a statesman.

Whatever way we look at him, we can but wonder and admire. Like those in every age who stand pre-eminent, he was everywhere buffetted, and ill treated by men who should have been his ablest supporters. Jealousy is the only reason that can be ascribed for the long interval he was obliged to labor before acquiring his due merit. Men, his inferiors in all respects, were often placed above him, contrary to all precedent, yet he slowly but steadily rose, from one position to another, until he had occupied every post of influence.

Ever eager for reform, and always an ardent supporter of it, by his persuasive eloquence and pointed argument, he rarely failed to impress the expediency of his cause upon the minds of his auditors, though the times and party obligations often caused the failure of his suit.

During an age of remarkably talented men, it were strange if a number of them, concocting together, could not overthrow an extraordinary genius, and thus it was that Coke and his accomplices conquered, though their victory was of short duration, and where their names are tarnished and honor stained, Bacon stands forth, clear and bold, like innocence amid guilt. When he shall have become more widely appreciated, and the odium of two centuries removed, no one will be found more worthy of our praise and high appreciation than he, whose enemies could not trample upon, though they overthrew; whose name has outlived most of his contemporaries, and whose character is now universally studied, admired and revered.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

The following is an account of the X. I. L. Association. Nothing need be said of it here, as its history is found below; but we can hope it a prosperous journey through next term, and may its dishes rest as gratefully upon the table as in times gone by.

ORIGIN OF THE X. I. L.

Months ago, in sorrow and gloom, in mournfulness and despondency, the sun of the Mutual Club went down. No longer thrice, yea, six times a day did a ghastly array, with "starvation" printed in double columns on their expressive features, meander down the classic slope of School street, flow in gentle current through Green, and turning a deaf ear to the blandishments of Holt's, with firm step and unflinching brow charge Fort Upton. Slowly, sadly, were the records and constitution of the ill-fated organization entombed, and the remnant of the gallant band that had shown its valor and constancy on a hundred battle-fields, separated and mournfully sought wide-spread exile and unoccupied seats; the place that had known them knew them no more; but other strongholds opened, beneath better auspices, and more fortunate banners; again they charged battalions of pies; again regiments of beefsteak retired in disorder beneath their fierce assault; again solid squares of bread sank and disappeared from view beneath the fire of their batteries.

Did early morn with rosy fingers look through the embrasures of Fort Stone or Clough without seeing some eagle-eyed solitary sentry, who bore on his coat tails the magic word, "Mutual," firing on every stray biscuit and flapjack that he saw. How often has high noon seen their magnificent charge as they swept the board of every foe, and then wept, like Alexander, for another beefsteak to conquer, and "when the shades of night were falling fast," still the conflict went on, and ever the banner of the Mutual waved in the van. The parched and wearied cook heard with wonder the steady cry for more hot biscuit, and gazed with staring eyes on the coffee-pot, as it came in with its tale of the dead and wounded.

Could such glorious example be without its fruit? No: one and another were moved to generous rivalry; the crimson banner of St. George of England, ever flapped in the front, upheld by her fair haired son, John the beloved; the Green Mountains of Vermont sent their dauntless representative, and never was the graham baked or brewed that could stand the sweep of his sabre; Cape Cod sent her bravest and best; the historic slopes of Plymouth Bay, their seraphic songster to sound the triumphant pæon o'er the enemy, while a voice from the pine-clad hills of Maine, shouted the war cry, and like the horse-leech ever cried "give."

But were the Cyclops that tend Ætnean cook stoves, and fashion the indigestible thunderbolts of Jupiter, to see the ruthless massacre, and hear the maddened yells for fresh victims, with no eye to pity, no heart to save? O! the pity of it! Forth went the bravest sons of Hash. Exiled by the feminine Cyclops, aided by one, who if not the "father of gods and men," is at least their uncle, vanquished by treachery, a prey to strong drink.

Then turned their hearts with eager longing to their first love; again rose the walls of Fort Upton; as the Phœnix springs from its ashes vivified by the sun, so from the buried manes of the Mutual awakened by the Union sun sprang the X. I. L. to life and vigor, like Minerva full armed from the head of Jove.

There, at last, the wearied warriors rest, and not a wave of trouble rolls across their peaceful breasts; like the Pilgrim fathers they have found what they sought, freedom to eat muffins. But let a veil be drawn over their innocent peace. As in the golden age the Gods walk among men, and the Muses are seen of mortal eyes.

OUR SPICE BOX.

The man that was called a "Rum Fellow" claims a relationship to "Champagne Charley."

Why does Phillips Academy resemble a large clothing establishment?—Because it is carried on by a tailor (Taylor).

Why should the Middle Class be esteemed the most corrupted class in school? Because it keeps good ale (Goodale) and porter (Porter), and uses the weed (Weed).

When does Old Philo's ship of state best weather a storm?—When the hatches (Hatch) are closed.

COLLOQUY.

Scene,—Dinner Table.

1st Member (sarcastically).—Some fellows in our class are so smart I am afraid they'll die.

2d Member.—Humph! I know of one that won't.

An approving smile from 69 and 70.

GRAND RAPIDS.

A few evenings since, as a member of the Academy was entertaining a company with select readings, the hostess brought forward a picture of Grand Rapids, Mich., in which was her sister's house, with a span of horses before the door. "Grand Rapids, Mr. Blank."

"Ah," exclaimed our friend, catching a hasty glance at the photograph, "very fine animals, very fine."

"No, no," hastily exclaims the lady, "I mean the city of Grand Rapids, Mich."

DO YOU PAINT?

A few evenings later, as the same gentleman, somewhat famous for the use of the adjective, was reading one of his compositions to another company, a lady suavely inquired, "Do you paint, Mr. Blank."

"Why! Why!" stammering and embarrassed, "friend, you would hardly think it was fair to ask you that question."

We have to offer to your notice in the following piece of poetry, a moral lesson. If every one would carefully consider the peanut, no longer would the "old bachelor or the ungiven maid" cherish their state of "single blessedness."

TO A PEANUT.

If all from thee would learn this rule,
  It would indeed be very well,
Declaring all they have to say
  Condensed, preserved within a shell.

Where can be found a thing so small,
  That can so many tales unfold,
Of love and hate, of jest and spite,
  More precious than the mellow gold.

Thy friends, as numerous as the sands,
  Bestow on thee their pennies bright;
And ever at the play are seen,
  Ascending to the greatest height.

There is a charm in cracking thee,
  If then we also crack a joke;
Both tend to make the joy complete,
  And mirthful pleasure do provoke.

When searching out thy hidden sweets,
  We find two little "episodes"
That argue 'gainst a lonely life,
  And to such things are antipodes.

They plainly state that man should be
  United with some chosen mate;
That love and peace should govern earth,
  And death alone belong to hate.

Thy size, 'tis true, is very small,
  Thy lesson yet is really great;
Oh! that we all would learn of thee,
  And thy example imitate.

DANIEL PRATT.

At nine o'clock one winter's night,
I saw a wondrous funny sight;
The full round moon was shining bright,
When, taken by a sudden fright,
In haste we youngsters took our flight
When "Uncle Sam" was near us quite.
'Twas but three minutes then, before
We stood around the open door;
A merry band to have some sport;
When, startled by the quick report
That "Uncle Sam" was drawing near,
How quickly then the coast was clear!
I seem to see the fences piled
With boys, in eager haste and wild,
A dozen deep perhaps, or more,
Who late had listened to the roar
Of Daniel Pratt, the travelling man.
The brave young heroes! how they ran!
Oh, quickly then the lights went out,
And mighty Daniel's deafening shout
'Mid that sublimely funny rout!
Oh tell me why did we not stand
And "face the music" at command,
When "Doctor Taylor" came to hand!
Discretion, friends (I oft have heard)
In danger's not a thing absurd,—
At any rate we staid not then
Long as it takes my rapid pen
To nimbly glide along my sheet,

To think of valor; but more fleet
Than rabbits scared we turn our feet,
Nor stopped we "Uncle Sam" to greet;
Excepting one or two, who taken,
I've "heerd 'em say"—were soundly shaken!
I say "I've heerd;" I staid not then
To watch the "where, and how, and when;"
But starting off with feet in air,
My nimble legs I did not spare;
Nor spared they me; for soon I found
My length was measuring the ground!
And that amid the under-brush,
Which tore my garments to a mush!
I pick me up; but soon I pitch
With headlong speed, into a ditch!
My tattered garments soon were wet,
With mud upon them thickly set!
My mind,—which flew more fast from *me*
Than I from Uncle Sam did flee,
When first I saw his stately form,
And caught the wind of coming storm.
Now found we in this sorry plight,
To self a scare, to friends a fright!
The scene was in the commons yard,
Where fences high one's speed retard;—
Was not the place almost too good
There, right beside the ancient wood,
For us in fright to thither dance,
To have been chosen by mere chance?
Tell me, long heads, who planned the play,
Whose *longer legs* fast ran away!
What music then was sounding clear
From fish-horns breaking on the ear?
What shouting rent the midnight air
In that most glorious funny scare!
What ghosts were they that thronged the wood,
Led by what daring Robin Hood?
But where, oh, where was Daniel Pratt?
When on a sudden ceased his chat?
The noble *President to be!*
There was no chance for him to flee
Like nimble Pussy up a tree,
Where our dear Uncle c'd not see.
In glory then,—I've heard it said,—
That mighty Daniel quickly fled
Unto his throne *behind the bed*!
While his high officers of state,—
At least they say so who relate—
Were tucked away like so much freight.
In closets, which I surely grieve
Ne'er blushed when called on to deceive!
What apparition now doth keep
The hero, just about to leap;
Whose pendant legs hang even now

At least two feet the sill below,
From letting go his eager hold,
And dropping downward, brave and bold?
'Tis possible,—I have been told,
'Twas something kept him worse than cold!
What specter that, which seems away,
Then bursts upon the boys for prey?
What monster stands on cellar stairs,
And, cunning, lays his hidden snares
For youths of innocent renown,
Assembled but to hear a clown!
What time the king of sleep that night
Found to relieve his appetite
I cannot say; for, lost in sleep,
In bed my wearied limbs I keep;
Forget 'til morn that horrid Greek,
And dream of playing hide-and-seek
With Doctor T.; in which, 'tis true,—
Don't tell the secrets known to few,—
He with a cudgel doth pursue;
I always run, and swiftly glide,
But vainly I attempt to hide;
I'm caught at last, and pummelled well,
Until, I waking break the spell,
And find by flunking, all too late,
What 't costs to hear old Daniel prate.

EDITORIAL.

The past term has been so devoid of interest that we are at loss how to review it; as far as we know, the winter terms have been so full of excitement that the courage of their reviewers diminishes at the task before them; but we are dismayed at the barrenness of the soil before us; we can see a green spot here and there only, to cheer us. So, with failing hearts, we gird ourselves for the search of incidents, and something to say.

The opening of the term witnessed a severe calamity, both to the inhabitants of Andover, and those interested in the public education. We refer to the burning of the Punchard Free School; we will not go into the particulars of its loss, for they would amount to something of a story; but we sincerely hope that before many years have passed, Andover may be able to point to its second and new schoolhouse.

During the first six or seven weeks of the term, Mr. Emerson was influenced to come to Andover, through the kind efforts of some persons unknown to us. Quiet houses and attentive audiences showed the approbation of the town's people, and must have rewarded the endeavors of those who afforded us the opportunity of hearing the great lecturer.

On the evening of January 26, we were favored with a concert given by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; the great excellence of this club will easily bear testimony to our enjoyment. The distinguished vocalist, Miss Gates, assisted them, and her singing would bear the severest criticism.

Mr. Taylor honored the Middle Class with a party at his house, on the evening of January 27; from all accounts everything passed away very pleasantly.

February 3, through the kindness of Dr. Taylor, the Senior Class was invited to visit, with him, the public institutions of Boston. Unfortunately the day was unpleasant, but notwithstanding this, the greatest enjoyment existed on the part of those that undertook the visit. We can scarcely imagine the pleasure we would have taken had the weather been pleasant. We prefer this in every way to a class sleigh ride, and hope the coming class will be equally fortunate.

February 9, Mr. Loring, under the auspices of the Senior Class, delivered his lecture on "Jefferson and Lincoln." There would have been a much larger gathering to hear him had there not been other meetings held that evening.

During the term Mr. Graves delivered several lectures on Electricity, which were very instructive; his experiments were all highly successful, and afforded much pleasure to his hearers.

Upon February 26, Mr. Saxe, under the directions of the Senior Class, was to have delivered his lecture on "Poets and Poetry," but on account of the severity of the weather it was postponed until March 5. Some of his remarks were very amusing, and we do not doubt but that his lecture was enjoyed.

March 8, the leading gymnasts of the school gave their exhibition; from what we have heard, their skill and ability reflected the greatest credit, both on themselves and the school.

These are the only green spots we have succeeded in discovering, and we lay aside the tired pen with a sigh of relief; but we cannot close without asking you to spare your criticisms upon our Mirror. Remember that we are yet but school-boys, and can still feel with joy the proximity of a vacation.

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

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AMBITION.

√

BY FIRST EDITOR.

"Who never felt the impatient throb,
The longing of a heart that pants,
And reaches after distant good?"—COWPER.

Prominent among the many passions which nature has afforded man, is a desire for influence, a longing after distinction, an ambition to be worthier and more elevated than his fellows. 'Tis a seed that germinates in very infancy, and is probably the most conspicuous passion of that happy time of life. Shake before baby his little rattle; how he laughs! how he twitches his restless body, so petite, this way and that in nurse's lap! and extends his tiny hands in his eagerness to grasp the wonderful thing that produces such marvellous sounds! Now place it in his hands. He shakes it himself! His joy is doubled at the thought that he makes the noise by his own unaided exertions. He sees his power, and is proud of it; but soon, finding his employment monotonous, wearies, only to strive and succeed in some other. In youth, it is his delight to surpass his associates in physical or mental pursuits, till manhood brings him before the world, to exercise his talents in a wider sphere.

Ambition may be turned to good account; it is too often abused; according as it meets with a virtuous or a vicious intellect. When rightly directed, it will contribute as much to the advantage of an individual, as it frequently does to his uneasiness; contribute as much to the welfare of the world, as it often does to its disadvantage.

The number of those who make a wrong use of this innate passion is great; it consists of those who seek to rise by base and unworthy purposes; whose ruling passion is avarice; mammon, their idol; aiming only at wealth and perishable baubles, regardless alike of virtue and integrity, they seek positions devoid of honor, but of greater profit. Many are there also, who strive to become notorious by making themselves ridiculous; playing the fool; tumbling in the air; walking upon their hands; writing with their feet; jumping through a hoop. One climbs to fame, forsooth, by starving himself, and at length rejoices in the glorious appellation of the thinnest man in the world. Another ascends the thorny path, assisted by his corpulence, and reaches toward the summit, hoping to obtain the far-famed reputation of the fattest man on the globe.

But, when ambition exists in the mind of one who is actuated by every noble and virtuous principle; one who would advance himself only by honest and justifiable means, such a one is capable of being of the highest advantage to mankind, and of advancing in a great measure the welfare of his country.

For to such, and such men only, do we owe the success of all the present works of industry; to such men only do we owe the invention and improvement of arts; through their valuable means, precious books have been written, and handed to posterity; savage nations conquered; the glorious Gospel, scattered in showers of gold and precious stones, throughout the length and breadth of earth; and civilization verges toward perfection. These and the like achievements, are the results of a true emulation.

Who, seeing and knowing this, will not wish to be affected with so noble a desire! and who will not exclaim with the poet,

"Ambition is the germ,
From which all growth of nobleness proceeds!"

Ambition, unlike our other passions, is rarely satisfied, in fact, it is insatiable. Continually searching for some distant good, which, if it be in part obtained, serves only to excite the passion to new enterprises, a man under its influence is generally annoyed and restless. Success may attend success, laurels may crowd upon laurels, it matters not, and in the end his thirst for fame will be as strong, and even stronger, than when he was a stranger to the world.

If we inspect the position of a man whose reputation exposes him to the notice of mankind, we see that it is not always one of the most agreeable, and one who would retain it must be bound there with the firm cords of equity and virtue. For he, thus exalted, must necessarily have many enemies, who envy him who was once their inferior, and strive, by endeavoring to lessen his glory, to enhance their own.

Thousands narrowly inspect him in every particular, and each little flaw or blemish discovered in him is exaggerated to the utmost, to contribute to his defamation. His enemies are sharp and ambitious, and exult in surpassing each other, in detecting anything to the disadvantage of their victim, and publishing before the world what they have so foully detected, rejoicing at the same time that their ill-natured discoveries have been brought to light by themselves alone; that they alone have found out what the rest of the world has failed to observe.

A man thus besieged upon all sides, and with weapons often most destructive in their nature, may not always be in the nicest way prepared to withstand attacks so well directed. And if he fall! History too plainly tells the sad consequence; it is filled with examples, that in a great man's fall, his dearest friends, in the true time of need, drop off like Autumn leaves, and abandon him, naked and alone, to baffle with the rude tempests of a stormy world; his competitors press onward, rush by him, and leave him to be trampled upon by a rash and merciless crowd.

With us who are in life's morning, it is optional to choose in which of the several channels our ambition shall run. It is indeed a morning; a morning so bright and beautiful that we are too enraptured with its glories to think that its sun will ever set.

Oh, happy, happy time! now our dreams are brightest, and our high aspirations remove the veil of the future, disclosing, not a dreary winter of fears and disappointments, but an endless summer of contentment and bliss. All darkness is driven from our path. No threatening clouds gather in the peaceful heavens of our serene "hereafter;" no signs of storm or tempest; but all is joy and sunshine. No obstacles appear; no mountains block our future way; but our glowing imaginations make it clear and easy. All, all is a long unbroken chain, linked with bright and happy days.

Would there were no illusion to this dream! Would that these golden links were never severed! How many an ambitious general, on the eve of battle, everything about him, seemingly, the harbinger of success, anticipates a glorious and crowning victory, but leaves the field livid with rage and despair, bewildered, with a shattered army.

Napoleon, with his so long successful troops, taught never to turn their backs upon a foe, confident of success, his very fingers upon the precious laurels, which his ambition still urged him to aim for, met Wellington upon the plains of Waterloo. Dreadful was the roar and carnage of that battle; and when its end drew near, and the lingering smoke slowly lifted itself from that field of blood, the great Corsican's hour had come; a deafening cheer from the British troops told of the slaughter they had made, and their brilliant victory.

Thus, our emulation drives us to strive for laurels far beyond our reach; and when we are the most confident of victory, defeat is ready to overwhelm us. Does it not behoove us, therefore, to train our ambition, that it shall take a virtuous turn?

As we are all affected by this innate passion, and always will be, and know that the world will never be without those who will be moved by it to seek for honors, and know especially, that it is necessary that the virtuous should seek them, for the happiness and welfare of mankind, let it be our aim, our highest ambition, if we aspire to occupy prominent positions, to store up early principles of justice and honor, that we may be prepared in coming years to stand with courage unflinching before the envious world, that it may find in us no flaw, no imperfection; thus, having aimed at virtue in the past, our lives will be untainted in the future.

DEATH, THE ANTECEDENT OE LIFE.

BY F. S. HATCH.

We dwell in a world teeming with life; the earth beneath our feet, the waters which cover so large a portion of our globe, and the air about us are populous with living things. Surrounded thus on every side by this vital principle, and being, ourselves, in the flush and vigor of youthful existence, it is not strange that we should dislike to look at death in any form. Yet there is a sense in which we may contemplate it, which is not only profitable, but which should also be to us a source of joy, and thanksgiving to Him who has made death an antecedent of life. This principle is prominently revealed in the domain of nature. Even *inanimate things* owe their formation to the principle of death. There are reefs, some upon our own shores, reared from ocean's lowest depths, upon whose rocky sides have beaten, in their ceaseless flow, the waves of centuries. *These* are not the product of life or living skill; their structure was accomplished by the death of myriads of insects, small in themselves, and capable by their *death* alone of leaving such monuments. Those vast beds of coal which underlie the soil in so even and regular a manner as to suggest the idea of a petrified lake, and from which is derived an article so important to commerce and manufacture, are said, by geologists, to be formed simply by the death and decay of the luxurious vegetable life of an earlier period. Now this, the result of death, is made conducive to our comfortable life. In our own history we are constantly illustrating this truth. Animal and vegetable life is sacrificed every hour, that we may continue to exist; and of all the lower animals there is not one which can possibly be set free from this unexceptionable law. Whatever may have been the case *before*, since the fall of man the grain and the fruit have been crushed for our nourishment, and the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea have been laid under contribution to supply, by their death, the demands of our life. The countless leaves of the forest, after a brief season of life and growth, fall in beauty from the tree which sustained that life, and perish in decay, but their death adds new vigor to the soil, and helps to supply the vitality and the beauty of the production of future years. Thus this law meets us at every turn; we could not escape it if we desired; all nature proclaims it in a voice too distinct to be misunderstood, while the conviction of our own souls supports her verdict as she tells us that—

"Each living thing is fed by death,
  In earth, in sea, in sky;
E'en that a rose may breathe its breath,
  Something must die."

But advancing beyond the *natural*, we notice that the foundation of man's highest attainments, his noblest deeds, and his purest endeavors, is the death of the *visionary* and *wrong*, though often the dearest and most fondly cherished ideas in which the mind loves to indulge. The hard struggles with the world which most of us must meet will cause to fade away into thin air those castles we have taken such pleasure in building; but the death of those unreal ideas will awaken in us a more practical inclination which shall reveal itself in the development of a solid character. All of us may have plans in which we have long delighted, hopes of a future which have often cheered us, plans and hopes which are right and proper, but which we may be called upon to sacrifice, to slay, that their death may call forth those qualities of the mind and heart, which shall add to the beauty and glory of our lives. Even in study we are often cautioned to be wise, and not allow inclinations, which, at appropriate times might be proper, to interfere with our progress; if in this we would be careful to put to death every inclination hostile to mental improvements, how much more should we struggle to conquer everything which is in itself debasing, that it may not hinder us in the great efforts we must make to *live*, to *grow* in this opposing world. But let us remember that all our attempts to live wisely will fail, utterly fail, unless we have first slain those hostile elements of character whose tendency is to allow no high moral life to exist where they remain. And not only must *principles* of wrong die that the right may live, but often *individuals themselves* are called from positions of *service* to those of sacrifice, that through their death a new impulse may be given to the life of righteous principles. This thought has sustained the long line of martyrs of the past; for the proof has been conclusive that it is expedient for some to die rather than permit a sacred cause to languish. In our own land it has impelled a multitude to patriotic graves, that, redeemed and purified from its greatest curse, by their blood, our whole country might renew its life of brilliant honor and prosperity.

But far transcending in the breadth and importance of its influence any death which has ever occurred in the whole universe was that of Him who came to this darkened world, and, by a personal sacrifice, made the last great enemy of mankind our guide to celestial glory. The world has tried in vain to solve the mystery of the offering. We only know that, foreshadowed by many types and ceremonies, the truth at last dawned slowly upon the world that without death, and that the death of the purest, there was no remedy for a lost race. But the shedding of that most precious blood has made it possible for man to conquer sin in his heart, and rise to a higher, a holier life. The experience of the converted persecutor of Palestine has been many times repeated since his day. When sin died he commenced to live. Such a life is filled with earnest and successful work for the good of men; it sheds the bright beams of its example wherever its possessor may go; it benefits *members* even beyond the immediate circle of our influence, lights those hearts darkened by gloomy forebodings of the future, and prepares us for that great day when death shall be swallowed up in eternal life. Then let it be far from us to think of death with terror; let us rather look upon it as a beautiful angel, only waiting the divine command to introduce us to the society of the blest, to that presence where "there is fulness of joy," and at whose right hand "there are pleasures forever more." But alas! we cannot think thus unless we possess that wisdom which cometh from above, and which is more precious than earth's choicest gifts; enduring, when they have passed forever from our sight, and the waters of oblivion have closed over them.

With this wisdom we may learn to view, in a proper manner, our position in this world as influencing our standing in the next, and may understand the real object of our brief stay on earth.

> "O! what were life if life were all! Thine eyes
> Are blinded by thy tears, or thou wouldst see
> Thy treasures wait thee in the far off skies,
> And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee."

THE ALHAMBRA.

BY JAMES HAYWARD.

In Granada's vale there slumbers, 'mid the ruins of ancient time,
Fraught with glories still unnumbered, still resplendent and sublime;

Where the Moslem's reign is over, and his greatness is no more,
One memento of the vanquished, left us by the closing door.

At the threshhold still there lingers, as in caskets quaint and old,
Sweetest odors, faintest perfumes, richer than the Inca's gold.

Shorn of all its former splendor, only remnants now remain;
They are cherished with more fondness, from the memories they retain.

In its halls once grand and lofty, ne'er shall sport the Spanish youth,
But a halo now adorns them; beauty, that's a truer truth.

Once the castanet resounded with its music soft and sweet;
Welcoming the dusty warrior, far adown the village street.

But the mountains now are silent, save the laughter of the rills,
And the silver spray, contrasting with the blue of a hundred hills.

Oft at eve the minstrel loiters when the earth with dew is cold,
When the moonlight drapes the palace in rich robes of mellow gold.

Then the shadows, long and slanting, close the rents within the walls,
Cover o'er with darkened frescoes all the old and wasting halls.

And the minstrel half in dreamland, gently touches his guitar,
And the massive gates, awakened, of their own accord, unbar.

Then, as though the time returning when the Moor lived in the land,
Came there marching through the gateway, King Boabdil's spectre band;

With their mailed armor shining, and their lances flashing bright,
And the neighing of their horses sounding through the stilly night.

Yet they linger but a moment, for the king in speechless pain,
Looks to see his ancient fortress as it was; but looks in vain.

They, as suddenly and silent, vanish from the minstrel's sight;
And a mist obscures his visage with the pale moon's radiant light.

Soon it lifts, and through the palace comes the sound of castanets,
Mingling with the maiden's laughter, and the rippling of the jets.

Clanging drums and flashing swords with silken flags and glittering spears,
Fill once more the time-worn fortress with the life of other years.

But a softer, gentler spirit reigns throughout the marble halls;
And the murmuring voice of courtiers softened by the damasked walls.

In the gardens maids of honor loiter with the pages fair,
Listening to the sweetest music, zephyrs wafted through the air.

But their voices soon grow fainter as the light begins to dawn,
For the spirits ne'er can linger at the coming of the morn.

In the darkness of transition from the reign of night to day,
Ceased their revels altogether, and the pageant passed away.

Then the sun at length appearing, shone along Granada's pass,
And the night winds in the woodland sang the Moslem's dying mass.

Thou, O Spain, for many ages long hast borne the curse of God,
And thy people once so happy, long have felt the chastening rod.

Romish priest and Moorish santon left their stain upon thy land;
Bondage in its grasp has held thee; slavery bound with iron band.

Now at last the light is gleaming through the casements of thy realm,
Let the ship of State sail onward, God himself is at the helm.

May thy people cease to revel, and be free forevermore;
The Alhambra will remind them; last memento of the Moor.

THE POWER OF WORDS.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Words are the most effective when arranged in that order which is called style. The great secret of good style, we are told, is to have proper words in proper places. To have words in our possession, and to be able to arrange them in such order as to have them bear at once upon all points of the subject, is certainly a power worth obtaining. An eloquent, but extravagant writer has ventured to assert that, "words are the only things that last forever." And this is not merely a splendid saying or a startling assertion; but with respect to man and his works on earth, it is literally true. Temples and palaces, monuments of power and magnificence, constructed to perpetuate the memory, and to preserve the ashes of those who lived in past ages, must, in the revolutions of earthly events, perish themselves by violence or decay, and the very dust in which they perished be so scattered as to leave behind no trace of their material existence.

Looking abroad over the whole world, after the lapse of nearly six thousand years, what have we of the past but the words in which its history is recorded? There is nothing but the words of poets, historians, philosophers and orators, who, being dead, yet speak, and in their immortal works still maintain their dominion over inferior minds through all coming ages.

We all know of many men, who are distinguished for their ability of collecting words and properly arranging them. Each person has a system of his own, and excels in the use of some particular order. One person's style will be brisk, lively and energetic, running his thoughts rapidly through a sentence, and throwing out all words which do not properly belong there. Another person, Webster, for example, will use words which are like thunderbolts, sometimes missing the person at whom they are hurled, but always leaving enduring marks when they strike.

Words are the vehicles by which thought is made visible to the eye and intelligible to the mind of another; they are the plain form of ideas, without which, these could not be reached. And of such influence is speech or writing, as the conductor of thought, that, though all words do not "last forever,"—and it is well for the peace of the world and the happiness of individuals that they do not,— yet even here every word has its date and its effect; so that with the tongue or with the pen, we are continually doing good or evil to ourselves or to our neighbors.

Even the little word, yes, or no, when uttered, may have great effect; the whole progress of a human soul through life,—perhaps even to eternity,—may be changed from the direction which it was pursuing. Many persons in authority, can, by the power of these words, either preserve or destroy the life of an individual. How many a person's character has been ruined by the utterance of a few words, and, on the contrary, how many a person's life has been made happy and prosperous by a few words of reproof.

The power of words is illustrated in nothing better than in small compositions, such as stories, songs, proverbs, and all the minor and more excellent forms of composition. It is a fact, not obvious, perhaps, but capable of perfect proof, that knowledge, in all ages, which have been distinguished as enlightened, has been brought forward more by tracts, than by volumes.

In the youth of the Roman commonwealth, during a quarrel between the patricians and plebeians, when the latter had separated themselves from the former, on the plea that they would no longer labor to maintain the unproductive class in indolent luxury, Menenias Agrippa, by the well-known fable of a division in the human body, in which the limbs mutinied against the stomach, brought the seceders to a sense of their duty and interest, and reconciled a feud, which, had it been further inflamed, might have destroyed the state, and turned the history of the world itself thenceforward into an entirely new channel, by interrupting the tide of events, which were carrying Rome to the summit of dominion. The lesson which that sagacious patriot taught to his countrymen, he taught to all generations to come. His fable has already, by more than a thousand years, survived the empire which it rescued from premature death.

RADICAL MEN.

BY E. C. INGALLS.

Determined and thorough, they ever press rapidly onward, and ever meet the resistance of contumely and conservative stubbornness. Devoid of neither these prevailing elements could nations maintain their life, or society preserve its blessings and refinements. *Progress* or *decay* is the one great principle which pervades all created things. We see its proof in the growth and death of the simplest flower, or in the rise and fall of the mightiest empire that has had its throne upon the earth.

While the radical man, unrestrained, would hurl the nations on to anarchy and self-destruction, like the mountain torrents, conservatism, unagitated, would have left us still in the dense darkness of the unnumbered ages. The red man would never have beheld with terror the white winged sea monster coming out of the eastern horizon; our land of liberty would even now be the howling wilderness, and the Indian war-whoop still re-echo through these New England forests; the Britons, still a heathen nation; and the sun of Athenian glory would never have risen to enlighten the world with intelligence.

For these enthusiasts, to whom all things are most supremely right or most bitterly wrong, sensitive, and eager for improvement, we would not claim entire control of human affairs, but, as the strong winds and hurricane blasts are said to give increased strength and more vigorous growth to the towering giants of the forest, so do these whirlwind spirits agitate, and thus renovate and enliven the fathomless floods of public sentiment as they move down the channel of time; and we owe them some of the richest blessings which the world enjoys. Warm sunshine and the gently falling rain are great common blessings; but who shall say that the raging tempests are any more indispensable to both our comfort and happiness?

When Martin Luther so strenuously adhered to his strange doctrines, he formed a rocky precipice down which the overwhelming tides of error have already begun to roll in great Niagaras, by which they are dashed and broken, and made to flow on in hidden streams to the unknown seas of oblivion.

Who of us who love to think of the rich harvest fields on our western prairies, and our wealthy mines of gold and silver locked up in the rugged mountain side; the wide flowing rivers; busy commerce in our harbors; the railroad and telegraph that interweave themselves through every county and town in our land, and bring two ocean shores together in a moment's space, who, seeing all the beauty and grandeur of this happy country does not wonder and rejoice in the "fanaticism" of Columbus?

When the Puritans turned their backs upon the shores of England, and were sailing westward, they were rash "enthusiasts," and every church spire towering heavenward from hillside and plain, repeats the story of their *rashness*. Shall *we* despise their enthusiasm?

Garibaldi is confined to a lonely island of the Mediterranean; but his example Italy will ever behold, and only the Roman Pope can fail to admire those radical spirits through whose prompt and decisive measures the Spanish nation so suddenly cast off the shackles of her oppression. It is such men, active, thorough and firm, who accomplish great good, and live in memory.

These restless, energetic minds of society are its purgers. They do not carry all things on to confusion and nightly chaos, because a resistless tide of opposition is ever rolling back to sweep away all that is not one with the solid rock of truth.

And happy is he whose work shall stand the fiery trial with which public opinion and criticism shall try it.

INDUSTRY.

BY GEO. Y. WASHBURN.

If the pen, that writeth the story
Of actions, of glory and greatness,
Should tell us where the foundation
Was laid for honor and exploit,
Of what years of wearisome toiling
Would it call their legitimate offspring!
Thou hast not one parent, but many;
But thine only glorious Father
Is unyielding sensation of duty;
Yet ambitionate yearning for power,
For learning, for wealth, or distinction,
Hath oft been ancestry less worthy.
And nature has seemed to present thee
To some, as a talent inherent.
So nearly, thou art connected
With energy, that the distinction
Is hard to be spoken with plainness;
Oh! many a thrill of ambition
Has perished when thou hast been absent!
"Too hard to be pulling it upward!"
Was reply of a youth, to his comrade,
When he asked him, with kind invitation,
To join, with his sled, in the coasting!
Thou hast snatched from many a genius,
A crown of victorious laurel;
When, relying alone on his talent,

He scorned to receive thine assistance.
In the contest of life, that thou wagest,
With sluggard and insolent stupor,
The armies thou leadest to battle
Are far the fewest in number.
Let the poor boy, despised and neglected,
Have thine assistance and pity,
And his day shall come for exchanging
His rags, for greenbacks and check-books!
Hadst thou not attended the Pilgrims,
Where now, were our banking and commerce?
The farms that cover the hillsides?
The schoolhouses, churches and spindles?
Thou gavest to Franklin the lightning,
And to Morse the telegraph wire.
And thou ever hast shrank from pronouncing
Of any *impossible sentence.*
Though Labor is parent of Riches,
Wealth seldom begetteth hard-working.
Thy ink flowed from pen of a Virgil,
When he wrote the Æneid and Georgics,
And the eyes of Milton were blinded
By the midnight study of classics.
And sarcastic biting of Junius
Tells a story of wearisome toiling.
The mirror of Everett witnessed
The birth of each eloquent gesture.
And Demosthenes, ruling a nation,
By eloquence, rare and immortal,
Brings to mind the stuttering stripling,
Who practiced 'mid roar of the ocean.
And gallons of hot perspiration,
Are the price to the diligent farmer,
Of the granary, piled with the harvest.
He, who covets the gold and the silver
In the mine, must handle the pickaxe!
The oak, that defieth the winter,
Hath breasted the tempest and whirlwind.
The world by Columbus discovered,
Was result of thy years of devotion.
In the storehouse of mind, thou collectest
The treasures of knowledge and science;
Thou arrangest, with careful precision,

On its shelves, the contents of volumes;
So that often more is condensed
In the head's contracted dimensions,
Than in bookstore's largest collections!
Thy hands are toughened and calloused
By handling pickaxe and shovel.
And many a tangled, rough wildwood
In the soul, thou hast cleaned of its briars;
And has planted a fertilized garden
Of rich harvests and beautiful flowers;
The bread that thou earnest is sweeter
Than luxurious board of a palace.
When Industry holdeth the sceptre,
The marsh is recovered by draining;
The desert receives irrigation,
And vessels whiten the ocean;
And the railway belteth a nation.
At the bidding of stern resolution
Thou hast often been practised a life time.
When Indolence leadeth the vanguard,
Confusion commandeth the centre,
And Crime, in the rear, is chief captain;
Disease hath the squadron of horsemen;
And Famine pointeth the cannon;
And the fiercest and deadliest charges
Procrastination hath headed;
And Poverty dire is the herald
To announce the approach of that army
That feedeth the prison and gallows.
But e'en *thou* art sadly deficient,
Unless guided by brain systematic.
For tugging with labor and effort,
While thy right hand receiveth its prizes,
Thy left may permit their escaping.
But if one should commence a narration
Of all thy relations and children,
Tho' his life were in length patriarchal,
His story would have no completion.

WALTER RALEIGH.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

In looking at the pages of English history, no portion presents a brighter lustre than the days of Elizabeth. "Good Queen Bess"—around her throne are gathered associations which are linked with the brightest recollections of English victories, English conquests and English triumphs. In the bright galaxy of brave men who surrounded her throne, the brighest star is Walter Raleigh. He is eminent for his genius, for his talent, and for his political fortune. He was born in an obscure farmhouse, among the Devon meadows, in 1552. He grew up to manhood with the purpose of crushing the Spaniard, firmly stamped in his mind. He looked to America, and hoped to find there a spot in which the Protestant religion could take root. At the age of twenty-one, he came to court; his advancement was rapid; so rapid, in fact, that from being an obscure young nobleman, he rose, in a short time, to the position of the first gentleman in the land; and then commenced his great work, the contest with Spain. Against that country Raleigh set his teeth. But in the end a great country defeats a great man. After fighting Spain for forty years, Raleigh was murdered in Palace Yard, by command of Philip Third.

In the time of Raleigh, Spain was the leading power on earth; she was opposed to England in everything. But before his death he had humbled her, he had baffled all her efforts. To him the founding of Virginia is due. The first plan for settling America is due to him. His first misfortune was his imprisonment in the tower, for the seduction of Bessie Throgmorton; she was maid of honor to Elizabeth, and one of the stars of the court; she is described as tall and slender, with blue eyes and golden hair, forming a marked contrast to Raleigh. When Elizabeth heard of the affair she sent for Raleigh, and bade him marry the lovely Bessie. The lover laughed. "There is no woman in the world that I will marry," quoth he. But Elizabeth had him arrested, and thrown into the tower. His stay there was short, for he soon took Bessie as his bride; but from that hour his misfortune commenced, for he lost favor in the eyes of Elizabeth. The next four years were occupied at court, and in making voyages to America, and then his *real* misfortunes commenced, for James came to the throne. James had the disease of cowardice. The sight of blood or even of a drawn sword, made him faint; the name of a warrior filled him with dread. He was desirous of peace with Spain, and he found he could have it only on condition that Raleigh, the great enemy of Spain, should be thrown into prison. Accordingly, very soon after the accession of James, he was thrown into prison; the reason given was that he was an accomplice in the Arabella plot. This was a plot to put on the throne Arabella Stuart, a cousin of James. When Raleigh heard of the plot he would have nothing to do with it, but some of his enemies were crafty enough to point him out to James as a mover of the affair. James, glad of an excuse to seize Raleigh, had him arrested, and put in the tower. But his imprisonment there was rather a reign than an imprisonment. To his rooms flocked the most distinguished men of the day. He gave himself up entirely to his studies. He here wrote his famous "History of the World," which is still quoted as a standard work. He discovered a famous elixir, which is now lost, that should heal all the ills "that this poor flesh is heir to." But his main solace was the work of founding free states, of fighting Spain. He directed affairs in America, helping with his purse when he could not with his sword. Finally, he was released from the tower, and set out on a western voyage. Its result was disastrous in the extreme. His ships were wrecked, and on coming back to England he was arrested, and again lodged in the tower. But Spain was crying loudly for the blood of its bitterest enemy. After some time, James, on being offered a great sum of money if he would execute Raleigh, signed his death warrant, and soon his head, the proudest head that ever rolled in English dust, was struck off in Palace Yard. The partizans of Spain went mad with joy. Yet Raleigh's life was a success. From that hour the power of Spain declined. England took the sovereignty of the world from Spain, and made America free. And the man to whom this is owing, more than any other, is reverenced the world over, and the name and fame of Walter Raleigh shall last while memory shall endure.

THE TRUE ELEMENTS OF AMERICAN GREATNESS.

BY W. E. STANLEY.

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As the bold outlines and inexhaustible resources of a New World were revealed from ocean's chaos, the stagnant and compressed civilization of the Old was stirred to its profoundest depths, and a living tide of humanity overleaping the barriers that so long had rolled its back on centuries of despotism and corruption, poured westward into the colossal mould of a new and vital existence.

To assimilate these heterogeneous masses, diverse in their elements, and opposite in their tendencies, as the entire range of religions, races and customs, into a harmonious and enlightened nationality, from whose elevated refinement shall flow back upon their fountain heads, purifying and vitalizing waters, is the problem of the age. Not only are the mighty energies of the Republic all-powerful to grasp the solution of this problem, but even their exercise unfolds in matchless proportions, the true elements of American Greatness.

In the beginning was created, and by an inscrutable providence reserved through the ages, a continent, as the seat of its development and glory. Coeval with the awakening energies of a grand era of human progress, it was established in a land adapted by the diversity of its climate and fertility of soil, as the nursery of a strong and populous nation. A felicity of location, whose remote and unknown coasts received the exiled virtue of a despotic age, and cherished the germs of universal freedom, until their roots struck deep into its virgin soil, lifting their heads strong in dominion to menace the tyrannies of a world.

Its destinies have been moulded by a race of men, whose vigor of intellect, capacity of labor, energy of execution, have been impelled by the bold throbs of a liberty-loving, Anglo Saxon heart; beneath whose sinewy arms and resistless genius the caverns of earth yielded up their wondrous wealth, a continent spanned as a very little thing, the chariots of fire drawn from heaven's arch to traverse the depths of ocean, and the mighty water courses curbed by the hand of utility, or oppressed by the keels of commerce, save where Niagara thunders down her awful plunge, reminding man that "God alone is great."

Grander than continental outlines, more significant than elaborated resources, are those high intellectual and moral qualities which have constituted the strongest elements of American character.

In the gloom of a winter's eve, on yonder rock-bound coast, was planted, by childhood's tiny hand, in woman's confiding faith, with manhood's consecrating prayer, while the forest wailed to the moaning sea, the corner stone of a moral empire, whose adamantine arches the powers of earth cannot shake. From whose sublimely dedicated altar, bearing aloft her cross-surmounted ensign, the hosts of freedom rolled outward and onward, beneath whose resounding tread, the thrones of tyrants shook to their centers.

The shackles of England were broken, and her navies humbled on the high seas. Their eagles glowed in the sunset from the golden gates of the west, and waved in triumph above the halls of the Montezumas. Beneath their stalwart blows was emancipated from foreign machinations the latest and noblest of earth's republics, expanded into the glorious might of her lofty mission.

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EARLY PERIODS OF HISTORY.

BY H. W. RANKIN.

How the imagination delights to revel in all that is unknown, weird and mysterious; indeed, such is its own especial province. The human mind seems unable to endure whatever is disproportionate or incomplete, enigmatical. or apparently unmeaning; and where its knowledge of facts is so qualified, its imagination at once operates to supply the deficiencies.

This is illustrated in its treatment of the miracles of nature, the half ruined wonders of a past art, and the obscure myths and traditions of history. But in no case,— less than any in the latter,— should the imagination be left alone to fill the wanting part. We must have a symmetrical building, but no questionable foundation. On the contrary, research and reason must combine to exhume the truth from hidden evidences and musty records, and to weigh old stories and traditions, that whatever intrinsic worth is in them may be known. For the incipient stages of a nation's history contain the germ of all her future, and to rightly understand her condition at any time, we must go back to her commencement. Effects are never well comprehended unless their causes are, and this is a rule which applies as readily to the development of man in all his attributes, as to the workings of material force. D'Aubigne remarks that, "The *formation* of beings, and the *origin* of the successive phases of humanity, possess an importance and interest far surpassing the exhibition of what these things afterwards become." But historians often are apt to pass over this portion of their subjects with little less than silence; content with a few indirect words on the point; though some speak openly and loudly in its disfavor, ridiculing the idea that barbarous aborigines exert any important influence on the subsequent history of a country. But surely they oppose the first principles of philosophy in so doing, and show themselves unworthy of the title they assume.

Can not those characteristics of the Romans which brought to them the dictatorship of the known world, and placed them at the head of ancient civilization, be traced when the city of Rome alone, with the few fields about her, comprised the whole power and domain of that nation in her infancy, before democracy had made its great advances among that people, and they were even yet a monachy? Was not the exceeding tractability of the early Aztec a potent cause of Mexico's uncompromising submission, for three hundred years, to the heaviest yoke any nation has ever borne,—the Spanish oppression? And cannot the original spirit of independence, with which she was also endowed, be discerned in her long and frantic struggles for liberty, now that her eyes are open to her actual condition, and her great mistake? Can it be doubted that the bold spirit of the ancient Lowlander was the same which filled the more modern burgher's heart when he severed forever the mighty grasp of Philip on his country? Speaking of the great "magna charter" of English Liberties," Macaulay says: "From this commences the history of the English nation; here was the origin of our freedom, our prosperity and our glory; here it was that the English people were formed, and the national character began to exhibit those peculiarities in politics, feelings and manners, that it has ever since retained."

But why, we ask, is this the *first* of England's history, the *origin* of her glory, more than another time? Nearly thirteen centuries filled the time between our first acquaintance with that country, and the day that parchment bore the seal and signature of John, yet he would have us ignore them all, and consider Britain but a "desert waste" till then. The truth is, the Magna Charta was not the *origin* of freedom, but the proof that freedom already existed, and an instrument for its enforcement; and the very fact of the Magna Charta is prima facie evidence that England must have already had an important and stirring history, else would such an event never have occurred. And certainly a study of this previous history is as unnecessary to a correct understanding of all subsequent transactions as a thorough knowledge of structural botany is to a right appreciation of all the other and after laws of the vegetable kingdom.

Is it impossible then, that the quarrels, political or religious, with which the days of the Heptarchy were replete; the "contradictions and trials," which, as one writer remarks, "are the normal state of society, and tend to civilize nations;" is it even improbable that these have very large bearings on after times, directly, in England, indirectly throughout the world? By no means; and thus is it with every nation. Each has its *early period* of history, and the venerable Mysteriarch, who presides over them, invites attention, and whoever accepts, finds himself well requited for his pains; for he traverses a land in which no indifferent feelings can arise.

ROBESPIERRE.

BY P. C. RICHARDS.

A revolution, whatever may be its type, political, literary or moral, always gives birth to some great minds. The American, brought forth Washington, the English, Cromwell, and that terrible revolt, that storm which swept over the fair land of France, produced Mirabeau the orator, Napoleon the soldier, and Robespierre, the king of revolutionists. Born in the small town of Arras, he is first known as an obscure notary; from that position he advances to advocate, and then he is named Member of the Criminal Court.

It was the 4th of May, 1789; Paris was enjoying a gala day; a grand procession was moving through the streets, greeted by the shouts and exultations of the people. On! on! the vast throng moved through the crowded avenues to the St. Louis Cathedral. There is one in that procession unnoticed and unobserved, yet he is the only one who sees the result which this assembly will produce. The people see nothing but freedom in the future, but he sees a terrible revolution. After many eloquent speeches had been made to the people, he in turn arose and addressed them, but who would listen to the obscure advocate from Arras. Yes! laugh now at him by whose command the streets of Paris shall soon run blood, and mothers hush their infant's cries by the dreaded name of Robespierre!

> "And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
> Men for their son's, wives for their husband's fate,
> And orphans for their parent's timeless death,
> Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born."

From the day of that procession, Robespierre steadily advanced in popularity, never losing an opportunity to give utterance to those principles which were so well received by the people, "that no one man can oppose himself to all; that the will of the nation should be the will of the king; we must remember that a government is established by the people, and not by one man calling himself a king; obstacles! the only way to remove obstacles is to crush them." One wise old deputy, turning to his neighbor, said, "that young man will lead this nation."

The dark clouds of revolution were gathering over France. Robespierre sees them; ambition spurs him on to the leadership of the coming struggle. Principally through his means is Louis XVI arrested, and dragged before that tribunal, which, but a short while before, welcomed him in their midst. Poor, weak Louis, who had not the courage to be a tyrant, was condemned for tyranny. Poor France, I prophesy the fearfullest time to thee that ever wretched age has looked upon.

Louis and Mirabeau are now removed; Danton must fall; one more step, and then—the people shall be free, and Robespierre—shall be ruler.

The tyrant turned pale as Danton passed him on his way to execution. He has destroyed his rival, but trembles at his work. Now has he reached that position for which he has been striving; he has spared neither friend nor foe; he has resorted to every means to reach it. The guillotine drank the blood of hundreds; France lost her orators and statesmen, to satisfy his ambition. And now that he had reached that height, he felt himself fast falling. Now he appeals to flattery, but the people are deaf to that. Now he clutches at religion to stay his tottering power. Atheism must be destroyed, and the belief in a Supreme Being must be adopted. That policy of religion was well received by the people, but it was his death-stroke with the convention, which was seeking every opportunity to destroy him.

Struggling between remorse and malignity, he hastens to the tribune, and as his voice grows hoarser and hoarser in his own defence, he is assailed by the cries of "the blood of Danton chokes him! The hands of Camille are on him!"

On his way to the scaffold, he does not hear the shouts of the people, and the curses heaped upon him, but sees upon each side of his cart, a procession of his victims led by Danton, beckoning, and pointing to the guillotine.

In a few moments, he was in the presence of that judgment seat, where his misdeeds will be rewarded.

UNDE LETUM.

BY H. E. SADLER.

The war is past, but still prevail
Its sorrows, joys, and many a tale
Of bravery, cowardice and skill,
Which weighty volumes well would fill.
One little page I fain would take,
And, thus prepared, my record make.
A noble soldier now lies dead;
A coward's bullet silent sped
From out a wood, by the rivulet's side.
It pierced his head, and thus he died.
"Halt!" cried the captain, waxing red,
"Right face! charge bayonets! march!" he said.
They searched the grove thrice, through and through,
They looked above, around, below;
Above, was naught but trees and sky;
Around, was none that one could spy;
And withered leaves and brush-wood dry,
Below, was all that met the eye.
A guard was left, anon withdrawn,
And many a sun went down; and dawn
Returned again, the night to crown.
The captains curse, the colonels frown,
When oft that hidden, hissing lead
Numbered another with the dead;
And e'en the soldier's glance revealed
How well the reb remained concealed.
Three weeks! three men, one sergeant, dead!
A bullet grazed the colonel's head.
"Halt! try to let that coward feel
What virtue lies in hollow steel!
Straight for the grove! a thousand shots
Must on that villain leave some spots!"
A shot! a yell! and every heart
Rejoiced. The reb had played his part.
Whence came the cry no one could tell,
'Till, axe in hand, a tree to fell,
Some comrades, passing through the wood,
Struck an oak which near them stood.
A little plug was seen to drop,

Which scarce a cannon's mouth would stop.
The hollow tree a sight involved;
A peep within—the mystery solved;
Sitting erect, a meal before,
And all around besmeared with gore,
Unnamed, and unprepared he'd gone
To answer for the murders done.
A hole above, a ladder held,
To go and come; within he dwelled;
An air gun was his only friend,
And none to aid, a hand would lend.
On earth he'd little due, I wot;
'Twas meet the carrion there should rot.

EDUCATION.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

The culture of the human mind has ever been considered as one of the most important concerns of human society. Hence, education, which has for its object the improvement of the intellectual powers, is a subject which demands the serious attention and the most liberal support of any individual in the community. A parent, who is sensible that he has a child who has faculties which are capable of a high degree of cultivation, and is likewise conscious that the happiness of the child will, in a great degree, be promoted by the cultivation of those powers, will naturally bestow much attention to the subject. Accordingly we find, that from the earliest ages of the world, wherever the means of education have been enjoyed, few have neglected to avail themselves of its advantages. The Greeks and the Romans, among whom were produced such prodigies of excellence in every kind of writing, and in every department of civil and military life, were remarkably attentive to the education of their children, insomuch that they began their education almost with their birth.

In Sparta, children were taken from their parents at a very early age, and educated at the public expense. An eminent Roman writer advised those parents who intended their children for public speakers, to choose nurses for them who have a good pronunciation. At the present day we find no less attention paid to this momentous subject, although the modes of education adopted nowadays differ in many respects from those which were practiced in ancient times.

But, however, the ancients and moderns may differ in their modes of discipline and instruction, the subject of education itself has received from all nations, and in all ages, a large portion of that attention which its importance demands. Even the savage instructs his child in hunting, fishing, and those branches of knowledge which are necessary for him.

In no country has greater attention been paid to this subject than in this. Here its importance is properly estimated, and on no subject has more expense been lavished, and more talent employed, than in the advancement and improvement of the cause of education. From the promotion of this important subject the greatest benefits have been derived. The knowledge acquired by one portion of the world has been transmitted to another, without distinction of distance, or diversity of age. The enlarged and enlightened views of the world which it gives at large, entitle it to much attention, and go very far to supply their imperfections, which any one in a state of nature must necessarily feel.

Nothing will show the advantage of education in a stronger light than a contrast with the disadvantages which arise from the want of it. A person who has been well educated has the mind so cultivated and improved, that many natural defects are removed, and its beauties placed in so fine a light that it strikes us with double force, while one who has enjoyed no such advantage has all his natural imperfections remaining, and to these are added artificial ones, arising from bad habits. The former gains the attention of those with whom he converses, by the good sense he shows on every subject, and the agreeable manner in which he shows it. The other, disgusting the company which he goes into, either by his total silence and stupidity, or by the ignorance and impertinence of his observations. The one raises himself to the notice of his superiors, and advances himself to a higher rank in life. The other is obliged to act an inferior part among his equals in fortune, and is sometimes forced to seek shelter for his ignorance among the lowest orders of mankind.

From these considerations we must rank the cause of education among the vital interests of mankind. To neglect it would produce a darkness in the moral world like that which the annihilation of the sun would cause in the material; while every effort that is made to advance and promote it, is like removing a cloud from the sky, and giving free passage to the light " which freely lighteth all things."

✓ THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT.

BY C. F. THWING.

'Tis midnight; and the lone dreamer sends his weary eye out from his casement up to the bright stars, and deems that from those rolling worlds comes to him a cheering voice. Tell us, ye unseen powers, ye that do gather about us, when the impassioned world lies rocked in sleep, and the day's whirl is over, tell us, what are those rolling worlds?

Have they bright suns, and silver moons, like this upon which we dwell? Have they plants, and flowers and trees, and does nature scatter her gifts with as unsparing a hand as with us? Have they birds, the same as these that chirp their melodious notes every morning during these beautiful summer days?

And have they *man*; noble, educated, refined and talented man; who scorns to think of a wrong deed, much less, to perform one; who is kind and benevolent, doing to others as he would have others do to him? Or have they *fellows*, degraded, filthy and mean, loving wickedness and hating goodness, who are, in fine, the devil's agents?

Have they, the same as we, the lovely, the refined and beautiful woman, who is often willing to sacrifice her own to save another's life; and as punctually as the day comes round, goes out to perform her duties towards the sick and poor, the desponding and weary, who prays for the long sleep which knows no awaking, and desires to be laid in the dark house, through whose portals the light of day never enters; have you this one, of whom it is well said, that she can raise the highest or sink the lowest of all God's creatures?

Does the student and literary man, there study, write, speak, and even think, for the people, as with us? And is he who reaches after something that is higher than the common rabble, who longs after greatness, and desires to explore the mysteries of science, is he thought to be a fanatic and sorcerer?

Have they God, the same great Jehovah; who rules immensity, and knows the end from the beginning, caring for the subject that walks in rags, as well as the prince that rides in his chariot? And do the people offer unto him the homage of devout hearts, as they meet in His temple?

Now the dreamer awakes, and hears a "still small voice," saying, Mortal, bye and bye thy inquiries shall be answered, and thou shalt know all.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A WORD FOR THE X. I. L.

Whenever you go to Boston, on the corners of the streets, in the counting-room, by the fireside, all from the least to the greatest, ask but one question, "Have you heard the great organ?"

In Brooklyn, you cannot associate with the elite unless you have listened to a sermon by the man, who, when he writes a novel, has on the back of the volume, that mark of the beast, "From the New York Ledger."

The lions of other places have a fame that is merely local, but that of Andover has a renown extending over all climes; Asia sends her son of the logical turn of mind to the abode of the mighty ten, the X. I. L.; Britain, the beef devourer, him of the mighty jaw; while places of less note, among them Cape Cod, sends the gatherer of fruit, the taster of apples; Boston, the poet, with the dreamy eye; the thunderer, the frightener of the people; Greenfield, the ball-tosser, with the cheerful look; S. Hanson, the lover of fair ladies; Maine, the player on instruments requiring to be blown into, he has the curly locks; Vermont, the story teller, the marvelous story-teller, with the hat of huge pretensions; New Hampshire, the silent, the keeper of the secrets.

These are the mighty ten, the ten that glory in the streets; that make the Crescent men, the boasters, grow sick at heart; the Union Clubers, the drinkers of pure water, at sight of them, sigh after the turkey and the cider.

PAST AND GONE.

We pass the limit of boyhood's life,
We enter the field of manhood's strife;
Yet as we look over
Some childhood song,
We think with vague longing,
Of days that are gone!
And there comes again,
The old refrain
Of days that are past and gone.

We pass through manhood's riper years,
With sometimes sunshine, but oftener tears;
Yet with weary labor,
We go our ways;
And longingly think
Of happier days.
And there comes again
The old refrain,
Of days that are past and gone.

We pass from manhood to death's strong tide,
And as on its current we swiftly glide
To the dim eternal,
Still at the last,
There rises before us,
Thoughts of the past.
And there comes again,
The old refrain,
Of what is past and gone.

OUR SPICE BOX.

"Wasn't that a finished sermon we had this morning?"

"Finished! Yes, at last."

"Of two evils choose the least!" as the man said, when, with a choice between a fat and thin wife, he preferred the latter.

Why does a "Fem Sem" resemble St. Paul?

Because she writes many epistles to the Phillippians.

COLLOQUY.

Scene—Crescent Club—Dinner Table.

Disgusted Member—"I thought this infernal ham had been voted off the bill of fare."

Prex—"It has; but there was enough left to last the rest of the term."

(Involuntary sighing and gnashing of teeth on every side.)

ANOTHER.

Scene—A Supper Table—Boarding House.

Landlady—"Mr. ———, why are you so attentive to your cup of tea that you must caress it, and set it on your lap?"

Phillippian—"Madame, it looks very weak, and pale, and I thought I would rest it.

Why is a homely young lady like a blacksmith's apron? Because she keeps off the sparks.

"The early bird catches the worm." It might be added, it served the worm right, he shouldn't have been up so early.

Lovers, like armies, get along well enough until engaged.

Men are like wagons, they rattle most when there is nothing in them.

"You are the handsomest lady I ever saw." "Can't say as much for you," she replied. "You could if you had so little regard for truth," said he.

What is the difference between a soldier with a leg shot off, and a fashionable young lady? One has his shin off, the other has her chignon (shin on).

"Say, P—n, have you heard of the new conundrum?"

"No; what is it, G—n?"

"Can you tell me, by your wit, what was a month old at Adam's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?"

"Of course I can; why, that's the moon."

"I don't see how you could guess it so quick."

HIS FIRST SHAVE.

There was a young man,
From a town on Cape Ann,
  Who bought for some money a razor,
For like any young knave,
He thought that to shave,
  Was becoming a looking glass gazer.

So he paid a high price,
To get one that was nice,
  To get one of very new style, sir,
But he suffered a shave
At the hands of a knave,
  Before he had travelled a mile, sir.

For a very smart rogue,
Of the Irishman's brogue,
  In his pocket the razor detected;
Now this hero,—the man

From the town of Cape Ann,
  Never guile in the world had suspected.

So he took him a nap,
By the side of the chap,
  From the Emerald Isle that we mention.
Now Pat loved a joke,
And before he awoke,
  He had tried his powers of invention.

Pat had an old knife,
Of a very long life,
  Which he for the razor exchanged;
Fitting into its place
His old knife, in case
  Of the razor, as he had arranged.

When our hero gets home,
And is locked in his room,
  He thinks that he now will deliver
His elegant face
Of its coating of lace,
  So he takes the machine from its quiver.

Now let every man heed,
And attentively read
  This story attended with sadness;
And learn not to sleep,
If he does, he may weep,
  The result of an Irishman's badness.

Without stopping to think,
He retired to the sink,
  And the blade of the weapon unsheathed;
In a very short time,
He looked really sublime,
  With a lather his beauty was wreathed.

In his haste to prepare
His toilet with care,
  The changed razor escaped his observing.
Nor was it so strange,
Since similar change
  History never has found for preserving.

For never before
Had he seen at a store

The means for a moustache divesting.
He soon was to call
On Miss Josephine Hall,
So he fell his new razor to testing.

He dreamed no mistake,
In the article's make,
But only in mode of applying;
So he put in with force,
His moustache to coerce,
Until he came very near dying.

For the time was at night,
And he had a poor light,
And, besides, his vision was dim, sir,
For often by stealth,
He took for his health,
What obstructed the seeing of him, sir.

Now after his sip,
He commenced with his lip,
But Pat's razor was sadly provoking,
For instead of relief,
It soon brought him to grief;
Sad result of Hibernian joking.

Regardless of pain,
He soon came to the vein,
Covered o'er with a thick growth of whiskers,
Which was full of his life;
But on with his knife,
Like all gallant determined young riskers.

He soon had been through
By his energy new,
But the jugular vein was impeding,
Now by liquor quite high,
That the vein should defy
His efforts, soon set him to bleeding.

For he thought a smart blow,
Would let other veins know
That he was disposed not to trifle,
So he severed his throat
And found he had caught
A Tartar he never could stifle.

Moral.

In dying accents now of pain,
When light was breaking on his brain.
He gave some words of good advice,
Which he had learned at costly price:
Beware of trusting to the wine,
Learn from a fate so sad as mine;
And never trust an Irishman,
But keep as far off as you can,
And look, my friends, before you leap;
And when you shave, you always keep
Your temper, and examine first
Your razor, ere you quench its thirst.
Nor think so much of making calls,
Of preparation for the balls;
So learn to shave before you try
To show your skill in actions spry;
For in the shortest minute, you
Can end your life without ado.

HOW A TEACHER WAS "DUCKED."

At Latin Commons, one April day,
Where boys sometimes engage in play,
But where 'tis unusual a student to find
Who does not carefully "study hours" mind,
Ducking, and other light sports were the rage,
And the moments of some of the boys did engage.
So much interest was vested therein,
That sometimes was heard a deafening din,
Of shouting, and laughing, and rushing up stairs.
But as time advanced there began to be fears,
(For the bell had rung with peals very clear
Which told that study hours soon would be here.)
Of a certain young man who goes that way,
A teacher at Phillips Academy, they say,
Who says to the boys, as he makes a bow,
"Don't you know it's 'study hours' now?"
On this one occasion there was so much excitement,
Though most of the boys to their studies then went,
That a few still lingered for some one to be
Where he could throw o'er him a limpid sea.
One such person, I remember, was waiting,
To give some one a "regular ducking."

By an open window, at the end of his room,
He waited a moment for his victim to come.
'Twas only a moment—his victim came—
His dipper was emptied with careful aim.
But lo! as the water nears the ground,
His victim escapes by the slightest bound;
And, horror of horrors! that water does fall
On the teacher's new clothes, wetting them all—
At least they say so who tell the story.
The teacher looked up reproachfully.
" Excuse me, Mr. ——, 'twas meant for another,"
The boy exclaimed, his heart in a flutter.
" You have no business," the teacher made answer,
" To try to hit any one at this time, sir!"
And then passed on down to his room.
While the student was thinking of whatwas to come;
For this was truly an entire new feature.
Having heard of no one who'd " ducked a teacher."

EDITORIAL.

Gentlemen of Philo:—At the close of another term, and year of study, we place in your hands the result of our labors. Notwithstanding the many duties which most of us have had to perform, and let us trust our efforts have been crowned, the " Mirror" has been supported as well as usual. The past term has been one of interest, and its end has come upon us almost like a sudden gust of wind, striking us unawares. It opened with delightful spring weather; and, in fact, to its close, none can complain of an excess of unpleasant days.

Philo has flourished; as we hope it ever will. One of its most important features has been the " Trial," which was conducted with skill, and reflected credit upon all its participants. May this be carried to a still greater extent, for it introduces variety, which the society has needed. Owing to a forward Spring, ball playing was resorted to earlier than usual; there were few who were not affected with the fever, and nearly every available place was seized upon to quiet it. We notice a series of games between the "Alert" and the " Athlete," resulting in the victory of the former. Their scores are given in the Pot Pourri.

April 8th,—the State Fast. This is a day which is kept to perfection at our boarding houses, and, in fact, all over Andover was well observed. The school, the only time during the year, was permitted the pleasure of listening to a sermon preached at the Old South. No doubt all of us preferred the comfortable seats to the instruments of torture which we sit upon weekly at the Chapel.

A beautiful auroral display occurred in the heavens on the night of Thursday, April 15th; an exhibition of such magnitude and splendor has not been witnessed in the State of Massachusetts since 1859. From east to west the horizon exhibited a belt of white light, changing in color as it disappeared. At the height of the display, the varying beams concentrated directly in the zenith; there dancing and swaying in the most graceful folds; sprinkling their silver spray in every direction; starting up from the horizon suddenly; ever changing, ever varying in their colors. Now displaying the richest rose tints; now streaks of crimson and emerald, seemingly swayed by a powerful wind, which wove them into the most fantastic shapes. The exhibition excited awe and delight everywhere, and will long be remembered by scientific men.

On the evening of the 30th of April, Andover was alarmed by a cry of fire, and the appearance of the engines. Flames were discovered in the direction of North Andover. They increased as the excited crowd approached them. But when it had reached the scene of conflagration, there was found to be a——pile of brush burning. We all remember the fire in Marland village; and not one of us but will think with delight upon what Phillips did that day.

Mr. Park, of Lawrence, addressed a good audience in the Academy Hall, on the 11th of May. His subject, Dr. Thomas Arnold. His lecture was attentively listened to, and its every feature excellent.

The Punchard School has made some successful endeavors to increase its funds. The exhibition on the evening of May 25th, was well attended, and the result of careful study. We trust it may soon find means to erect another building, an honor to the town, and to itself.

On the afternoon of May 22d, Mr. Perabo, of Boston, gave a concert in the Academy chapel, to a favored few. By all who were thus fortunate, the entertainment was proclaimed a grand one.

We had a disagreeable day for strewing with flowers the graves of those who died for their country. Nevertheless, many joined in the procession, and, considering the weather, much interest was manifested.

May 31st. Gough delivered, this evening, at the Town Hall, before an enraptured house, his new lecture "circumstances." The hall was crowded, as is usual when this gentleman honors that humble structure with his presence, and all, old and young, were wholly entranced by his remarks.

We understand that during the present term, there has been formed a "Phillips Sextette Club," and from all accounts, it has had success. It's members we give in the Pot Pourri.

The reading for the Draper prizes, at the young ladies seminary, took place June 1st. It exhibited careful study, and was attentively listened to by an appreciative audience.

Dr. Taylor received the senior class at his residence, on the evening of June 4th, and Mr. Graves entertained the senior class of the English department, on the evening of the 11th.

June 8th. The large hall of the Academy was well filled, to listen to the speaking for the Draper Prizes. Throughout, the exercise was acknowledged superior to that of last year, and we hope it may continue to increase in excellence, until Phillips' reputation for sending forth good speakers, shall become still more brilliant. The speaking of original compositions for the Means Prizes, is also worthy of praise. On both occasions many beautiful bouquets were thrown.

On Thursday, the 17th, the school was permitted to attend the Peace Jubilee. To those of us who took advantage of this favor, it will be a life-long remembrance. All the pleasures of the day were fully enjoyed.

In looking over the foregoing scenes, we trust that none who have figured in them, will have aught to regret. Our term is at an end, and all look forward with delight to a long respite from toil. Some of us will return, others will not. Some will meet again, others never, on this earth. But be that as it may, let us reflect with pleasure upon our Andover life, and when, in after years, we are struggling with the temptations and hardships of the world, when we are happy, and climbing the road to Fame, may we point toward our success and say "Old Phillips!"

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3*rd Prize*,--WILLIAM C. MERRILL, Andover.

SPEAKING OF ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS FOR THE MEANS PRIZES, JUNE 16, 1869.

1*st Prize*,—CHARLES F. CUTTER, Princeville.
2*nd Prize*,—MASON F. COGSWELL, Albany, N. Y.
3*rd Prize*,—THOMAS P. WICKES, N. Y. City.

MATCHES FOR SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP.

ALERT.	O.	R.	ATHLETE.	O.	R.
Mason, 2d b.	3	3	Reed, c.	2	5
Hayward, c. f.	2	5	Walsh, 2d b.	4	2
Grubb, 3d b.	2	4	Wickes, p.	2	4
Swett, r. f.	2	5	Parker, 1st b.	1	5
Aiken, p.	3	2	Nevin, l. f.	3	3
Thompson, l. f.	6	0	Bixby c. f.	4	3
L. Coggswell, c.	4	2	Bird, s. s.	4	3
Abbott, s. s.	4	1	D. Coggswell, r. f.	5	2
Barker, 1st b.	1	3	Foster, 3d b.	2	3
Total,	27	25	Total,	27	30

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Alert,	3	0	1	5	5	3	2	6	0 :—25
Athlete,	11	1	2	8	0	0	7	1	0 :—30

Played on School Ground, June 2nd, 1869, Time of Game, 1 hour, 15 minutes.

ALERT.	O.	R.	ATHLETE.	O.	R.
Mason, 2d b.	4	3	Reed, c.	2	3
Hayward, c. f.	3	3	Walsh, 2d b.	3	2
Grubb, 3d b.	1	4	Wickes, p.	3	2
Swett, r. f.	2	2	Parker, 1st b.	3	3
Aiken, p.	4	2	Nevin, l. f.	1	2
Thompson, l. f.	3	2	Bixby, c. f.	4	1
Coggswell, c.	3	1	Bird, s. s.	5	2
Goodwin, s. s.	4	0	Lehmer, r. f.	5	0
Barker, 1st b.	3	3	Foster, 3d b.	1	1
Total,	27	20	Total,	27	17

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Alert,	6	3	1	0	4	3	3	0	0 :—20
Athlete,	4	4	2	1	2	1	3	0	0 :—17

Played, June 5th, 1869, Time of Game, 1 hour, 20 minutes.

ALERT.	O.	R.	ATHLETE.	O.	R.
Mason, 2d b.	2	6	Reed, c.	2	4
Hayward, c. f.	0	6	Walsh, r. f.	5	2
Grubb, 3d b.	4	3	Wickes, p.	4	2
Swett, r. f.	4	4	Bird, s. s.	3	3
Aiken, p.	3	4	Nevin, l. f.	2	4
Thompson, l. f.	3	2	Parker, 1st b.	3	3
Coggswell, c.	4	3	Wendell, 2d b.	1	4
Abbott, s. s.	5	2	Bixby, c. f.	3	3
Barker, 1st b.	2	6	Foster, 3d b.	4	1
Total,	27	36	Total,	27	26

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Alert,	2	3	0	4	6	10	5	3	3 :—36
Athlete,	0	3	0	3	15	1	0	0	4 :—26

Played, June 12th, 1869, Time of Game, 1 hour, 30 minutes.

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SCIRE EST REGERE.

ψυχης φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

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THE MIRROR.

HENRY W. RANKIN,
ISAAC F. HALL,
BENJAMIN C. REED. } EDITORS.

Vol. XV. NOVEMBER, 1869. No. I.

√ NATIONAL INTER-COMMUNICATION.

The greatest commercial achievement thus far of the century is undoubtedly the completion of the Suez Canal. The jealousies of European powers over the avenues of Eastern traffic are as old as European history. The cause of these is to be traced to the lack of proper channels through which the trade of different nations might be carried on simultaneously. Most everything must go through Egypt, and much overland, large perquisites and returns had always to be paid before any permits were granted, and a good deal of wrangling and trouble was an inevitable result. Certain privileges were monopolized by the few, and weaker parties were ever thrown into shade. The Genoese and Venetians each struggled for advantage over the other when they were the stars of European commerce, and England, France, Spain, Portugal, Russia, and Turkey, have prolonged a mutual strife for centuries. From 1498, when Vasco Di Gama discovered the Cape passage to India, a few navigators were allured to follow his bold enterprise, and double "The Stormy Cape," to carry their goods unmolested to Eastern Asia. As commerce increased, the use of this long passage also extended, but the overland route *via* Suez, has ever been the more generally available, notwithstanding the difficulties attending it. On the 17th of the present month all these are at last to be obviated, and Ferdinand de Lesseps has indeed made himself a prince among philanthropists; perhaps the greatest benefactor to Europe of the age.

But now that the Suez Canal has actually reached completion, with every seeming prospect for its becoming the greatest commercial channel between East and West, the question has risen with some plausible ground, whether, after all, the anticipations of its constructors will be realized, after the novelty is over, in view of the stupendous rival project on the American continent, which is now about to be entered on.

Common opinion, upon this side of the water, at least, seems to be that the latter project will be the favored one. The main consideration in support of this, is that everything now-a-days strides westward, and the commerce of the world will become no exception to the prevailing rule. The questions of time and distance in transit will probably have little effect, for the two routes are in these particulars on so nearly parallel ground.

The obstacles on either side are about equal. The difficulties of Red Sea navigation being counterbalanced by those of Atlantic navigation. The costs, also, when each are fairly in operation, will probably be about equal. There are a few advantages possessed by each that the other is without. But with all that has yet been said on either side, we see no reason why the ultimate triumph of one at the expense of the other should be predicted. On the contrary they will together form equal parts,—yes *centers*, of a grand system of national inter-communication, to extend round the world. Each route will have its adherents, each its decryers, but they will arise more from local and personal causes than from any general superiority of either.

It is necessary to look at every fact of history, and as well, at every occurrence of the existing age, from both of the two sides presented. Everything we *know* exhibits a perspicuous foreground and a background — less readily discerned, yet generally, by the light of experience, discernible.

The light of experience, contrary to all analogy, becomes brighter the longer it burns, instead of diminishing. So each age the world grows older, is better able to appreciate these obscure backgrounds to the different pictures of which the panorama of life and history is composed. To be shorter, each age is a better prophet than its forerunner, and on this assumption we will endeavor, having viewed the practical of the question before us, to examine it now abstractly, and conjure out, if possible, from its cloudy envelope, a picture lying back of the one our attention has just abandoned.

There is no tendency of the present age more distinctly marked or important, than the growing closeness of relation between man and man all over the world; and every new project, invention or discovery, goes to increase this tendency. We would speak a moment of this *law of contact* here involved, before showing what we may expect to be accomplished by the action of a system of national inter-communication in accordance with it.

It is easy by results to comprehend this law, in every scene of its operation, whether in matter or mind. It is illustrated by the fable of the single stick and the bundle of sticks; it is illustrated by every work of art that we examine; it is illustrated all through life and all through nature.

It is contact which produces that substantial, palpable unity, we witness in each particular object of matter. All describable things are the effects of the contact of particles. A stone is the close contact and consequent adhesion of many different particles of matter; a piece of wood the same. Light, heat, and sound, though long disputed, are commonly acknowledged to be the effect of different combinations of infinitesimal though distinct particles of matter. Electricity the same. It is even contended that mind belongs to the province of matter, and though we do not yield to any such chimerical hypothesis as this, we can readily trace the law of contact operating on a number of minds, and universally find the effect of mental friction analagous to that of material friction.

A combination of material particles forms the body, and a combination of minds, which may be considered as mental particles, forms society.

A body is not complete if some of its particles are wanting, nor perfect if they are improperly combined. So society will never be complete while some minds remain apart from others, nor perfect until all are fitly combined. No particular thing taken by itself, can, properly speaking, be considered a perfect entity. It is association and combination that makes strength and beauty; otherwise things are but *parts,—fractions*. Emerson says:—

> "All things are needed by each one;
> Nothing is fair or good alone."*

We see therefore that contact tends to unity and perfection, while separation is an abnormal condition, either in matter or mind.

Now there is another law, the same in every case, but bearing two names, as its different applications require,—applied to matter it is called the *law of attraction*; applied to mind the *law of progress*. This law is eternally acting to *produce* contact, and the obstacles in its way only retard, do not prevent the effect.

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*Poems; "Each and All."

That society as it has ever existed in the world is in a disjointed and imperfect state, no student of history or observer of men, will have presumption to deny. But that a great advancement on primitive crudity has taken place, all glory to acknowledge.

The means by which this advancement has been most furthered, consist of whatever has tended to amalgamate nations, and unite races by common sympathetic ties of custom and sentiment. To discover these things that bring men together, and thus prepare the way for the more general acknowledgement of the Golden Rule is one aim from which we should not deviate in the study of history. These means have varied with the varying wants of succeeding ages and different places, but we can ever trace them in their results. At times they have consisted of extensive civil dominion, as in the Empires of the Cæsars, the Saracens, of Charlemagne, and of Great Britain to-day. At times of great military exploits, as of Alexander and Napoleon. At times of great religious reformations, as those of Confucius, Christ, Mohammed, Huss and Luther. At times of revivals of learning, as that in Alexandrian days, when Erasmus flourished, and of the present century. At times when a great moral principle is decided, as the Magna Charta, American Independence, and Abolition of Slavery. And we mention last but not least, as one means of connecting individuals, nationalities, and continents, with indissoluble bands of sympathy and union, commercial enterprise, especially in its late development of facile means of national inter-communication.

But look at these means, and what thoughts are roused in our minds! The whole period of known history up to our times, had scarcely made any advance on the mariner's compass, and now our own age has supplied ocean vessels moved by steam, land and oceanic telegraphy, and innumerable lines of intersecting railroads, beside the thousand lesser improvements adjunct to these. And what is to come next? It is this:—from times reaching far behind the most primitive traditions, there have been two mighty barriers to commerce, hitherto unsurmounted and considered insurmountable. But now keys have been found for the locks, and the doors are to be thrown wide open, as thoroughfares for the nations.

A project is already conceived, which will ultimately, should it succeed, (and there is every hope that this or an equivalent will succeed,) place these and all such generally useful and desirable avenues of trade, not in the power of this or that government, but in the hands of an organization to be called "THE UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION,"* the members of which are to consist of representatives from all the nations concerned, who will endeavor to obtain "by cession or purchase, from the governments "of Mexico, Central America and Turkey a strip or belt of land (of "a stipulated width,) covering the line of the route or routes across "the Isthmus sections between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and "the Mediterranean Sea and the Persian Gulf; such route or routes "as the Commission may determine by a thoroughly scientific explo-"ration, to be shortest and best for the purposes of International "Communication and Commerce by railroad, canal and telegraph; "and that such territory shall be held in trust by their High Commis-"sion for the benefit of all nations, on conditions framed to protect "and secure the just and equal rights of all; and that said Commis-"sion shall be empowered to construct, equip and maintain such "railroad or canal and telegraph lines, and to administer the affairs "of the same in a manner designed solely to guard and guaranty the "impartial and honorable maintenance of the common welfare, and "to subserve to the highest degree the interests of universal peace, "commerce and civilization."*

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*See "Mexico and the United States," by G. D. Abbott, L. L. D.

So reads a section of the proposed treaty for this noble project. It would well repay any one to carefully examine the whole of this remarkable document, as given in the interesting work from which we have quoted. It contains the germs of a future prosperity that nations have not yet in the slightest adequate degree conceived of. If the initiative could be taken in a project like this, a few years more would see such a belt extending around our globe, and belonging to every part of it in common. It is some such system, also, that must include the "Thermometric Gateways to the Pole,"† when they are thrown open to mankind. The importance of such an agent in commerce, it will be impossible to fully estimate, until it has been tried. The two Isthmus routes are, as the proposed treaty quoted expresses it, "by their geographical position, the focal and radiant points, where the chief trunk lines of commerce necessarily concentrate and diverge." With commerce so wonderfully enhanced, how much closer would men be brought to each other! How much sooner might the millenium arrive, and society attain at last the long prayed for perfection! We will watch eagerly for the day this great enterprise shall be taken in hand, and we have not so little faith in human progress as to believe that day far off. It is true we live in a wonderful age; but we are far short of a grandeur we yet shall reach. It is a joyful thought that the goal of the race has not yet been touched, notwithstanding this nineteenth century is so prolific in mighty works, and so far outdoes the past. It would truly dishonor the capabilities of Intellect to claim such glory for the present. And we will find our egotism has left us in the cold when but a few more years have rolled by, if we thus boast ourselves to-day. No! With Emerson, we ask, "who can set bounds to the possibilities of man?"*

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* "Mexico and the U. S." Page 353.

† "Putnam's Magazine" for Nov. 1869.

H. W. R.

LITERARY CRITICS.

Many there are who, for want of intrinsic merit, yet desirous of literary fame, assume the responsibility of criticising literary productions. The Bible is holy and full of divine love; a precious medium between man and his Maker. The ruler consults it as a guide in administering the best good to his people; the merchant consults it to direct his intercourse with his fellows; the weary laborer finds in it encouragement and commendation, though he occupies an humble sphere; and the despised and forsaken find in it friendship, though the world contemns them; yet all is done so quietly, that one unacquainted with human nature might seriously lament the general aversion to God's holy word. The most beautiful portions of poetry and prose are rendered disgusting by the incessant bawling of literary critics. One becomes completely lost to things material, and absorbed in some transporting theme; as he concludes, he feels purer, and a pervading and delicate sense of refinement, when his eye, attracted by a note affixed, he peruses it to find the following: "Could anything be more sublime than the poet's conception? The soul is entranced by his beautiful ideality, and charmed with his subtlety of thought." The observation is out of place, and certainly a reflection upon the reader's perception. It wounds the feelings as much as a harsh and ill deserved criticism; for, while the latter only serves to create surprise and pity for the author's opinion, the former offends by his lack of propriety.

Thus is Virgil robbed of much of his beauty by being quoted at every seasonable or unseasonable opportunity, besides furnishing an inexhaustible supply of mottoes, as "Dux femina facti," "mirabile dictu," etc., which, although not apparently a criticism, yet substantially an indirect extolling of his merits. Well did Byron quote the passage from Pope, when he poured his overwhelming satire upon his unjust reviewers. The "abandoned critics" of his day are as numerous in ours.

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* "Nature."

How timidly does the young author or authoress place a book before the world, and with what fear and expectation awaits the reviews, to find the least possible praise or actual condemnation.

The pure, the unalloyed metal will pass the flame, and exist, while the adulteration is consumed. Let the steady and silent flame of refined taste and sensibility extract the beautiful and refuse the dross. Any one who has read King Henry IV, needs not to see another description of Falstaff; yet notice the criticism of Johnson. But "Falstaff, inimitable Falstaff," with a continued delineation. And Sir James Mackintosh, after having read the contest of Minerva and Arach~~u~~ne as described by Spencer, says: "Do you think that even a Chinese could paint the gay colors of the butterfly with more minute exactness"? No, we do not; yet his admiration of the poem is not at all surprising, nor does his question betoken any very great thought.

Now let us pass from the criticism of production to the criticism of authors. No fewer are they who pass their judgment upon the character of poets, historians and philosophers, than those who criticise their creations, seemingly filled with a desire to make themselves conspicuous, or possessing the characteristic traits of ~~shallow justice~~. Why attempt to mar the beauty of Childe Harold, or The Bride of Abydos, by recollections of the poet's intrigues, or to detract the beauty of the poems of Shelley by remembrance of some of his free opinions. Such beauty and purity could not have been the expression of beastly passion. The sentiment of one of the most eminent opposers of Byron's poems is, that in finding beauty in them is like hunting for pearls,— so much worthless and filthy matter had to be rejected in extracting the valuable; yet do not divers devote their lives to this one occupation, and are they not amply repaid.

Justice
Shall

"The honey bee that wanders all day long,
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
Humming in calm content its quiet song,
As it gathers in its winter's store,
Seeks not alone the lily's dainty cup,
The violet's lips, the rose's glowing breast;
But from all rank and noisome weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness."

O.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Great and diversified as has been the popular excitement about the rights of woman, much good has sprung from the agitation of this subject. From a mere slave, woman has been raised to an equal with man. Her sphere has been enlarged; her intellectual powers developed, and she has risen from a *passive* to an *active* position in life. In times past she only existed; she now lives. She now moves as an angel of light, when before she was only an angel of mercy.

God designed woman to be man's *equal*—to be his *superior*, and in endowing her with those susceptible and sympathetic emotions which render her nature so noble, he purposed that she should be the gentle guide of man to lead him up to higher and holier aims, and the records of the past show how well she has fulfilled her mission. She rules the world. By that insinuating power, which, like chloroform stealing so gently and unconsciously, gains a complete ascendency over the will of the person subject to its influence, woman governs man. He may not know it, but if he be debarred from her society, he will soon discover that his strength is gone; that which elevated his thoughts, and directed his aspirations to things lofty and sublime, has departed.

She *has* her rights. She has that subtle power which man cannot resist. Ask John the Baptist what caused him to lose his head. Ask Sampson if it was not woman's smiles that swept *him* into an untimely grave. She has the right to think, to act, to teach, to stamp her character upon the rising generation in golden lessons, which shall benefit and bless the world; these are her rights. Educate her to fill these stations, and to ornament them, and you will do a good work. But enlarge her duties, give her a place in the halls of State, a place at the ballot-box, bring her into the public arena, and you will degrade her. She is not fitted for the rough temptations which cluster around a public life. Leave her to guard and temper the inner life, to mould the minds of those who are soon to take our places, and she will honor her God by her labors.

Woman cannot fill man's place any more than man can fill hers. Give woman a place in the schoolroom instead of at the ballot-box; fit her for the duties of a teacher instead of preparing her for the forum, and you will have placed her in her true position. Let her act a woman's part, do a woman's duty. If she fits herself to properly fill her station in the world, future generations will acknowledge her power, will accord to her greater honors than earthly monarchs gain. Let woman have her rights, the right to ennoble her life, and bless her race in the domestic circle, in the schoolroom, and to wield her pen. Grant these, and she will grow into an enlightened womanhood.

J. H. H.

LICENSE AND FREEDOM.

A war-worn veteran homeward, from the scenes of conflict, came;
'Twas eighteen hundred sixty-five, what time Ulysses' name
Was honored most from "Golden Gate" to rock bound eastern shore;
For it had *granted* victory, triumphant *peace* once more.
And on lines electric, northward then, the joyful news had come
To the weary, waiting, watching friends, "our boys are coming home;"
While on every train borne northward by the wondrous power of steam,
There were crowds of bronzéd soldiers, and the bayonet's bright gleam
Soon up past the bustling market, and on through the throngéd street,
Told of Justice made triumphant, and of Treason's dire defeat.

First among these martial heroes had our veteran held a place;
In the deadliest of the conflict shrinking not the foe to face.
Where the battle was the hottest, where none others dared to stand,
There he'd stood to fight for freedom, union, and his native land.
He was one from Massachusetts, who enlisted on that day
Abra'm Lincoln called for soldiers; and the morrow's morning gray
Saw him on his journey southward; he was one of three who bore
Wounded comrades from the pavements, where they fell at Baltimore.
Later still, in that sad battle which we never can forget,
Where the banner of our fathers, and the traitor's flag first met,
He had stood, advanced, retreated, alternately lost and won,
Till his corps, repulsed, defeated, all fell back to Washington.

Then he'd marched with young McClellan, hither, thither, till at last
Suffering all that man could suffer, wounded, weak, the horror past,
He had sought his home and kindred, where reigned duty, honor, law;
But when dangers thickened faster, re-enlisted for the war.
Then with Grant, a brave young general, in the West his lot befell;
And he marched with him far southward, through what sufferings none can tell,
But the men who fought at Shiloh, and at Pittsburg river bank,
Where the little band surrounded, passed the words from rank to rank,
"Grant has said there's no surrender, we must fight it out right here,
Though surrounded, Buell's coming, there is hope, boys, never fear."
He with western brothers fought there till their waiting eyes could see
"Stars and stripes" on barge and gunboat sailing up the Tennessee.

So through all the war undaunted, suffering, yet not hopeless quite,
He had fought, till under Sherman in that wondrous, awful fight,
On the top of Lookout Mountain, hears he Hooker's rallying cry,

As he leads his soldiers onward, till the clouds around them lie,
Useless to recount his marches from the mountains to the sea,
Then his conquering journey northward, where the sands and marshes be;
Till at last he tramped in Richmond, by the Libby prison yard,
Where his comrades perished heartsick, nursed alone on hope deferred.

Now released from martial duty, home again our soldier hies,
There on sweet enjoyments feasting, hallowed home charms from the skies.
But these pleasures briefly please him; soon they satisfy no more;
They have lost their old enticement, each enchantment that they wore,
And when feeble strength grows stronger, when the old excitement dies,
Reason slowly yields to passion, and the haunts he once despised,
By the habits now contracted, under seeming need of wine,
Soon his honor, and religion, and affection, all confine;
And that curse of cursed, the wine cup, in his way has cast a light,
Which allures him on to ruin, darker than the shades of night.

As his comrades round the wine cup gather at the evening hour,
Each night grow they still more reckless, still more heedless of the power
Which the tempter has upon them, as he draws them farther still,
In pretended ways of freedom, in *law licensed* ways, until
In a careless hour, forgetting home and friends and noble deeds
He has passed all former temptings, yielding more and more, he reads
In his staggering journey homeward, in his dulled and reeling brain,
That he's branded now a *drunkard*, never to be pure again;
"*Drunkard!*" how the vile word mocks him, as he hears it on the street;
See! he passes down the alley, fearing some old friends to meet;
For he never thought of drifting ont beyond the right to be
Held a sober, moderate drinker; now he's launched upon a sea,
That shall bear him, *where*, he knows not, only *this* he knows and feels,
That he's *drifting*, oarless, sailless; and a horror o'er him steals,
As he nears his home, his fireside, which to him a heaven has been,
Which he fondly hoped would save him, not from *sinning*, but from *sin*.
But he now must stain that fireside, desecrate that holy place;
So he lingers on the doorstep; but a saintly, careworn face
Meets him in the lighted entry, helps him stagger through the hall.
Not a word of condemnation, "*Edward, see that!*" that was all;
'Twas his old sword by the fireside, where t'ad hung three peaceful years;
As he heard her, looked and saw it, then her pitying face and tears,
For the time his stupor left him, and he saw himself again,
As when that was girded on him, while a pure and noble man.
Then she led him to his chamber, watched him through his drunken sleep;
God knows only how she prayed then.—Angels oft o'er sinners weep.

Out upon the tide which washes yonder low and sandy beach,
There are wooden chips now drifting, some of which the shore will reach;
Others, on the under-current taken into ebbing tide,
Shall drift outward, sink in waters where the ocean steamers ride.

So *he* thought when roused from slumber:—out upon intemperance' sea,
I must soon drift *in* or *outward;* God knows only which t'will be.
He knew not a breeze from Heaven, rising even while he slept,
Had been slowly sweeping inward, while the wife her vigils kept;
And when reason once more led him to review the better life
Which he'd spent so nobly, grandly, battling in the holy strife,
Was he wise or weak to ask then, "where's the freedom which I've sought,
In a life of licensed pleasure scorning what strong duty taught?"

And in finding answer only in his ruined home and name;
And for this he'd fought and suffered,—*such* an honor and *such* fame.
Was it strange he left the wine cup, and that he might never yield
In the future to its temptings, buckled on the temperance shield?

No! For License is not Freedom, and it never can be, for
E'en the *freedom born in heaven is protected there bg law.*

I. F. H.

THE EARTH.

A few weeks ago the afternoon sun shone with golden light upon an ocean steamer quietly cruising over the Pacific, along the coast of Peru. The day is charming, the scene delightful, the waters tranquil. Everything indicates a prosperous voyage, and the passengers rejoice at their swift approach to the long expected ha~~rem~~ven. In a few hours they will clasp once more the hands of their friends, and embrace their loved ones after the long absence. The vessel swiftly pursues its course, when suddenly all are startled by a deep, low muttering, and before they can think of its cause or what is coming, the ship receives a blow upon its keel which hurls it nearly out of the sea, and prostrates on the deck every one on board. A dark dread of they know not what, and an indescribable sickening feeling seizes upon all. The waters boil, and the cliffs, which guard the coast, shaken to their very foundations, give forth huge clouds of dust and sand which darken the air for miles around. The sun goes down, and the shattered vessel wearily makes her way through the troubled sea.

This is a mild, yes, very mild form of the distress which the earth has been enduring for the past two years, and has only been quoted to show how unexpectedly and without warning, the destruction comes.

Let us take another look. Among the hills, and fronting the ocean with its busy wharfs, stands a city. The tropical sun casts his golden ~~gloomy~~ light over the gorgeous landscape, and all nature seems happy in perfect peace. The town is alive with trade, and the market place thronged with merchants. When lo! a deep rumbling is *felt* rather than *heard*, from the bowels of the earth. With this vague sickening apprehension of approaching evil, the tradesmen stand rooted to the ground; the rumbling comes nearer and nearer; it roars louder and louder; the earth quivers and shakes as if struck; blow follows blow, and clap succeeds clap in quick succession; the earth sways to and fro; great fissures open, which swallow up the trembling people, rich and poor, great and small, without mercy, and without distinction. Great fear comes upon those in houses, also. Their dwellings shake and toss, doors open and no one enters; they themselves are thrown to the floors, and rush hastily out, only in time to see their homes and their gods fall in one common ruin. All hasten to the great cathedral, and the whole city upon its knees implores the Divine protection; but no, not yet. The steeples totter and fall, and the vaulted arches, unaccustomed to the strain, crash down upon the heads of the devoted populace. The few survivors rush forth from the treacherous roof, and seek refuge in the street and granite piers along the shore. But destruction awaits them there, too, and the tide suddenly rising sweeps them off their feet, and engulfs beneath its relentless crest the vestiges of the once beautiful city, and destroys the ancient landmarks which had stood for centuries. And all this ruin in an hour.

How terrible! And for two years past this and similar scenes have been of constant occurrence. The earth has been strangely agitated, and her wisest scholars are at a loss to account for her unusual behavior. Everything points to internal commotion, but why that should be so violent after such a long rest is the very thing that causes the inquiry, and over which all the wise men stumble. All the phenomena are certainly very singular, and a brief enumeration of them may be useful now. There is nothing very strange in an earthquake, but their constant occurrence for the past two years is certainly very remarkable.

To begin with, the summer of 1868 was so hot as to cause unusual destruction to human life. Hundreds of men, in all our large cities, died of sunstroke. This severe season was followed by a winter of unusual mildness all over the world. All the customary signs failed, and our weather prophets were baffled for once. During the summer of '68, earthquakes took place in the West Indies and South America, which may be said to belong to the class of the most terrible disasters of the kind recorded in history. Since the day in 1740 when Lisbon was swallowed up, and Caracas was destroyed in 1812, no such calamity has befallen any city or district on the globe. On the 16th of August all the seaport towns in Southern Chili were surprised by an immense tide, which, rising suddenly, washed away houses and churches, and landed ships high and dry in the interior. About the same time the town of Callao was visited with an earthquake which lasted at intervals for three days. The entire western coast of South America, as far north as Peru, was shaken; great crevices opened in the earth; the stoutest buildings crumbled to dust. The destruction of life was appalling, and thirty thousand human beings were killed in one day. An enormous tide followed the earthquake, which carried away the survivors of the catastrophe, and a few hours later a second tidal wave of tremendous size, stretching an hundred miles north and south, falling upon the doomed coast with overwhelming force, removed all traces of civilization, and retiring, left the shore desolate for miles. Where one town stood, the ocean now floats the heaviest ships. Another was destroyed, first by an earthquake, and then by a wave *sixty feet high*.

These terrible calamities in South America were soon followed by similar occurrences in the northern part of the continent. The earthquakes in the Southern Pacific seemed gradually to have worked their way northward, and on the 15th of October the people of San Francisco were thrown into a panic by a severe shock. All business was suspended, and a few cases of death caused wide spread alarm. All the people ran into the streets, but here also they were in danger, for in many parts of the city the pavement opened, and jets of hot water sprung up to considerable hight; and in other places the ground suddenly sank several feet. Many dwellings were ruined, and all the public buildings were more or less injured, so that several weeks were occupied in repairing them.

A few months later, a repetition of the same disaster occurred in the Sandwich Islands. The volcano of Mauna Loa became suddenly very active, and poured a stream of burning lava, six miles long, into the ocean. Several new islands rose in the sea within sight of the shore, which for many days emitted clouds of steam. In the latter part of April, 1869, a violent earthquake shook the islands to their very foundations. The tops of the mountains were shaken off, and thrown into the valleys. The rocking motion of the earth is described as being similar to the rocking of a ship in a gale, so severe was it. Add to these disasters another gigantic tidal wave, which swept over the tops of trees and houses, destroying countless lives, and desolating the coast for miles in every direction.

These alone are a few, a very few of the terrible misfortunes that have devastated the earth for the past few months. It would take hours to tell of all that have occurred. The daily papers are full of them; our wisest philosophers are busily trying to account for them. Our own country, our own state, yes, and some assert that our own town is not exempt from them. Those who have examined the subject at all, and take any interest in it, are now anxiously awaiting news from South America, from the same districts which were depopulated a year ago, and which have been spoken of in this article. For it is there (according to the predictions of a careful German astronomer,) that the most severe and fatal of all the earthquakes is to occur. The people of those districts have such confidence in his prophecy that at last accounts they were leaving the towns for the mountains, where they might be safe from the impending disaster. All business was suspended, and trade abandoned. Perhaps the earthquake which shook Boston and all New England, a week ago to-day, was a branch of that one which was predicted for Peru. Who knows?

Whatever may be the *explanation* of the grave disturbances now agitating the earth, we cannot deny the fact that our planet is now greatly excited, and that, to such a degree as was never equalled in all the annals of the world.

Severe earthquakes, it is true, have occurred from time to time, but the fact that the earth has now been disturbed for *two years* by such a terrible series of violent shocks, stands without parallel in history. Truly we are living in a wonderful age!

T. P. W.

THE INFLUENCE OF MANUAL LABOR UPON THE MIND.

When an invention is made which adds materially to the comforts of man, or a discovery revealing hitherto disguised truths of nature, or a book is written, full of life and beauty, by a working man,—by one of those obscure toilers who labor for their daily bread, the world is astonished! On every side, we hear exclamations of surprise. And yet these cases are not so unfrequent that there is so much cause for wonder. If we examine carefully the annals of the world, we see that a large proportion of those who have shone as brilliant stars in the literary world, or illumined the paths of scientific knowledge, who have been the benefactors of their race, the master spirits of their age, have been toilers, have been born in obscurity, reared in poverty, and were obliged to work for their livelihood. And even now we have philosophers, statesmen and orators eloquent, from among the working class, who far outstrip men born in affluence, and who make study the business of life.

We should look at these facts intelligently; not attributing the results we see to mere genius. We should examine the causes of the effects which are apparent to the least observing, and thus ascertain some of the advantages the working man has over the mere student.

The working man has more physical strength, and the mind and body are so intimately connected, that weakness or inactivity of the one generally produces a like manifestation in the other. Muscles strengthened by exercise, and a brain refreshed by pure blood, enable a mind to conceive with clearness and act with vigor and force. The student, who sits poring over his book all day, has not this advantage. His brain, darkened by impure blood, closes his thoughts, and throws a shade over the page before him. Although there may be more romance in a "pale intellectual brow," "weak nerves," and a "fragile form," it requires strong nerves and sturdy health to make long continued mental effort. The delicate lark soars high, but soon falls; it is only the eagle, with broad and strong wings and clear eye, that can sustain long flight in the upper air, and gaze at the sun. To possess a sound mind, we must have a sound body.

The working man is forced to cultivate *self-reliance*. He has nothing to fall back upon; he must support himself; there is none to lighten his heavy burdens; he has to bear them, and they strengthen him. He feels that he is a man nobly independent of others' aid, and *self-made* men are heroes in the moral world. When he applies his mind to the acquisition of knowledge, he is not discouraged by difficulties. He is familiar with them in the outward, and expects them in his inward, life. He knows that nothing comes to perfection by chance. He has learned that nature's grand secret of success is work, and applies it to his mental progress.

The working man does not go to study as a task. It is not toil to him. Manual labor, when not excessive, invigorates his body and rouses his mind, but cannot satisfy its wants; and therefore it is recreation, it is real pleasure, to search the hidden mysteries of knowledge. His books are treasures: no miser ever stole in dusky eve, to count his golden store with as keen delight as the laborer returns, after each day's toil, to scan the precious pages. The necessity which is laid on him to labor, which tears him away from his studies ere they try his mind, and injure his health, is the very thing that makes him return with new avidity, and one reason why he makes such rapid progress. The student wearies of continual mental effort; his mind is weakened; he longs for excitement, and seeks it not in useful labor, which would benefit himself and others, but in the gay circles of pleasure, too often in the intoxicating cup, which, for a time, stimulates his mind, and renders its powers more brilliant and active, but hastens their decay. Such temptations lie not in the path of the worker.

The working man, in all ages of the world, has been more successful in doing good, in advancing the interests of humanity, than the man who is learned only in book knowledge. The latter may desire to do as much, but never can accomplish it, being ignorant of the material on which he is working. No one can speak such words of encouragement and sympathy to the poor and suffering, as he who has really felt, not imagined, their hardships. It is only he who has taught himself, who has worked his own path up, that can stimulate the ignorant, the friendless and forgotten, to exertion.

The working man also exhibits a greater degree of freshness and originality in his writings. There is a naturalness in the thoughts; they come from the heart, and go to other hearts with a force they could not have if first analyzed by the critic. They are as flowers fresh from beside the hedgerow, fragrant and blooming; not flowers taken apart and torn by the botanist. The student who does not let the emotions of kindness gush forth, but would first dissect them, is like a child watching bright bubbles on a silver stream, and anxious to know what they are made of, puts forth his hand to touch, but they break, and the charm is gone. The music which gushed from the soul of Burns as he followed the plow, and sang to the "Wee modest, crimson tipped flower," shall never die away, for such music is immortal. It has its home in every soul, and vibrates there. And that noble song, "A man's a man for a' that," will be a watchword for future generations.

B. C. R.

CHARLES V. AND MARTIN LUTHER.

The early part of the sixteenth century produced two men well worthy our attention, and a place in history. One was a monarch, "born under the shadow of the purple," whose power and sway were greater than any monarch of his time. He ruled over millions of subjects, the most enlightened, most civilized, and most wealthy of any in Europe. No other general could bring into the field such well trained troops; no financier command such untold stores of treasure. His name was on the lips of the American and East Indian in their wild and gorgeous homes, and the wealth of their lands combined to fill his coffers. His merchant ships and war vessels were seen in every quarter of the globe, and the mines of Mexico and Peru swelled his stores to an almost infinite magnitude. His palace was adorned with treasures torn from the hand of Aztec and Inca. Combined with all his wealth and power he had been educated in all the learning of his time. The most eminent authorities, scholastic and practical, had united to furnish his mind. He possessed the greatest skill in intrigue and diplomacy. His natural abilities were such as to enable him to shine in every species of kingcraft. No monarch in the battle field, no diplomatist at the council board, no financier in the treasury, dared to compete with him.

Let us now look at the man, who, of all others, perhaps, mentioned in history, has the brightest name; upon whose head have been showered the blessings of all mankind; who has changed the entire face of Christendom. He was, as he tells us himself, a peasant; his father struggled for very existence in the iron mines of Germany; he was an unknown subject of the mighty emperor. His mother toiled the livelong day in field and house to obtain a livelihood; he himself was reared in the greatest poverty, and when he went to school was compelled to beg his bread from door to door. After toiling on for weary years, he entered a convent of Carmelite monks. Here he took the very lowest place, and was compelled to do work for his brother monks in the convent.

One day the poor peasant and the mighty emperor met. It was at a council under the direction and auspices of the emperor, partly for trying the obscure monk for heresy. The emperor had come to this council with the greatest pomp; he was surrounded by princes, kings and potentates. He was at the very summit of human grandeur. The poor monk is tried, convicted, and declared a heretic by the law of the empire. A price is set on his head. The emperor retires from the council to plan some new scheme of aggrandizement; the poor monk to seek in the solitude of some dismal dungeon the repose which is denied him elsewhere. Suppose we had asked some politician, some follower of the mighty emperor or high dignitary of the church, which of these two men,—the monk, declared a heretic by the people, or the descendant of the Cæsars—would have had the most lasting influence, what would have been the answer? We should have been sneered at for the foolishness of the question. And yet, what does the world say to-day? Let us look at the lives of the two men. Charles lived a busy, active life; was plotting against Francis, and was plotted against in return, by him; deceiving the pope, and was deceived by the pope; and finally ended his life in retirement, leaving no permanent influence behind him. *Luther* has revolutionized a world. All countries feel his influence to-day. The human race has been raised higher, *immeasurably* higher by his efforts. Who, then, was the greater, the prince or the peasant, the emperor or the monk? Let mankind determine.

S. B. W.

THE POPE AS A TEMPORAL RULER.

Governments are the institutions of men, and it may be said they resemble their makers. All have some predominating principle in their constitutions which determines their stability and excellence. Thus it was with the Persians, the Jews, and Greeks,—with almost every nation of marked character, and we see the results which have followed the application of that principle. The fruit must correspond to the seed from which it sprung. If then the whole theory of a government is false, the only reform is its complete overthrow; otherwise an attempt at reformation would be like contending with a Lernæan hydra,— the vital principle will restore its heads, as fast as an Hercules destroys them. The experience of three thousand years has hardly ~~already~~ taught man upon what to build. He has tried wealth, and we behold the ruins of the East. He has employed the oppression of his fellows, and we see the result in almost every nation of antiquity. And after *all*, he has built upon the Church itself, and what has been his success? The union of Church and State may at first seem imposing,—man's welfare hereafter is certainly of more importance than during this short life. To unite the two, to make the one aid the other, is a design which seems to befit the servants of Christ, and a grandeur worthy a city that once ruled the world. But an attempt to unite them involves the destruction of both, for rulers can only reveal what *they* think will promote salvation, and *they* may be as far from right as black from white. Every outrage has been perpetrated in the name of God in every age, from the Roman Emperors, to Brigham Young in our own time. If men were perfect, and their views alike, such a theory might be plausible, but history proves it to be the worst.

After the establishment of the office of Pope, their power was limited, and their dominion small, but as the night of the dark ages broke away, the Popes began to turn their thoughts to a temporal kingdom. So far did they succeed, that their sovereignty was acknowledged, and they, in the beginning of the sixteenth century could say, "formerly, no Baron was too insignificant to despise the papal power; now a *King of France* stands in awe before it." Let us look at the *condition* of the States of the Church at this time. The writers of the sixteenth century could hardly find words to express the fertility of its soil and its prosperity, and Pius V. boasts as a proof of divine favor, that "whereas Rome in ancient times could not exist without foreign grain, she now has enough and to spare." Commerce was flourishing, and ships of every nation flocked to their harbors. In literature and art, also, the age of Leo X. has been proverbial. Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Tasso were men whom no succeeding age has rivaled. The Pope at this time could make no addition to his dominions without granting certain privileges in return. Thus the principle of freedom overspread all. Liberty and prosperity were everywhere.

Such was Italy when it first came under the Pope, and the result is Italy of to-day. Wars were commenced and revenues raised to prosecute them. By this means more offices were created, and salaries charged to the public expense. With every Pope, the revenue was raised, and the nation gradually became impoverished. The liberty of the people was trodden under foot, and the Pope's authority was strengthened, until he is now able to dispose of the country and its resources at his own pleasure. The learned professions are discouraged, taxes are heavy and unjust, and criminal justice hardly exists at all. The tribunal of Bologna declared in 1856, that "in past years crimes innumerable have afflicted this province. A priest is not punished for crime, because it would be a desecration of the church, but if the church is injured in any way, the case of the accused is carried through with the greatest injustice. Finally, oppression, taxes, and absurd injustice have ruined commerce and agriculture." Such are some of the blessings which three hundred years under the Pope have brought to Italy. This has been the result of the working of a principle which places the power above the sympathy of the people. Now, when we can prove that the Government of a country has proved a curse to it, civilization, liberty and justice, cry out for its overthrow. Can it be strange, then, that such men as Father Hyacinthe have withdrawn from its protection? Is it not more strange that men who profess any intelligence at all will allow themselves to be swayed by its teachings? The Ecomenical Council means something more than an assembly of Catholic clergy. The Holy See already feels his kingdom shaking from its very foundations. Let Pius IX. beware!

L. M.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

If our worst expectations become realized, if these irrepressible "female suffrage" fanatics get the better of us, if our long established power in the government is shared with us, if woman at last reigns triumphant, what will become of us? What shall we do? Whither shall we flee? There is no occasion for levity. This question must sooner or later be considered. Will not woman wreak a terrible vengeance upon us in return for the many insults we have offered her in her *slavery?* We are treating upon a vital subject. If we should attempt to deny this we run the risk of being considered a falsifier of the most opprobrious stamp, and we do not wish to run such a risk. What will be done with us? Will we all be slaughtered when the first female President takes the chair by storm, or shall we have (horrible idea) Mormonism *vice versa?*

And yet it is hard to think that Susan B. Anthony and the blue cotton umbrellas, whom she represents, shall triumph, or that Mrs. Stowe shall "sling ink" at our principal men, while we dare not contradict her. How awful will be our position when that being, by no means fabulous, and known as the "Girl of the Period," shall lord it over us. If it is true that the "cheek" of that class of girl at present appalls us, and makes semi-successful attempts at turning us into a stone statue, our case will be better imagined than described, when she becomes free from all restraint.

When that dreaded figure in high heeled shoes, false hair, "Guards" collar, walking stick, and eye glass shall ask us to have a cigar, we will shudder and tell her we have not learned to smoke. If she intimates that she plays billiards we can only sigh. When she at present stalks through a crowd of us with the needless observation that "she is not afraid of us if we are young men," we involuntarily exclaim, "we know it, we know it," and would like to bind her over to keep the peace.

But where is the vision of the author of "The spirit of (18)76." She *knows* she is our superior; talks to us in railroad cars and stages; loudly admires us if we happen to be good looking, criticises our costume, and asks us to accept of her escort. *Then* "let him that is in Judea flee unto the mountains, and he that is on the house top not come down to take any thing out of his house."

Now imagine, brother "Phillipians," our sister institute filled with girls of the period; think of the terrible vengeance that would come upon *those individuals* who follow inoffensive persons quietly returning home from concerts! the retribution that would visit those who now pester the damsels, and dog them around town! Who can depict the scene when the pursued become in turn the pursuers; when the Phillipian with his less robust and courageous companion clinging to him in an agony of fear, darts down the wide thoroughfare of Love Lane, closely pursued by two girls of the period?

They approach nearer to him; they follow close on his fleeing footsteps, and they are utter strangers.

They are well-dressed, and what remains of *ye grecian bend* hovers around them; they ask one another if they know him; they would like to get acquainted with him; tell him he looks well this afternoon, and ask if he and the rest of the boys are going to the concert to-night; while the poor youth drags himself along, and devoutly hopes that the form of our "common relative" will appear to frighten away his tormentors.

But let us pause, and in the words of *Marcus T. Cicero*, a man who must have understood like situations, we give a free translation, (being rather rusty on that particular passage.) " since these things seem to us to be particularly wretched and pitiable, we shall show ourselves to be violently opposed to those who wish to bring about such a state of affairs." C. I.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LAW DURING THE SAXON PERIOD.

In tracing the laws from their rise in England to the end of the Saxon period, one will perceive how the law developed itself, and how greatly the administration of justice was improved.

This was not an age when literature flourished, nor one in which common men might become acquainted with the laws of their country, as every individual of the present time has an opportunity of doing, nor were there such institutions of justice as exist at the present time, where the aggrieved and injured might seek redress, and where the falsely accused might assert his innocence; but on the contrary this was an age of the profoundest ignorance. During this same time (in or about the 6th century) on the continent, and especially at Rome, law in its broadest sense, became wonderfully developed, and the administration of justice was carried on the highest scale; whereas in England law was disregarded, and order and justice set aside. But this was owing to the circumstances of the time. Obstacle upon obstacle presented itself; the country was continually invaded by foreign enemies, and the disorder which prevailed created great confusion among the inhabitants, and turned aside all that pertained to their welfare.

But as we proceed some regard is paid not only to bringing the country into a peaceful condition, but also to improving the laws, and doing away with ignorance. As soon as these various enemies obtain a firm footing in England, they establish their own laws; and what is the consequence? The laws become so complicated as to render progress almost impossible.

Before the time of Alfred, two codes were promulgated, concerning which very little information has been derived. Probably they were not of much importance, however, and their influence was of comparatively little value—the inhabitants almost wholly disregarding them. Now there is another obstacle which prevents any improvement in the law, viz.: the landing of the Danes on the shores of England, whose arrival created and spread everywhere such a terror that the people and rulers laid aside all other matters that pertained to their welfare, and directed their attention to the protection of the kingdom.

When Alfred inherits the throne the whole land was in a state of the deepest distress. A great deal of ignorance existed; but after the subjection of the Danes the king immediately proceeds to remove this ignorance, and to introduce laws by which all England should be governed alike. Until then the laws had varied in each of the different kingdoms of the Heptarchy, but Alfred now consolidates them into one general code. He performed this duty in such a skillful manner that the greatest praise was showered upon him, and rendered him illustrious as one of the greatest legislators that have occupied the throne of England. This code combined various laws; it included the ten commandments, with various precepts by our Saviour, particularly the solemn injunction given in the Gospel, "Think not that I have come to destroy. I have not come to destroy but to fulfill." After which follow several of the Mosaic laws, and those pertaining to the punishments of criminals, and the mode of procedure in cases. Portions of this code remain in full force and effect to this day, and those most distinguished and remarkable are what pertain to the election of magistrates by the people, institution of county courts, trial by jury and ordeal, and to conveyances of property, which last was of a simple nature; one which saved much labor, time and money. As, for instance, the selling of a house was concluded by the handing over of the door key to the purchaser in the presence of witnesses, whereas to-day, before the sale is concluded, a deep and tedious investigation must be made, by poring over books, and by drawing an abstract of the title, which in plain language may be called a history of the property, and also the drawing of various other papers, out of which rises an enormous expense.

Now let us glance at the trial by jury, that "great bulwark of the privileges of every Englishman," as well as of every American. As regards the establishment of this method of trying cases, much discussion has occurred; some attributing it to the Germans, Romans, or Grecians, but the most to Alfred; it is now generally believed to have originated among the Grecians and Romans, and to have been reorganized by Alfred, who reduced the number of jurors to twelve. It is the greatest privilege that Englishmen and Americans possess; no partiality can be shown to either party, and each party has the right to choose the jurors in order to obtain its just rights and dues.

The trial by ordeal is the very opposite of trial by jury. It is one severe in the extreme; the most shameful, cruel and superstitious method ever established by men. The main object of this trial was to obtain information or evidence of the guilty party by means of torture, and through it many innocent persons suffered the penalty of death.

The whole code was one, however, to which none can be compared, either for simplicity, conciseness or effect. We admire Alfred as a legislator as well as in other positions he filled, and also the manner in which he distributed justice. He was the founder of legal authority in England; his laws exerted a vast influence on the people of his realm, and in such a manner that strict obedience was shown, thus rendering the country a quiet, peaceful and safe one to its loyal subjects. But this strictness which was observed toward the law disappears greatly after his death; they are now disregarded; blows upon blows are hurled against them, and in the place of simplicity again arose perplexity.

Alfred's example was followed by Edgar when he ascended the throne. Previous to his reign the laws were divided into three portions of the kingdom; in one, those of Alfred continued in full force and effect; in another, the Danish laws, and in a third, those of the old Britons and some of Alfred's. He made an attempt to consolidate them again into one code, but he was prevented from completing this object by his sudden death. Edward the Confessor proceeded to the accomplishment of it, embracing in his code those of the old laws that he considered suitable and important, besides the new ones that he introduced, and out of these arose, most likely, the common law of England as viewed by Blackstone.

These were the last laws that were enacted by Saxon rulers, and were composed from those of the Britons, Romans, Picts and Danes, creating a mixture concerning which Bacon observes, "Our laws are mixed as our language, and as our language is the richer, so our laws are the more complete." Comparing the Saxon to the subsequent Norman laws they were lenient, and instead of their mild method of trying cases, is now substituted that of battle, commonly known as brutalism of Normandy, and instead of decisions rendered according to evidence, judgment is given in favor of the stronger party.

The Norman party made frequent attempts to substitute the Civil laws for the Saxon, but utterly failed in their attempts. England alone has resisted the Civil laws which have taken a firm hold on the continent.

J. H. K.

NEW ENGLAND SKEPTICISM.

The *scholarly* skepticism of New England is in general an outgrowth of European Rationalism. We might call it a puritanical development of the speculative theology of Germany. Indeed, our religious philosophers are often spoken of as Rationalists. But since the time of Kant, through whom this term first came into use, the field of theological discussion has everywhere assumed a new aspect. Few of the heresies of New England which have clad themselves in the trappings of historical philosophy, and have lately learned to accommodate themselves to the more distinctly earthly aspects of modern speculation, can be grouped under any system of pure Rationalism. Free thought has generated a class of speculative Supranatralists who are no less the enemies of true Christianity than were the followers of Fichte, or in later times, of Strauss.

It would be a laborious, but an interesting task, to trace back in history to their rise, the three great New England schools of Skeptical Philosophy. *One* strictly pantheistic; a genus rich in species; developed first toward Atheism by materialistic tendencies, and then as far toward the skeptic's truest philosophy, exclusive Idealism. The atheistic party confess that there is one substance or Spirit in the universe, but deny that this is a self-conscious intelligence. The idealists, on the other hand, affirm that the "law of the Universe is God," and that the so-called "Father of Christianity" is a great universal personality lying back of all existence. One class of extremists in this school thus makes force and matter everything. The other annihilates force, and reduces visible creation to a mere idea.

The *second* system of Anti-Christian Philosophy in New England is an outgrowth of the Tubingen school, which rose from the dying embers of Hegelanism. A party of moralists here contend that the popular religions which have existed in the world have been the several points by which the Divine self-consciousness has developed itself; that the essence of religion consists in the relation of man to God; and that the whole idea of revelation is something internal, universal, necessary and eternal. They make the life of Jesus then, an exaggeration if not a myth, and so prepare the way for a denial of the soul's immortality. Other extremists of this same school introduce the "Philosophy of Religion" as a christian science, and pretend to develop the undeveloped doctrines of the Bible into a more adequate unity of contents and form. Rejecting the authenticity of most of the books of the New Testament, they endeavor, by numerous writings, to fill the vacuum thus felt in historical and doctrinal christianity.

The *third* and bitterest school of opposition to the New England conservative theology is a complex one. In general, it calls itself Christian, makes liberality of belief its Cross, and worldly morality its highest consummation. It has at least *one* live element,—(what a writer in the London *Spectator* of October, 1867, calls the "motive power of hope"); for it looks on the favorable side of everything, good or evil. Its theory plainly is "a ray of starlight, only indicating a better world, may satisfy the soul," or a "mortal rill is large enough to quench immortal thirst." It practically ignores the existence of that which every mind has felt, and great minds more than others; the antagonism of literal and living forces which comprehend the ideas of loyalty and disloyalty,—of life and death. It scorns spirituality, and boasts a peculiar intellectuality, but still lacks a rugged philosophy strong enough to grapple with existing facts. By jumping into a free and careless belief, it pretends to overreach that "hill of difficulty," which has stood for ages between blind humanity and immortal life,—*The Eternal and Universal Supremacy of Law*."

To trace these schools to their European origin, and its conception to primary causes, would be, as we implied at first, an attractive, but toilsome undertaking. We should have to follow them through early forms of perverted conscientiousness to theorizings under guidance of German philosophy. Their philosophy then might lead us through all its labyrinthian systems, back to the seventeenth century, when the first step from Protestantism towards Rationalism was taken by Wolfe, whose writings created a new and vital distinction between natural and revealed religion. And we ought not to be surprised to find *him defending* most emphatically the *harmony* of his philosophy with the *Revealed Word*, and throwing the defence of his reform back upon Luther, the "Father of Protestantism." For this would not, as some religious fanatics claim, force the conclusion that their pretended reforms are identical with, or in any way an outgrowth of, the work of this true and great Reformer of the past. It would only prove "how near the fountain head of deepest and broadest truths the sources of deadliest heresies may lie."

New England is sometimes called "the land of scholars." But a part of her skepticism can be called scholarly. Puritan christianity ought to fear more that prevailing system of unbelief which is the effect of no ancient or secondary causes, but the outgrowth of new and living forces. As a popular writer says, "There is a great deal of cabinet-making in religion going on in our day." It is pretended that wonderful and almost supernatural discoveries are making, and the air is rife with talk that Christianity is almost run out; that it was once a good stalk, *has* borne good fruit, but has spent all its vitality. A new Church, a new Creed, the expenditure of old forces and the revival of new ones, are popular subjects of conversation. "Men are busy taking pieces of cloth out of every garment of religious belief which humanity has worn for the last thousand years, and assiduously sewing them up into diamonds and squares" to make a new covering that shall hide their moral nakedness. There is everywhere in stable New England a strong drift to wash men out into the sea of loose opinions and looser practices.

To say that the human intellect is everywhere stimulated into a state of frenzied activity, that science and letters are full of contractions and inventions, is to only partially account for these conflicting religious influences which threaten to break our hold on all the landmarks of the past. And if it be a law that "the accelerated growth of the intellect drags spirituality to earth," it certainly has some striking exceptions; for there are men prominent in society to-day, physically inclined and educated, who still adopt a spiritual faith; and, on the other hand, there are more men of sound education, not given to physical sciences, who hold physical theories of mind.

This may be accounted for by their possession or lack of ideality, which is the marrow of faith. But to us it proves more conclusively the almost universal need of our age,— a more genuine growth of character, that magnificent blossoming of two thousand years ago. Indeed, we may lay it down as a general law, that deep-rooted, immovable faith is after all, more an *effect* than a *cause*; that character is its true and only solid basis. By character, we do not mean reputation, but that peculiar temperament, which, cherished, that power of the soul, which, cultivated, will make its possessor see truth in harmony, in moral problems arrive at right conclusions, and in moral circumstances come to right actions, not by coercion, but by love, by inspiration,— the law of liberty and the highest form of duty. On this truth, our civil and religious liberty was organized. The Mayflower pioneers were men of faith; they had a sky-reaching hope, an oak-like confidence to tie up to. But this faith was not a conclusion arrived at by analysis and synthesis. It was an outgrowth of their earnest, true soul-life, their character. We are apt to think of the Puritans as living a harsh and ascetic life. But do we not thus misjudge them? Were they not lifted to that higher plane of spirituality where self-denial, if we may call it such, is not suffering, but high enjoyment and noble liberty. They were men who never seemed to vibrate in their opinions between any forms of Atheism or Theism, but who could nevertheless safely swing their reason through every religious doctrine or political belief, and come back safely to a just equipoise, because it always swung on a cable of faith, whose grapnel was struck into the cleft of an immovable rock, and that rock was their love for God. The New England of to-day is living more in its own personality. It does not see the truth plainly, as its fathers saw it, because it is for the time being lower down, not in intelligence or morality perhaps, but in christian character, and so in faith and sound beliefs.

Now why it is that christian character or true stability of character is not so prominent and popular in New England as formerly, is a question difficult to answer; unless we conclude that religious skepticism, in some form, is a necessary consequence of her social growth, or rather, a thread in the fabric of her development wrought out by some peculiarity in her civil and religious machinery. Reason and experience force such an inference. Any body of men, independent in opinion, or as the world calls it, *radical*, establishing a society founded upon new ethical principles, in a new country, are placed in a dangerous position; like that youth, who leaves the restraints of home for the first time, to test his own strength in resisting the world's temptations. He finds himself out on the sea of life, with nothing under him to save from sinking, but the bark of his undeveloped character, and his transition from the strongest restraining influences to what seems at first virtual non-restraint or self-government, is full of peril. But man's social advancement toward civil and religious freedom is still more hazardous. It is safe to say that in the establishment of a society like that of New England any class of men but the Puritans, or men like them, would have utterly failed. With builders of an opposite character, laying the corner stone of perfect freedom would have led to their erecting a superstructure of infidelity in the midst of social anarchy. But a self-reliance, germinated 'mid the fires of persecution, nurtured by the ripening influences of the great Reformation, born anew in strong minds and stronger hearts, carried the Pilgrim over the stormy sea, through untold bodily suffering; and in later times, bore their descendants through what was far more trying to their religious faith, the great crisis of political growth, till "civil freedom protected by law," religious liberty guarded by true religion, are proved to be the possible if not probable elements of national growth. And the wonder to-day is not that New England is only partly Puritan, but that with its unparallelled growth in worldly wisdom and population, in national influence and wealth, it is Puritan at all. And the wonder increases when we find that with only a noticeable loss of power at home, the leaven of faith has permeated to a wonderful extent the continent and world. And have we not ground to hope that while its work seems to be done less efficiently at home than at first, it is only preparing the way for a nobler and grander completion; that this religious fermentation of the nineteenth century is a sure proof that the old Puritan religion still lives to cultivate influence and develop strength, as of old, by battling with error.

But the want of character is not the only though the most comprehensive and important cause of New England skepticism. Through all the controversies that have been going on between science and revelation, many religious sects have not hesitated to give their opponents a seeming advantage by refusing to reduce or submit the reason of the hope within them to any metaphysical analysis. But the solid thinkers of New England, like their Scottish brethren, entered energetically into the contest of deep and close reasoning. They met the enemy on his own vantage ground. Year after year the New England pulpit hurled its religious syllogisms into the skeptical ranks, and drove her enemies from pillar to post. So whole communities were seasoned with religious thought. For one hundred years New England was educated as no other people ever was, to receive a copious, minute, immense system of truth, without any symbolic or superstitious aids; sustained purely by the exercise of reason and induction, where reason must necessarily depend largely on the imagination. And what was the result? First, all the latent powers of every school of opposition were roused into action. By her signal and unlooked for victories the church was led to rely too much on her own strength, and to forget how vast a system of truth she was called upon to defend. Religious pride tempted her, to some degree, into almost the same error she was battling, namely: "that the deductions of of sense can ever be placed on an equality with the doctrines of Christ." She learned her mistake too late to prevent a partial defeat.

Then again, the New England treatment of religion as a system of logic tended to make God, in the estimation of the people, a *historical idea*, not what Christ taught him to be, a Father. So men of science, particularly, were led by their course of life into religious doubts. For though they studied Nature as a perpetual commentary on the New Testament, it seemed to prove God's existence and love without any such mental experience as the teachings of the religious schools made almost a necessary element of salvation.

The controversy which has been and is now going on between the staid religionists and skeptics, has proved, in an unexpected way, yet most forcibly, the principles adopted by true christians of all ages. And the church of New England, whatever other victories she may claim over error in her borders, has just cause to assert more boldly than ever the supremacy of faith over reason. She can plausibly affirm their intimate connection, and that "in due time, if need be, God can cleave the solid heavens, throw open the broad gates of nature's temple," and bid mankind enter, reach forth his finger, and like doubting Thomas touch the living Christ of the universe, and live forever. She can point to her experience of the last century, and justly say, my reason teaches that this proper time—God's own—will not come yet.

With the obvious extinction of the causes mentioned, and perhaps of many others whose past existence a more critical examination of the theological history of New England might discover, we look for a time when these temporary doubts and discussions shall give place to true faith; when New England, as of old, will be distinguished for men whose lives are the highest victory of faith,—obedience to God. I. F. H.

AMUSEMENTS A FACTOR OF MANNERS AND LITERATURE.

In reviewing the historic progress of nations, we perceive that the popular amusements have exerted a most potent sway over manners and literature.

Amusements are the distinguishing characteristics of an age. At first glance they may appear to exert very feeble dominion over a nation, but are really the mainspring of society, and mould the literary destinies of a people. They are but the demand of social instinct. The mind, as it develops in strength, desires more and more nutriment, and these amusements have the same mental affinity that food does with the body.

Man is a sociable animal. Intuitively he seeks the society of fellow beings, and when these are wanting even turns to the brute creation, and talks to his dog, till Rover wags body and tail almost out of nature's adjustment, and barks assent to every word. Mind and mind seem to be linked by some mysterious vinculum. We might even say that each individual mind possessed a penumbra, which, like the circles on the smooth surface of the water, come in contact with the penumbra of other minds, thus forming an invisible connection between different persons. You mention an individual, and he almost invariably appears the next moment. Who knows but that it is the taction between the penumbra of your mind and his. Be this as it may, human minds have a peculiar affinity for each other, and their enjoyments determine, to a certain extent, their congeniality. As Carlyle says, "Are not mankind in whole like tuned strings, and cunning infinite concordance and unity? you smite one string and all strings will begin resounding,—in soft sphere melody, in deafening screech of madness."

Amusements seem to touch these strings with as much immediate effect as any other agency. The cord once smitten quickly vibrates and communicates the pleasurable sensation from mind to mind. Hence national amusements. Greece had her olympic games; Rome her amphitheatre; France, at one period, her whist pack; England her May day. It is not surprising, then, that that which awakes our sensibilities likewise affects mind and body. History is replete with such examples, and affords excellent opportunities for witnessing the wondrous unison of mind in all ages. Man in his most frenzical condition will still cling to amusements, nay, make them the corner-stone of his faith. During the Reign of Terror, in the midst of cimmerian horror, Paris had twenty-three nightly theatres, sixty dancing saloons, and over all a harlot ruled as Goddess of Reason.

A familiar example between historic progress and social amusement is presented in the advancement of the Arab under the influences of Mahometanism. The Arab in his primitive state cared little or nothing for amusement. Being nomadic in his habits, he did not seek the splendor of a palace, the dance, the theatre, or immense social gatherings. Content in his occupation, he lived a life of quiet, and for the most part retirement, visiting public places only as a matter of necessity. His was a life of daily routine, guarding his flocks in the plains by night, and feeding them by day. Contrast, for a moment, the simple, rural employments of the Arabic swain in and previous to the sixth century, and the brilliant display of amusement, fashion, literature and art in the aerial city of Granada, with its bristling walls, its lofty domes, and its stately Alhambra—a paragon of the beautiful in architecture.

Rome is likewise an example of historic progress, and never was city more influenced by amusements. In her early period when amusements were few, the popular manners were cast as if in iron moulds. The Roman citizen was stamped with that rigidity of character that is proverbial. When elated by Grecian conquest games were introduced, and notice the effect. In vain did Cato plead and Cicero argue; the old Roman force of character was rapidly declining; amusements increased, public baths, theatres, and effeminate luxuries were the popular enjoyment, and slowly but gradually these pernicious innovations were coiling their slimy folds about the degenerating people. Manners entirely changed, and the Roman of Nero's time belonged, apparently, to another race from the independent, togated Cato. Literature was affected; an entirely different style was originated; a few philosophic minds yet remained, and Juvenal hurled his pungent sarcasm at the declining age. But in vain! popular amusements, the bath, the feast, the brutality of the amphitheatre, were more powerful than satire, and Rome, the queen of the world, sank beneath the waves of the barbarian hordes.

The English have ever been a race noted for their amusements; and the rolicking hilarity of the Autumnal or Harvest feast of the country people has been a theme commemorated alike in poetry as well as history. The jocund mirth of the English farmers has been charmingly delineated by Thompson, who paints in vivid colors the

"——generous youth
By hardship sinewed, and by danger fir'd,"

and Britania's daughters,

"——for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance and taste."

The humor of the Anglo-Saxon race is so varied that the nation requires multiform amusements. Th~~is~~ese change from time to time causing a similar change in manners. In the early periods of English history the national games were more boisterous, and consequently etiquette was placed on a very different standard from that of later years. The people indulging in the popular games unwittingly stamped their own character with that of their enjoyments.

It showed itself in the literature of the day, and gave a cast to the English mind which has not been remodelled even at the present generation. As the essential element of amusement remained the same in England so the character of the people is nearly the same.

The reign of Charles II. and Oliver Cromwell present striking antitheses. The frivolous amusements and open debauchery of the former revolutionized the popular mind, rendered the literature in many instances, unfit for refined society, and caused the brilliant court at Whitehall to savor more of the resplendant display of wealth in the palace of Louis XIV, than the metropolis of an Anglo Saxon monarch.

Cromwell's regime was precisely the reverse. Amusements being limited, and of a lugubrious character, the literature changed from the flippant stories of love sick knights and ladies to stern reality and historic facts; the fashions received a similar alteration, and the rigid doctrines of Puritanism were originated. The revolution of popular enjoyment was so sudden, that it jarred the innate, jovial Saxon spirit, and the result was another revolution with return to more spirited recreation. But the cast of the popular games in Cromwell's short reign, entirely changed the political and religious destinies of England.

The modes of popular enjoyment are themes deserving the highest attention. By them we may either exert a deleterious or beneficial influence over ourselves, and that, too, without personal knowledge. Enjoyment is one of those subtle foes which ensnares us in its meshes unawares. Pleasure exerts a potent sway, and holds in its hand a magician's wand. It is a difficult foe to contend with, and dwells in that

> "Pleasing land of drowzy head,"

in that

> "Castle hight of indolence,"

where

> "Was nought around but images of rest."

C. P. B.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

OBITUARY.

As Minerva, equipped for war, sprang from the brow of Jove, so from the genius and talent of '71, sprang the Junior Debating Society. In the active brains and powerful intellects of this class a burning desire for distinction and fame was harbored; a desire that nothing could subdue, nothing but success appease. In such a spirit was the corner-stone of this structure laid; can we wonder then at its successful career? But this career is closed; the voices that echoed through the classic hall have found a wider sphere for action; the questions have been debated, and the decisions announced; the arguments have been duly weighed and considered. (Ye gods! but these were argumentative; earth has naught like them, hardly heaven, for they lasted nearly an eternity!)

The hall wherein these scenes were acted still remains. The *Hall* from whence this eloquence proceeded, is still with us, and as ever,

> "Ready to talk for better or for worse,
> For none likes more to hear himself converse."

But now alas! all is hushed! No longer do the soothing tones of a W——g lull his hearers to a soft repose; or the stentorian voice of a G——s raise the inquiry among his audience, where he got his information. All is ended, peacefully, quietly ended.

How distinctly are the scenes enacted that last night impressed upon my memory. 'Twas dark, so very dark! The lesser light was thickly veiled, the whole vast expanse was shrouded in a dismal pall; the drizzling rain beat a sad requiem on the window panes without, and the howling of the winds made an appropriate accompaniment for the sorrowful farewells that were being said within. A motion, in an unsteady voice, to adjourn *sine die*, a few faint ayes, and all was over; the "Junior Debating Society" was a thing of the past.

> "Thy size, 'tis true, was rather small,
> Thy lesson yet is very great;
> Oh! that we all would learn of thee,
> And thy example imitate."

The last four rhymes are H——d's, every line;
For heaven's sake, reader, take them not for mine,

F.

Among the little episodes of the term, the following, in poetic strains, is a description of one of the bitter experiences which "Saturday afternoon *larks*" frequently result in. We have called it, for want of a better title,

THE LOWELL CATCH.

One Autumn day, not long ago,
Reports were rife here, as we know,
That Harvard's practiced Base Ball Nine
Would play at Lowell (weather fine)
Our holiday.

Some boys looked eager at this word;
"A Base Ball Match! who ever heard
Of such a chance as this to see
A match like this; we'll all agree
To go there."

Among the first was "Sol the Wise,"
Who's destined, so they say, to rise
To some high place 'mong legal men;
He even now can use his pen
Most grandly.

And then came "Phid," who's always round;
And so, who's very seldom found
To backward prove, in work or play,
He was right on hand, of course, that day,
With Carny.

And many others flocked around,
These boys upon our base ball ground,
And said they'd go, they'd *cut* and go,
If all the rest would only do
As they would.

And so, a motley crowd was made;
One led another, and a staid
And modest youth, into this ring
The wisdom of our "Sol" did bring
Quite early.

It seemed this boy though, after all,
Had had desires to see "base ball";
For he had basked at early morn,
His mind then doubtless fixed upon
More *cutting*.

And so they planned, and talked, agreed
That these two last should take the lead;
Ere dinner hour should start for L.
And now the story,—what befell
These *cutters*.

They trudged along in dust and heat,
But thought their walk a glorious treat;
They'd have no prayers, they'd not recite;
And doubtless, these poor boys were quite
Elated.

But scholars' plans are apt to fail,
When Uncle Sam is on their trail,
Or e'en the younger Taylor,—Jim,
His brother, too, surpassing him
In vigilance.

Old Sol his rays effulgent threw;
'Twas near high noon, when full in view
A carriage on the road appeared;
And in it G. and J., much feared
In cutting.

The first put on an awful look,
Then grasped instinctively *that book*;
What book you know as well as I,
Kind reader, if you're ever by
In prayer time.

They saw him make a short black mark;
Oh, how the future now grew dark;
No more they thought of base ball match,
But only murmured " what a catch!
We're seized on!"

And one talked strongly of retreat;
The other answered, "I'll be beat
If I'll go back; to Lowell now
I'll go, no matter what's the row
In prospect."

So on they trudged; but nevermore
Could they help thinking o'er and o'er,
" What will come now? what shall we do?
When we get back; whew! whew! whew! whew!
How doleful!"

And when in sight came Lowell's spires,
And roused once more their fond desires
To witness match of base ball nine;
This thought their happiness confines:
"We're spotted!"

And when they reached the base ball ground,
Like ancient Aetes, they found
That they had been delayed by grief.
But, unlike him, they found relief
In this fact:—

That they were not alone entrapped,
And as all boys accused are apt,
They thought at least to have this plea:—
He did so too, and so did he.
(Vain mortals!)

But this relief was ere long spoiled
By something more; they'd planned and toiled
To see, Oh what? The *second nine*!
In sorrow now they vainly pine
For Phillips.

Their weary limbs and feet way-worn,
Their souls with baffling overborne,
Forebode a future darker still;
A weary journey up that hill
        Toward Phillips.

God bless the man whose idle dream
First turned to use the power of steam,
And made the iron horses' track
Span all the land,—it brought them back
        So nicely.

But steam would not essay to reach
Still farther to repair the breach
Which thus was made in Phillips' laws.
These boys had each to plead his cause
        Unaided.

And so they did; so lenient too,
(To give our relative his due,)
Was their accuser, that they came
Unscathed through all the torturing flame
        Corrective.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the Crescent Club a good one?

Ans. Because it has a fine *Hall*, plenty of *Wood*, a fine *Cook(e)*, also excellent *Lamb*, with *Birds* at every meal, while *Bacchus* (Backus) makes it his resort, and there is *Good-ale*, always there. The author of this adds, that though there is nothing *lost*, there *is* a lively *Hunt* at every meal.

Why are the occupants of the Latin Commons out in study hours like *motherless chickens*?

Ans. Because they are almost sure to be caught by *Hawkes*.

Why ought *seriousness* to prevail in the English Commons?

Ans. Because the boys are continually in the presence of a *Coffin*, neither is the *Means* to enforce it wanting.

EDITORIAL.

The first term of the new school year has gone by most pleasantly and profitably. Classes, clubs and societies are generally in a flourishing condition. Old Andover itself has been undergoing a process of improvement, though one crying evil remains to be remedied, since the wail of wearied sitters, for *cushions, soft cushions!* we find is unabated still. A bare seat, and a lengthy homily are certainly no very distinguishing signs of this advancing age.

A sufficient number of extra-school events have occurred to prevent monotony, but happily the most fertile source of useful enjoyment for the past three months, has been in the Philo meetings, of which we will speak a moment after noticing a few other features of the term.

On the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 5, a large and appreciative audience were regaled by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, accompanied by that delightful vocalist, Mrs. J. W. Weston. As always with this club, their concert was truly a feast to lovers of music, and we venture to say none such went out disappointed. To those, however, who can find little pleasure in this species of entertainment, we have nothing to remark, save in our pity to exclaim with Beattie,

> "Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
> Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn."

On Monday, Oct. 18, Gen. O. O. Howard, by request, favored the town with an interesting account of the battle of Gettysburg, in which he is well known to have taken such prominent and important action. It excites our risibles, at least, to imagine a presumptuous earthquake daring to assault this staid and serious Hill of Zion. Yet some maintain that this is even so, and that on the morning of Friday, Oct. 22, the mighty tremor that has received so much attention South and West, of late, even paid his respects to Andover. One credulous individual averred he knew there *was* an earthquake, that "anyhow he woke up awful sudden, about that time."

Gilmore's Band pleased, as usual, those who attended its concert, given on the 26th ult. Arbuckle's solos were said to have been rich as ever.

The 28th of Oct. witnessed the first fall of snow here this season. The loveliness of Andover has faded for a time, and again has nature put forth her lesson of the transientness of all things earthly. But the new coming Spring will also teach that glory ever succeeds gloom, and eternal vision will not fail to dissipate the clouds of time. We cannot but love this old town; its very quiet, its beauty, and pristine simplicity teach many lessons where even its well reputed schools are dumb. Gov. Chamberlain delivered his noted lecture on the "Left at Gettysburg," before an attentive house, on Tuesday, Nov. 9.

But little enthusiasm, comparatively, has been manifested in Ball

The few games the Athletes played with other clubs, resulted in their favor, but they suffered defeat in contest with the school picked nine.

It may afford some interest to give a few statistics gathered in leisure moments, in regard to the Institution and its various appurtenances during the term just passed. There are now in the Academy 221 students. 151 in the classical department, and 70 in the English. The senior class of the former contains 56 members; of the latter 17.

The two eating clubs remaining, (*remaining*, we say, for one, alas! is no more. It has gone, it is defunct; it has yielded up the ghost, and none are left to speak its mournful eulogy!) in a most satisfactory manner serve their purpose. Good order and mutual good feeling are characteristic of both. All the officers—but we would speak of the secretaries in particular — have been wisely selected men, who have acted toward the clubs in a most creditable manner, understanding their own business, providing what was generally desired, without foolishly endeavoring to make their individual counsels their sole and partial guide in the management of affairs, virtues that secretaries do not always indulge in. The price of board at the Union Club has been $3.45 per week; at the Crescent, $3.80. The members of each number respectively, 28 and 37. The dissipation (!) incurred at "club suppers," has caused their abolition.

The Society of Inquiry has but 23 members. This numerical deficiency, we are sorry to say, has necessarily detracted from the interest in its proceedings; it has done nobly to sustain itself at all. We hope its heroism will be rewarded by an ultimate success.

And now we come to "Old Philo." We think we are safe in affirming that seldom has any term passed by, bearing such estimable results in this time honored association. No discord of self interested parties, no incompetency of executive and official ability, no *miserable questions* have marred the harmony of the Society's working, or taken from the interest so indispensable to its proper maintenance. On the contrary, we are happy to record that the best order, best questions, best debates, have been the general exhibition of the term, and the incoming officers will receive it on their hands in a disciplined and most desirable condition. Our warmest wishes for their success.

The members at present, including 43 *novitiates*, number 96. The present administration has elicited 12 new speakers on the floor. One aspect has not been quite so favorable. 10 appointees have shirked duty; 1 extempore, 1 address, 2 declamations, 3 criticisms, and 3 debates. We cannot say that this is a larger proportion of delinquents than usual, but, however that may be, there is in most instances, positively no excuse at all. One individual who did a little better than those referred to, deserted his post on two occasions, but was sensible enough to procure substitutes for each.

The questions of "Private instruction," "Alabama Claims," Thinkers and Actors, "Stowe-Byron scandal," Massachusetts' Representation, Harvard and Yale, Suppression of Polygamy, Free Trade, Modern stage and Chinese immigration, have received due discussion the past term, and we can only hope the future will present an equally good selection. Another important action of the term, is the reorganization of the library, which was in a dilapidated and uncertain condition. It is now in the legal protection of the Academy trustees, who will enforce the payment of any fines and dues incurred thereto. The volumes number some eleven hundred. From various causes, several valuable sets are incomplete. We hope that measures will be taken next term to remedy this matter, and to have the catalogue printed for the convenience ot members, without delay.

The Editors would conclude, thanking the Society for its able and hearty co-operation, and asking a lenient judgment upon whatever faults our inexperience has led us to commit.

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AN UNIVERSAL TRIBUNAL.

√

BY W. E. H.

That a state of uninterrupted peace can be introduced among the nations of the earth, has always been regarded as a fanatical and absurd scheme. That kings should strip themselves of monarchical power, that rival and jarring States should suddenly smother their hereditary animosities, the national feuds, the hostile rancor that have kindled their strife for centuries, and spontaneously substitute sentiments of fraternal kindness and christian philanthropy, are anticipations thought to be engendered only in the wildest dreams of the visionary. As art subjugates nature, as the nations are knit together in a closer bond of union by the canal, the railroad, and the telegraph, then does the question come home to us with renewed force, how can we best establish a condition of universal peace? In our opinion the desired end can be most speedily secured by the establishment of an Universal Tribunal, a Congress of Nations. A moment's glance at the history of nations will reveal to us the fact that minor Congresses, convened for the adjustment of national difficulties have often been held. The war of the Spanish Succession was terminated by the Congress of Utrecht. The Congress of Baden changed the peace concluded at Rastadt. The Congress of Antwerp, Cambay, Soissons, Aix la Chapelle, Teschen, all had for their object the conclusion of peace between the nations at variance; and it is unnecessary to extend the enumeration. Congresses embracing a greater or less number of the European States have often been held. Wars have been terminated by them; conflicting jurisdictions have been settled; boundaries ascertained; commercial conventions formed, and in many ways the interests of peace have been promoted.

The international bodies hitherto denominated congresses have differed in many respects from the prospective assembly. Particular emergencies have called them into existence, and they have terminated as soon as circumstance would permit; but the Universal Tribunal is designed to be a permanent organization, representing every civilized nation, and to be convened for the adjustment of all cases of misunderstanding, and of every difficulty; not a legislative body, but purely diplomatic and consultative.

Now is the favorable time for the consummation of this much desired scheme. The progress of civilization, the improvements in the various branches of science and art, the establishment of representative governments in many portions of the globe, the changes that have recently taken place in the sentiments of all classes on the subject of war,—all things point to the present generation as the fitting time. The past holds up its blood-stained garments and bids us take heed. Think ye, what miseries would be avoided, what fountains of blood would be dried. When the hand of the Almighty is laid heavily upon His children, when the seeds of pestilence are scatterred abroad, it becomes us to bow in humble submission before that holy Being who knows our ill deserts, whose ways are inscrutable to man. But in the devastations of war it is not an almighty being whose prerogatives we are not at liberty to question, but one of his feeble, erring creatures, that seizes the thunderbolt and hurls it over the world. When we behold to what extremes the frenzy of man can urge him; when we behold him in the exhibition of momentary madness scattering death broadcast, then indeed we desire that he may be brought within the precincts of, and be subject to, a higher power. This is one of the objects for which the Universal Tribunal should be formed.

The increased intercourse of nations calls for peace, a universal peace. It was the former policy of nations to withdraw within themselves like tortoises, to consider security from external danger the chief end of government; but now they are discarding this prejudiced, morose, misanthropic policy, and are beginning to realize that God made mankind for a system of mutual dependence, and when this law of harmony is disturbed by war, that he ceases to progress. It is universally conceded that for the steady growth and development of a nation, it needs the sanitary influence of peace. With peace there is prosperity; and surely any measure to secure the desired end must be hailed as a God-send. It is the establishment of an Universal Tribunal that shall work out the desired end. It is such a body that shall have power to quell the mutterrings of war, to still the passions of ambitious men. It shall be a universal parliament, containing the essence of the wisdom of all climes. It shall not be a silent assembly; it shall speak to the sight as well as the ear, and with what depths of learning! England will send her Fox, her Pitt, Cannings and Broughams; France her Foys and Constants; Prussia her Hardenburg and America her Franklins, her Marshalls, her Websters and Sumners. Would not such an august assembly command the attention of the world? Would not the voice of war, ready to burst forth in threatenings and blood, grow silent? Would not wisdom emanate from their lips, which would enlighten the obscurities of public law and spread an effulgence over the long perplexed pathway of nations? It may be argued, indeed, that the nations will not uphold this step. Let it be tried. Let some nation take the first step, and then we may judge from results; and I would that to America, ever foremost in the past in good works, might be the imperishable glory of first sending forth this invitation to earth's remotest bounds; and it would not be in vain. All heaven would smile on the immortal deed, and the assenting response of nations the most distant would come pealing back like the roar of mighty waters, "Praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

These anticipations may appear visionary and extravagant to some, but let the proposal be made; let war no longer be called a last resort, and I prophesy an eternal peace. Give us the Universal Tribunal, and at no distant day we shall behold the nations knit together in a common bond of friendship, basking in the light of an eternal peace. Then we shall stand between the future and the past. The one all radiant with Elysian smiles, the other all odious with savage deformity. On the one hand we behold the Genius of Peace, with her attendants, Liberty and Justice, wielding her sceptre over the arts and sciences, and crowning the earth with blessings. On the other hand sits the Demon of War, on his throne of death, goring his jaws with slaughter, and draining his goblet of the tears of human wretchedness, while a fiend-like exultation is lighted up by the glare of a hundred conflagrations. Hereafter death shall work alone and single-handed. The world shall repose in quiet. Far down the vista of futurity the tribes of human kind are seen mingling in fraternal harmony, wondering and shuddering as they read of former brutality, and exulting in their own more fortunate lot. They turn their grateful eyes to us. Their countenances are not suffused with tears nor streaked with kindred blood. We hear their voices; they are not swelling with tones of wailing and despair. We look at their smiling fields, undevastated by the hand of rapine, and their sunny pastures filled with quiet herds. Then our thoughts extend and embrace the land of our birth; the institutions and laws we venerate, and something tells us they will last forever; that time shall witness their increasing perfection; that all nations shall derive interminable benefits from their influence, for war, the destroyer of every valuable institution, the great and sole cause of all national ruin, shall be no more forever.

THE SCIENCE OF LYING.

BY J. E. G.

In this practical age of ours, when everything is reduced to a science, and even our most cherished beliefs are torn from us, and we are feign to give them up, because they are proved to be in opposition to some law laid down. How is it that no one has ever written on the subject of lying, and reduced this " fine art," as Montague calls it, to a science? Considering the amount and diversity of the article, which one meets every day, it seems most strange! For as long as men will lie, it is a pity that they should not do so with some delicacy and talent!

The chief qualifications are assurance and memory; memory! of all things is the most important, for (as one writer has it,) " it is not in the lie going *from* us, but in *returning to* us, that our honor is injured." Although not agreeing with the above gentleman, still it is evident that the cleverest liar must, on many occasions, be exposed, unless he have a most retentive memory.

" To lie well, one must lie seldom," says another writer, and in these few words showed that he perfectly understood the subject.

So far, we have spoken of it as a whole; but it has many forms; prominent among them are the " lies of society," " the lie indicative," " the lie romantic," " lover's lies," and others too numerous to mention.

The lies of society, or " necessary equivocations," as they are more politely called, are generally nothing more than stratagems, by which we can avoid hurting our neighbor's feelings, and make every one feel more comfortable, but still the perpetrator sometimes finds himself in a most embarrassing position, as for example: A having excused himself from going to a stupid dinner at B's, on the plea of sickness, a week afterward goes in raptures to B over an opera he heard on such-and-such a night, and the next moment sees that B remembers it to be the night of his dinner, that the opera was given, and is consequently furious.

But the lie indicative is the highest branch of this " art," and only attained by the artist, after long study and practice; it would be hard to explain the nature of this class better than by repeating what Palgrave says of it, " to say nothing and yet lie." The following anecdote is an example: A certain Lord D——, fast verging on three-score, still affected extreme youth, and, thanks to padding, false teeth, dyed whiskers, and made-up complexion, flattered himself that he stood at thirty-five; one evening he had the misfortune to meet one of those dreadful creatures, who in the first moments of a conversation, are sure to say, "how gray you have grown!" or "how you are breaking up!" This creature (looking every day of sixty,) had been at school with Lord D——, and rushing up, began shaking him by the hand, exclaiming, "how are you? I have not seen you since I was your fag at Rugby!" Lord D——, drawing himself up, says, "Sir, I was always reckoned extremely like my Father!" Observe the beauty of this, he commits to nothing, and yet no words could say plainer, "It was my Father you were at school with!"

Here is another of the same kind, not as artistic, but showing great skill: A says to B, "nice fellow C is, is he not?"

B. "Ye-e-e-es, it is a great pity that" (stops and stares at A).

A. "What! is there anything against him?"

B. (Quickly,) "Ah! no, only—I thought you knew."

A. "No, tell, what is it?"

B. "Oh, nothing! don't ask *me* any questions; very nice fellow, I've no doubt, glad *you* like him."

And A will probably go away convinced that C has committed some fearful crime, or figured disgracefully in a divorce court.

The lie commercial is anything, from the advertisement in a shop window, in which the dollar is written so small, and the seventy-five-cent so large, that it is not until you come to pay that you perceive the cheat, to the great commercial frauds in which a man lives for years, just keeping, by the utmost of his power, the whole fabric of his crimes from falling; and smiles over an aching heart, and finally sinks into his grave amid the curses of thousands whom he has ruined by his frauds, with the epitaph above him, "*splendide mendax*."

But of all the branches and ramifications, none is so universally practiced as the "lover's lies," and one must have a good memory indeed who can remember and recognize again the things that he has uttered while under the spell of a pair of bright eyes and soft voice. A story recurs to us of the consequences of a defect in memory under such circumstances. A friend of ours had just reached the most sentimental point of flirtation, leaning over the balustrade of a moon-lit terrace, the lady was listening most graciously to the "soft nothings" which he was whispering to her, his arm steals around her waist, "dearest Clara," he whispers; it is like a match to a torpedo! in a moment she has wrenched herself free, and with flashing eyes, exclaims, "you had better go back to your *Clara*; (her name was *Maude*, and he had had a flirtation with a Clara a week before, and *she knew it.*)

"Last, but not least," comes the lie romantic. He must have assurance and an utter contempt of detection who would excel in this branch! Sportsmen and all hunters affect it most. Imagine a man telling the following to a friend with a straight face: "I was out shooting humming-birds a few years ago, and as I came to the edge of a stream, I saw a splendid specimen sitting on a branch on the opposite side; just as I was about to fire, my pistol fell from my grasp, and slipped into the water, and I could not regain it; about a year afterwards it happened I was fishing on that exact spot, and caught a splendid trout; on opening it, I found my pistol in his stomach; as I was examining it, I happened to raise my eyes, and saw a humming-bird sitting on that identical branch; mechanically I raised the pistol and fired, and, by Jove! sir! the pistol went off, and the bird fell dead!" Remarkable coincidence, was it not? For boldness and utter disregard of truth, this is truly sublime!

In closing, let us repeat what M. Carlyle says on this subject: "No lie that you can speak or act, but comes, after longer or shorter circulation, like a bill drawn on Nature's reality, to be presented there for payment, with answer, 'no effect!'" Pity only that it often had a circulation so long that the original forger is seldom the one who bears the blame.

But it is time to stop! We think that we can modestly lay claim to some proficiency in this art, for have we not, under the pretence of writing an original article, only served you up a rehash of other men's thoughts and stories? But we would say that since so many fine qualities seem to be needed, in order to reach proficiency in the science, would it not be better for you to examine yourselves and see if you are not better suited to tell the truth?

√ THE BULWARKS OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY C. F. T.

Nature has given us a coast, very irregular in its outline, affording excellent facilities for commerce; the fertile soil well repays the labors of the husbandman by abundant harvests; and the many rivers and lakes of our interior states supply their cities and villages with water for manufacturing purposes. The forests of Maine and New Hampshire and the rich coal fields of Pennsylvania, as well as the abundant coal mines and many woods of the Rocky Mountain territories; the wild cattle of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, together with the domesticated animals belonging to the Eastern, Middle, and Western States,—and uniting all these to our republican government, and the free and enlightened character and manners of her people, we can rest assured that this is a nation having ample advantages for navigation; that it need not want either the products of the soil or the means of manufacture, or the necessary comforts of life, by a scarcity of wood or coal, or by a want of animal food, and that our government will enact just laws, while the people will second and uphold them by their power and influence. But these are not the only advantages which our country possesses above many other nations: our system of free schools, liberty of tongue and press, and the freedom of religion,—these are the bulwarks of our power more than any natural advantages either of commerce or agriculture.

When we compare the two centuries succeeding the landing of the Pilgrims to any two hundred years' history of any country, we can perceive how great, manifest, and rapid has been the progress of our nation. Landing, as did the Pilgrims, on a "stern and rock-bound coast," and without large libraries and advantages we wonder at their indomitable perseverance under great difficulties, and the foresight manifested in their plans. But their minds were well disciplined by classical study in the time-honored Universities of England; and as their descendants were deprived of all such advantages, unless some school of a high grade should be established in this country; and, knowing this, sixteen years after their landing, Harvard University was founded, which still remains a noble monument of their scholarly attainments, but not of their religious principles. The system of free schools, not many years after this, was originated, which is one of the main reasons of America's superiority. When we think of the many men whom the world now honors, some of whom were poor and needy boys, as a Franklin, who at seventeen years of age was a poor boy in the streets of Philadelphia, and when we afterwards see him controlling the elements of the air; when we see Henry Clay grinding grists in a mill in the State of Virginia, and the great parliamentarian and acute statesman of after years, we can only exclaim that our schools, our system of free schools, laid the basis of that wonderful structure which both afterwards built upon. As we look over our country and see the schoolhouses dotting the greater part of this enormous territory, and too, when we look to England, and see but few schoolhouses in which the children of the common people are taught, and as we compare their progress to our own, though one thousand years have passed since the Saxons established their kingdom under Egbert in the Heptarchy (Egbert reigned from 827–836), and we, being a people scarcely three hundred years old, and possessing only limited advantages,—but tact and talent have been considered unique to Americans,—we wonder and say that our system of free schools was one of the causes of such effects.

In nearly every respect this is a free country, indeed, Key calls it "the land of the free"; this is seen not only in our schools, but also in the printed matter constantly issuing from our presses. We can speak and write almost as we wish, although the government guards our freedom, for if it did not 'twould cease to be freedom. Although the French people may be as well governed at the present time as during any part of the last or present century, yet how is freedom restricted. The press is under the direct control of Napoleon and his deputies, and if, perchance, an editorial may appear that is offensive to them, that journal is immediately suppressed or given into the care of government officials. The Lanterne, because of its hostility to the present administration, was published only in concealment, and its editor, Rochefort, was obliged to seek temporary refuge in Berlin. Such is the liberty that Napoleon III gives the French nation. In *this* land all questions of governmental economy, finance, politics and religion, are debated in our Lyceums and debating societies; are argued on every street corner, and are discussed in the brothels and drinking saloons of Water and North streets, as well as in the drawing rooms and parlors of Fifth avenue and Beacon street; they are examined and commented upon in magazine articles, and in newspaper reviews and editorials. Consequently, as our people, enlightened by their free schools, nearly all that is wrong or unjust is lost. and the noble and true thoughts are treasured up in their minds and hearts.

In Article First, of the Amendments to the Constitution is found the clause: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Thus the government does not favor any sect or creed, but allows every man to worship as he wishes. England may boast of her power and wealth; Blackstone may call her fleets "the floating bulwarks of our island," but with all these advantages she has not granted her people perfect religious liberty, but favors the Episcopal denomination to such an extent that it is known as the church of England. In this nation neither protestant or catholic, nor atheist or believer receive the good will of the government more than another; and the American people are considered one of the most, if not the most, ardent and zealous among civilized nations. Thus far, the system has not been detrimental, but on the contrary, has been productive of the very best results; how soon it may be we cannot prophecy.

The Catholic power is losing its influence in foreign countries, yet it cannot be denied that the Catholic church has nearly as many members as all the protestant denominations. They are erecting the costliest churches and cathedrals, hoping to convert the masses by the splendor of their edifices and services, and some of the clergy even boast that if they continue to increase in numbers and influence during the next century, as during the last twenty-five years, that in 1970 the government of this country will be under their control. Indeed, now, in the legislature of New York, nineteen-twentieths of the funds to be devoted to religious purposes is given to the societies and charities under the control of the papists. How long this state of things shall continue cannot be said; but it seems that the seeds of decay are already sown in the defection of Father Hyacinth, and that sooner or later they will cause the Catholic power to totter to its very foundations.

Our marine advantages, our fertile soil, and manufacturing facilities, furnish excellent means of defending our land from the aggressions of any foreign foe; and the American government, upheld by the influence of its constituents, who are being educated in its schools, trained by the press, improved and converted by its religions will ever continue to be the bulwarks and defense of America.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

BY C. S. S.

It is night!
The bright sun slowly
Sinking in the golden west,
Called the moon and stars from slumber,
Bade the world retire to rest.

Hushed the sound of hurrying footsteps,
Hushed the noisy village roar,
Silent is the song of gladness,
Sorrow's voice is heard no more.

All the hillsides and the valleys,
In their covering of snow,
Sparkle with a myriad diamonds,
Of the purest, richest glow.

And no sound disturbs the silence,
Save the murmuring of the breeze,
Floating with a mournful cadence,
'Mongst the branches of the trees.

But hark!
Did you not hear a sound?
"Nay, 'twas a rustling leaf,
Blown o'er the frozen ground."

Again!
Did you not hear a bell?
"Nay, 'twas a creaking branch,
In yonder sylvan dell."

Yet 'tis the music of the bells,
For soon appear in sight
Maidens of matchless beauty,
Each guarded by a knight.

Fleet are the steeds that bear them,
While every tinkling bell
Seems with a tuneful cadence,
To murmur "all is well."

Enjoyment ruled the hour,
And pleasure there held sway;
In jokes and rippling laughter,
They drive all care away.

Whence come ye, merry-makers?
And whither bound you, say?
"From Andover, from Zion's hill,
To L—— we're bound, Hooray!"

But alas for that merry party!
The wind, in its whispers, tells,
"How one is an exile, and others
Languish in prison cells."

AN HUNDRED YEARS.

BY J. H. H.

As from the portals of the present, we gaze backward into the past, we need not peer a hundred years into the background to hear the shout of the Red Man resounding through the hills and dales of this, his native land. The smoke of his wigwam is seen curling among the trees of the grand old forest aisles, where the church spires now raise their glittering peaks high towards heaven.

The bark canoe is lightly tossed by the gentle waves of our silvery streams, as they dance along on their way to the boisterous sea. Those same waters then as now listened to the lover's vow. The bright and merry wild flowers, in budding and opening sportiveness, load with perfume the gentle morning breezes, that, on wings of purity, speed on their way, fanning the dewy plumes of the wild birds, as they warble forth their songs of joy, in noisy glee, throughout that forest which was deeply rooted in this soil not an hundred years ago. But that forest has fallen before the music of the woodman's axe. The sweet notes of yon songster, the soft Æolian whispers to the deep bass of thunder,—the heavy swell of the ocean, the roar of the mighty cataract, (all of which were companions of the Red Man,) are now the harmony of the white man's ear. What a vast change!

Not a hundred years! Scarcely a dot on the great disc of time, since this nation sought and won as its bride, fair Liberty. And its blessings have come, one by one, in glittering, star-like beauty, until its arms can scarcely clasp the whole.

Those who have been nurtured in ease, who have received the tenderest care, have endeavored to break the bonds of that union, and thus brand their names with infamy and shame. But a short space of time, and where are they? Ah! with us, birthrights are obsolete. Liberty is our aristocracy,— royal labor our king. The pulse of this great nation still beats on, not unmindful of those noble patriot fathers who so bravely fought and died that they might bequeath the blessing of liberty to their children. We, the members of Philo; have not a hundred years to run along the mysterious warp of time, that stretches its untold length before us; but every moment is a stepping stone to a broader field of life and action for us. We are come to take our father's places in active life, with a lively, enthusiastic and progressive people. The statistics of 1869 hurls this fact upon us with force. One hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory have been opened to us by railroad, seven thousand miles of telegraph wire are now in use, and America has had an increase of one million people within the last year; and now British Columbia, Cuba, and all of our neighbors are pounding at the doors of the Union for admittance. So much for the progress of the nation, while its loss, on the other hand, will serve to teach us how soon the members of Philo may be called upon for its control. Not a hundred years, nay, only one, and we read the names of General Wool, John Bell, James Guthrie, Amos Kendall, Senator Fessenden, Secretary Rawlins, Edwin M. Stanton, with many other prominent men, all of whom have left the reins of this nation in the hands of others to transmit to the rising generation. And he who heeds not the call of his country or expects a hundred years for his own preparation, is unworthy of the age and institutions under which he lives. Let us remember as we drink from the wells of knowledge, each day filling our cup from the stream which is inexhaustless, as we quaff deep draughts from learning's pure fountain, and as we pluck the rich buds of imagination, and eagerly drink the rich nectar from inspiration, and cultivate to the fullest extent the deathless faculties of mind, let us remember, I say, that time is rapidly passing, and there is no golden road to victory, but he who conquers must fight.

"The lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

READING AS A DISCIPLINARY STUDY.

BY C. P. B.

Reading polishes the intellect, and gives expansion of thought. Its discipline is refining in nature, and is that which affords choice literary taste. It furnishes the student with a rich mental vocabulary, and teaches him the proper use of words as the expression of ideas. Books are weather gauges of the mind. Reading delineates to our own the nature of other minds. A page of Cicero is frequently but the embodiment of our every day thoughts. Thompson's Seasons are but the reconception in another mind, in another country, of Virgil's charming rural descriptions. Books of all ages are the revelations of the minds' phases.

What is mind? a wondrous structure contained within a narrow osseous cradle, an invisible, indefinable, thaumaturgic something, which, though poetry might style a winged seraph eadeavoring to cast off the veil by which it is surrounded, is yet a reality, a geometrical formula as books, works of art, social improvements testify. More than eighteen centuries ago this restless formula labored against the tides of Paganism, and strove to sever its shackles. The works of Confucius, Buddha, Xenophanes, Socrates and Cicero are examples of the mind's philosophic flights. Darwinian theories and Vestiges of Creation are poor efforts to solve the problem of existence. This solution of man's present state is the theme of every poet. A page of Virgil, Milton, Shakespeare, is a lesson in mental philosophy. The same ingenious mind is traceable through all.

Reading, therefore, is something more than the mere gratification of the sensibilities; it is the study of mental character. In books we trace the analogy of mind in all ages. Thus there are the same emotions portrayed that we have in Cicero, and the same weaknesses characteristic of the human family. The Roman orator was not in advance of his time; he merely uttered sentiments which, from the character of mind, will apply in all history. A single line of Horace is as replete with force and elegance of expression as our poets, owing to a similar mental organization.

As mind and nature remain the same, so the poetry of all ages breathes the harmony, the simplicity of field, forest, mountain, dale.

Moreover as mind originates thought, and as thought is the parent of action, and as action is analogous with a man's character, therefore a man's deeds are the key to his whole nature, whether exhibited in writing or in physical exertion. In reading books we thus derive not only a new lesson in mental philosophy, another phase of human mind, but the biography, as it were, of the author himself. Mr. Murdock, in a sketch of Thomson's character, makes the following apt remark: "It is commonly said that the life of an author is best read in his works, which can scarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits; the distinguishing character of his mind, his ruling passion, at least, will there appear undisguised."

In reading a book we analyze the labyrinths of the author's mind. First, we follow his thoughts as they course in rapid succession from the heights and depths of his brain, till they pursue his pen. Secondly, from his thoughts we study the whole nature of the man; his personal character we detect in every word, and if his views are congruent with ours, we even assimilate our mind with his, till reader rambles with author, measuring and contrasting his intellect with others, and when he closes the book has the inward feeling of having added one new acquaintance to the circle of his literary friends. This analytic method in reading is especially necessary in the Latin and Greek classics. For we thus connect ancient and modern thought, and contrast the manners and customs of different ages. Max Muller, by the analytic perusal of the Aryan manuscripts, has ascertained a very perfect knowledge of Aryan life, and by comparison with Greek and Indian literature has traced the changes caused by time and climate. The generality of students neglect this most important feature in reading. What picture does Xenophon have in mind when he speaks of arraying hunger? or Virgil when he compares the falling towers of Troy to the ancient mountain ash? If we thus carefully look into the author's mind it is interesting to notice how many minds hit on the same idea, and very frequently unwittingly.

We see the same thought portrayed, though the causes are different, in the joy of the Corsican sage described by Virgil, where he says—

> "Hic vorum tamen in dumis olus albaque circum
> Lilia verbenasque premens vescumque papaver
> Regum aequabat opes animis;—"

or Burns—

> "Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
> O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

or in Shakespeare's Richard II, where the king, on losing his power, commiserates the wealth of kings, and speaks of the antic—

> "Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,"

that sits

> "———within the hollow crown
> That wounds the mortal temples of a king."

The author is cosmopolitan. The poet is dear to many a heart which has never seen him, so close is the connection between mind and mind. The poem is the electric wire, brain the battery, culture the operator. No wonder the ancients thought that poets "quasi Divino quodam spiritu inflari." By perusing Thompson's Summer, or Castle of Indolence, we penetrate the whole nature of the man; his free, indolent manner, his genial countenance, and his meditative expression while viewing nature. We even seem to stroll with him along the banks of some dark flowing stream, whose rippling waves are in exact accordance with the dreamy, half-listless saunter of the poet; or we recline in lazy luxury on the mossy bank of that inimitable "Castle of Indolence." That little volume, Emerson's Nature, is a biography in itself of the profound Concord philosopher. The book breathes the scholarly culture and simplicity of the author, as well as the harmony of the great Parent. So every book is three-fold in its mission. First, knowledge of the subject it treats; second, an instruction in mental philosophy; third, biography of the author.

Moreover, reading, like a house, requires foundation—foundation of solid masonry, not filtering sand heaps. The mind is plastic; it moulds whatsoever we subject to its influence, thereby producing analogous changes in man's personal nature. Its action is reflex. The mind thus gives form to itself by its own pabulum. The practical, philosophical reader will store his brain first with history, the cornerstone of literature; because, first, the novel, the poem, the drama, are ancillary to it; second, as a moral lesson, it is pre-eminently beneficial, enabling us to shun the narrow mindedness of bigotry, and to throw open our minds to broad, sound, liberal views both in religion and practical life; third, its mental discipline savors of geometry, and proves a reliable, four-square foundation for the lighter elements of literature. History, more than all other studies, should be read *thoughtfully;* a two-fold discipline is thus derived. He who skims lightly over a page of history, as the swallow darts across the pool, wastes time better occupied in other pursuits. The novel and the drama are excellent aids to the literaray student after his *thoughtful* perusal of history; since the latter treats of facts, the former of manners and fashions.

But there may be literary, as well as ventral gormandizers. A man's brain may be over-loaded with reading as well as his stomach with food. In that case discipline ceases, flippancy supersedes thoughtful investigation, and the very pleasure of the pursuit is marred by its superabundance.

In conclusion, literary pursuits when indulged to a proper extent, invigorate mind and body, and, as a Roman orator said, are applicable in all times and places.

MORNING.

BY J. H. H.

Stilly sounds the gurgling rill,
That winds below the woodland hill,
And softly murmuring as it flows,
Scarce disturbs the calm repose,
That ere the rosy morning spreads;
Sober silence round her sheds
Its gentle cadence, echoing sweet,
Oft the elfin train doth greet,

Of fairy Mab, and many a sprite,
Dancing by the silver light,
Of pale-eyed Phœbe, riding high
Through the clear cerulian sky.
Now, ere yet the morning ray,
Blushes in the eastern way ;
And while the stars in mystic show,
O'er the vaulted azure glow.
Contemplation ! heaven-born maid !
Let me court thy converse staid,
And ere the drowsy world doth rise,
Mark thy thoughts that meet the skies ;
Come with thy sister, Solitude,
Ever spurning footsteps rude,
And haste thee to the mountain's van,
Where thou of every star may'st scan,
And haply some strange tale unfold,
That the etherial arch does hold ;
Of all its warlike, hostile clang,
Or meagre Famine's fiercer pang :
Which, as thou view'st the mystic dance,
May thy wondering soul entrance.
Behold the amaranthine bowers,—
The ever blooming fields and flowers,
Of which some musing spirit old
Hast of fair Elysium told ;
Then no more the Attic page
Let thy glowing thoughts engage ;
But picture in mysterious dreams,
Such portraiture as might beseem,
Some bard, who erst on Morven's steep,
Wept his sorrows to the deep.
But lo ! the dawn from eastern skies,
With the rosy hours doth rise ;
Behold above the mountain's brow,
The morning beams begin to grow ;
Brown it paints the forest's face,
And dimly serves the eye to trace

The distant hills, where clouds appear;
While the gray mists hovering near,
O'er trees, and streams meandering
Through the valley, spreads its wing,
And dimly shows to early eye
Of shepherd, as he climbeth high
O'er rifted rock, or pendant brow,
The form of things that lie below.
Glowing from the East, behold,
The morning streams with streaks of gold;
Phœbus 'gins to show his head,
And drink the dew-drops from the mead,
The smiling hours are in his train,
The lark salutes him with her strain:
Pale Luna at the growing light
Follows swift the shades of night;
Cool the breath of morning blows,
And the opening flowers disclose
Odors, to each passing gale,
Sweet as Ceylon's groves exhale.
As from the East the hours advance
Along the hills in golden dance,
The lucid lake reflects the ray
That wakens nature into day;
The lowing herd demands the pail,
The lab'ring thresher plies his flail,
And the shepherd drives his sheep
From the folds to upland steep;
The ploughboy, chanting some love theme,
Drives afield his harnessed team,
And hastens to the fallow grey,
At the sign of opening day;
Blithesome through the woodland lea,
Echoes the maiden's minstrelsy;
Responsive from the upland grounds,
The woodman's hoarser ballad sounds,
With glowing cheek and hermit lip,
That oft the crystal brook doth sip,

Content in russet mantle seen,
Trips she o'er the dewy green;
The village shepherd by her side
May well the pomp of courts deride;
And whilst they hail the morning ray,
The goddess tunes her rustic lay.
Give me to taste the morning breeze,
Sighing o'er the spreading trees;
And as it softly steals along,
Let me hear the woodland song
Echoing through the forest wide,
On the airy mountain's side,
Let me view, at earliest dawn,
The herds upon the dewy lawn,
Or see the mists of Phœbus' beam
Drove from off the lucid stream;
Or, if yet by far kinder fate,
Thrown upon some craggy height,
I may view the landscape wide,
Stretching far on every side,
Whose hills and dales and turfted trees,
Mine eyes below in rapture see;
Give me to taste this rural bliss,
And then no other joys I'll miss.

"DELENDA EST CARTHAGO."

BY C. I.

When, according to the Homeric poem, Troy, the mighty, had fallen, that great city whose king "monarchs like domestic slaves obeyed," Æneas, bearing the form of the aged Anchises on his shoulders, and leading his little son by the hand, hastened from the shore lighted by the conflagration of the city, to seek in distant lands a home. The voyage is interrupted by a great tempest, and the adventurers are thrown destitute upon the shore in the vicinity of the city of Dido. The poem beautifully narrates the meeting of the shipwrecked Æneas with his mother, and her directions to the city where he and his followers are received by the queen. Their stay, their entertainment, and the mad love of Dido for Æneas, are familiar; but if the queen had penetrated into the distant future she might have detained the warrior on reasons politic as well as amorous.

But Æneas departs, and the queen, after gazing at the receding vessels, lays herself upon the funeral pile, and dies of the love which has not been fully returned. Here are the first relations of two mighty powers. A city sheltering, and its fair founder killing herself in despair for the affection of a man whose posterity are destined to blot from the earth the magnificent city she inhabits.

When next we glance at the cities how changed are the aspects; Romulus, the descendant of Æneas, has founded the city of the seven hills, which, like the infant Hercules, has strangled in its tiny hands the serpents of hostile factions as a prestige of its coming mighty power. As this city vanquishes, one by one, its opponents on its own side of the Mediterranean, it bestows jealous glances at the fair maritime power on the opposite shore, and foresees that with her, at some time, there will be a struggle for the very existence of both. Nor does Carthage in the flush of her power, dread the coming struggle, but hating its rival with the bitterness of spite, awaits the coming contest.

The crisis approaches, fostered by the jealous bickerings of both parties, at first exhibited by trading treaties which they mutually hope will prove detrimental to each other, but at last they verify the words of Phyrrus as he leaves the island of Cicily, and gazes from his trireme at the receding shore—"How fine a battle field are we leaving to the Romans and the Carthagenians." Yes, in Sicily, Rome at last strikes the first blow at the power which preserved its earliest founder.

The punic wars ensue; at the end of the second, Rome, although at one time almost conquered by the prowess of the great Hannibal, whose life had been pledged to its destruction, yet in the end dictates to her fallen rival a peace of her own making, and hopes she is crushed forever.

In the city of Rome, in the senate house of that great people, are assembled the representatives of its power; the subdued light falls upon the white robes of its senators, with the purple borders, the signs of their position. They eagerly listen to an old man of their number, whose haughty lineaments show that his spirit does not brook the opposition of others; he draws to the close of his oration, and suddenly, regardless of the subject of debate, his stern features contracting with the intensity of his hate, exclaims: "Delenda est Carthago"—"Carthage must be destroyed." What are the full meaning of these words? Why must the already crushed city acknowledging your power, O haughty Rome, be blotted from the face of the earth? Are the words indicative of the state of mind of that harsh old man, only of Cato, the cruel master, the unfeeling judge, or are they the over-ruling sentiment of the whole Roman people?

He resumes his seat, and the low murmur of applause rises on all sides. Then it is indeed so. Cato the Censor speaks not for himself, but for a people thirsting for the destruction of their rival; so long as the walls of their city rear themselves, and crying "Delenda est Carthago, Delenda est Carthago," at every effort of their enterprising opponents to rise from the ruin in which they have been enveloped.

The sentiment rapidly gains ground. The crippled city is provoked into some fancied rebellion. The legions of Rome land on their coasts, and, crowning act of treachery and dishonor, after depriving the city of the means of defense, their awful doom is announced to the citizens. We shudder at the dreadful finale the agonized defense; the despair, and contest for each foot of soil, and the flames rising over the sea, proclaiming to the world that Carthage is no more.

If Carthage had existed to this day what might not have been the position of Africa? Instead of its wilderness we might have seen flourishing cities and towns; and inhabitants, we may surmise, no less intelligent than those of our own country. But it has been otherwise decreed, and the antiquary searches among the ruins of Carthage. Last scene of all in this drama, an exiled

Roman resting among her desolation, and as the emissaries of his country inform him that he must seek some other refuge, he replies in trembling tones, "Go tell your prætor that you have seen Marius, a Roman commander, sitting among the ruins of Carthage."

Prophetic words, O Rome, pointing to your own humiliation to the time when your own proud city shall resemble in its fallen greatness that of the rival destroyed by your injustice.

COMPOSITION AND ORATORY.

BY G. T. F.

The great art of writing, or rather those who succeed best as writers and speakers, are those who express their views and ideas concisely, and at the same time plainly. Who have an idea, and express it in terse, trite language, instead of mystifying and obscuring it by long and ambiguous sentences. As brevity is the soul of wit, so it is of sense. We often hear a speaker who clothes his thoughts in long and high-sounding sentences spoken of as having a fine command of language, when the real fact is that his words have gained a complete mastery over him; he speaks for the sake of his high-strung words, not for the purpose of advancing ideas. In youthful orators, those contemplating the career of public speakers, this error is as grievous as it is common. We have, in this hall two sets of speakers, viz.: those who endeavor to deliver finely constructed, ear-pleasing sentences, and those who lay this aside, and attempt to bring forward argument in what we have termed ideas. The first in a forensic, declamatory style, with ready words makes a long and pointless harangue, often receiving applause for his style, not for his logic; the latter often hesitates for words, uses ill-made sentences, sometimes, in his embarrassment, bad grammar, but he gives us an insight into some ideas. The former is considered to be the future orator, the latter is thought to be nothing but a blunderer. Language is easily acquired, it comes with astonishing rapidity by continual practice. Ideas are the offspring of thought, the art of thinking, of deep, solid, comprehensive thinking, is a gift that not one in a thousand has, and the number that acquire it, (for it may be acquired,) is almost as small, because it is an acquisition that is obtained only by the hardest application and training. Thus we see that the necessity for acquiring ideas is paramount, the clothing them in language an after consideration.

Again, the germ of a speech or essay is the idea; it is the foundation on which the structure of rhetorical and beautiful language is to be built. This is another necessity for making the idea the principal consideration. Those who have the greatest desire to become public speakers; those whose thoughts and feelings all tend to this result, and for the most part those who have *apparently* no tact for it, and often because their first attempt is a failure, and become discouraged, and although their ambition for oratory is undiminished, give up the idea on the ground that they have no command of language. This is a great mistake; we will not cite the case of Demosthenes, who was justly ridiculed by the people at his first attempt, or of one of the first orators of our day, whose audience becoming disgusted during his first speech, arose and left the house, leaving for his auditors nothing but empty chairs and desks. In each of these instances, we see that determination, and the will to do, accomplished the object. I have endeavored to show that three requisites are necessary in order to become a successful speaker, viz.: first, the starting point, the germ of the production is the idea; second, this in order to be presented plainly, must be discussed concisely; and thirdly the greatest requisite is perseverance. I ask you who are beginners in this labor with me to take courage, be not discouraged because others have the faculty of speaking for a great length of time, and in reality say nothing. Persevere, blunder and stammer at first, but finally gain those laurels which, if they are worth gaining at all, are worth trials and disappointments.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY W. E. H.

The dim candle burns low in its socket,
And the shadows flitter from wall to wall
As the flame glows brightly then dies away.
Shivering over the dying embers,
An aged form waits the grim messenger
Whose coming so long looked for, yet dreaded,
Is at hand. The death dew moistens his brow,
And in his last fierce agony he turns
As if he fain would shut out the phantom
That glides with dread intent across his path.
But no. The time has come when he must leave
All that his aged heart had learned to love,
And mingle with the misty train whose form
Reaches far down through the vista of ages.
The horologe points the hour of eleven,
As, rousing up with a last fierce effort,
His struggling thoughts find utterance in words.
"Begone! ye shades of darkness that torment!
Your horrid forms bring chillness to my heart,
That before hath known naught of pain or woe.
'Tis but a year ago to-night, that I,
Crowned with the blessings of a joyful world,
Was born. Young and beautiful, loved by all,
Engrossed by thoughts of present happiness,
I n'er had thought that I so soon must die.
Spring, sighing in soft breezes from the south,
Beguiled my youthful hours with its flow
Of floral beauty. The babbling brooklets
Trickling down the hillside, so full of life,
The joyous birds piping their notes of love,
The ceaseless hum of honest industry
Telling that the seed time was well improved;
That men were glowing with a fresh impulse

In the many and various walks of life,
Among such scenes were my early hours,
And my youthful frame grew strong and robust,
And I would quickly have laughed him to scorn
Who had dared to warn me of death's approach
In that happy time of the morn of life.
Flying swiftly on Time's iron gray steed,
I have quickly reached the summer of life,
And the strength of manhood then bore erect
The frame now tottering in sure decay.
Autumn came blushing in yellow and gold,
While the reapers gathered their winter store,
And the falling leaves as they eddied by
Scarce warned me that death was so near at hand.
Ye have come for your helpless victim now,
After he's run such a gallant career;
But I'll be remembered in days to come.
Some shall start in joy when they hear my name;
Others in sadness will strive to forget.
Ye may tell of the evil I have wrought,
But remember the good works I have done;
I've added gray hairs to the aged head?
I've deepened the hue of infancy's curl;
The moss may be thick on ruin's dark wall,
But I've strengthened the love bower tendrils.
You murmured of late at my gloomy mein,
And shun my pale, wrinkled face with a frown;
But when I strewed your pathway with flowers,
Fanned your warm cheek in the soft summer night,
Then ye have blessed me and called me your own;
But as I go let me drop in your ear
My last farewell. As I have waxed and waned
So shall ye." The clock points the hour of twelve.
The old year has left us,—gone forever.
The scene changes. In a beautiful hall
Crowned with wreaths and decked with festive garlands,
Is a new-born, lovely child; its features are glowing
With the promise of blessings yet to come.

In it are centered a thousand bright hopes,
And the gathering throng with one accord
Raise a loud song of welcome to seventy.

THE INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

BY C. P. B.

Music, my love! O breathe again that air!
Soft nurse of pain, it soothes the weary soul
Of care, sweet as the whispered breeze of evening
That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples.
Coleridge's Fall of Robespierre.

The mind, even as the body, has certain passions to satisfy. As well might you attempt to suppress the internal flames of Vesuvius as to curb the desires of mind. Hence intellect has shone forth in darkest epochs of history, has always triumphed in spite of Inquisition and tyranny. When we consider mind as a concrete, we think of some mathematical figure, of perfect dimension, having the power to emit thought. All that a sound mind performs is strictly mathematical. Science, literature, art are purely geometrical in their properties. Mind, when deprived of this essential characteristic, loses all power of concentration. Hence the freaks of insanity.

Moreover, as mind developes its mathematical character, it likewise becomes more prominent, hence its sensibilities are balanced on a higher scale, its passions more intense, its perceptive faculty more acute.

Now the ear is the most sensitive of organs, and conveys a perception to the mind more readily than the other senses. We may look a long time on a fine work of art before ascertaining a single blemish, but how quickly does a discord strike the mind, and a single harsh sound disturb our whole nervous system. Music ushered in a new era in art. The mind demanded from its highly developed circumstances a deeper intensity of expression ; neither a Phidias, Michael Angelo, or Rubens could satisfy this. The statue and painting both failed to give the desired effect. Finally the sense of hearing was brought into play, and with perfect success was found to convey this highly wrought sentiment to the mind. In the earlier periods as those of Greece and Rome, mind had not attained to that acme of sentiment but that the statue might appease its craving. We do not, therefore, hear of the extensive cultivation of music in that age while literature and sculpture won a classic fame.

Music doubly appeals to the mind. First, it is in accordance with the character of mind at the present day. Secondly, by its very nature it is more capable of expressing deep passion. Not content with touching the external surface of the mind it penetrates its innermost recesses, rouses the slumbering passions of the breast, and with invisible wand awakes soul and body into a higher sphere. For this very reason good church music is particularly desirable. How grand and impressive is sacred music when heard in the deep rolling swell of the organ, or when sung by a good quartette. Our city churches are rapidly becoming acquainted with this fact, and are selecting the finest toned organs and the richest musical voices. Music is at once a recreation and a discipline to the intellect. It soothes, while it refines the taste. The grand oratorios of the German masters cultivate our sterner sensibilities, while from this mundane planet they exalt our soul above life and its pressing cares into a loftier etherial sphere. Architecture is inadequate where music reigns supreme. The graceful Corinthian, Ionic, Doric, the airy Moresque, or the fantastic Gothic piles impress us with a certain reverence, but when through those dimly lighted halls, playing and reverberating from cornice to roof, from lofty pillar to over-hanging arch, down long aisles and corridors, music swells in full sonorous cadence, and those few male voices rise and fall with the rich diapason of the organ,—pillar, cornice, archway dissolve in etherial mist, and the soul rises far above the din of worldly life. Nature is aware of the intimate connection between mind and music, and has peopled forest and grove with that feathered choir whose life is all a song. Imagine a wood without birds. How still and grand are those lofty pines and hemlocks, but when the rich flute-like trill of the thrush floats among their dark branches, who can describe the effect. And when birds are silent the wind softly sings an elegy amidst their heavy umbrage.

But music wields another power. It not only refreshes and disciplines the intellect, but it even acts upon our bodily system. Soldiers march hour after hour to the spirited roll of drum and fife. The ringing notes of the bugle nerve many a heart with courage. What was the cause of France's success? Next to Napoleon it was the Marseilles Hymn. Whole millions swept across their borders chanting that thrilling anthem. Millions more were chilled to their very bones at the hearing of that soul inspiring song, and dashed victorious against the armies of Europe. This influence of music which acts on the intellect through the body might be called secondary, while that which acts immediately on the mind and soul, as church music and oratorios, is primary.

Again, music embodies nearly every passion of the mind ; it is this which attracts all classes of people to operas, symphonies, jubilees and the like. The gay, laughing man visits the opera, and the voluptuous swell of instrument and voice exactly accords with his fleeting thoughts. The melancholy individual hears the same strain of music, and an indefinable something strikes the sympathetic cords of his mind, and aids him in his sad revery. Again, the vague, philosophic mind derives refreshment from it ; for the music seems to strive to utter some inconceivable passion lurking in the labyrinths of his breast, and yet produces nothing. The shattered mind of insanity even finds rest, for there is something in the wild burst of music which corresponds to the demented brain of lunacy, and seems to answer those delirious dreams.

Music, therefore, is peculiar to this period. As mind developes it may require some new art to appease those longing passions. But now only the wild note of music is adequate to those vague philosophic conceptions of intellect.

THE BOSTON TRAGEDY.

As that festive season approaches of which the poet remarks that " it comes but once a year," and we begin to remember that we have an uncle of recent date residing in Boston or vicinity, the "powers that be" saw fit, with great condescension, to suspend the exercises of this temple of learning, and allow the members of the institution to go in voluntary exile from these classic shades, for the space of a day. But the sacrificing spirit of our instructors was also shared by that vestal maiden, whose altar with the bright flame of knowledge thereon, burns brightly before the palatial residence of Warren F. Draper, Esq. The fair beings presided over by their stern preceptress, hailed, doubtless, with no less delight than the members of our own institution the coming day when they also should repair to Music Hall, and listen to the strains of harmony " long drawn out." But an unexpected pleasure awaited them, one not down on the bills, one had they known, it would have been looked forward to with feelings of the most joyful anticipation—perhaps.

Marshalled by the stately McKeen, they enter Boston *via* Haymarket square, leading the ignorant to suppose a " Sorosis " demonstration was on the tapis, and in the evening Music Hall holds within its walls this galaxy of beauty. Toward that "witching hour of night" the bystanders at the entrance of the Boston & Maine depot might have discerned a conveyance driven furiously along by an excited hackman draw up before the portals, and from the interior rush the panting and breathless principal. Pausing but one moment in her mad career, to inquire of an urbane and gentlemanly official (?) if these cars went to Andover, she rushes within, and finds to her horror none of her fair charges have preceded her. The *cheerful sound of the bell* smites upon her ear, " the train from out the portal drew," with it the panic stricken vestal exclaiming in the words of the immortal Shakespeare, " What! all my pretty chickens!"

But we return to the pretty chickens so cruelly separated from the anxious one who would fain have gathered them under the protecting wing. Gathered in the depot after the departure of the aforesaid train their position is romantic and unpleasant.

> Ah! then and there were hurrying to and fro,
> And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
> And cheeks all pale, which but *twenty minutes* ago,
> Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.
>
> *Byron, altered to suit circumstances.*

But succor is at hand. Some pilgrims from the school of the prophets, one of the many attractions of this place, being themselves left in the same dilemma, approach. These cherubim make known their minion of mercy, and like the Samaritians of the period, each taking on an average a dozen or so of the fair under their protection, turn from the scene of the separation, again leading the uninitiated to suppose a Mormon colony had arrived.

Who can tell the workings in the inmost soul of these sainted forms as they sally forth, for horrible to relate, they were in most cases what is termed "broke," and it applies to Mammon. How the fearful thought must have passed through their minds, of asking their charges how much of this world's "dross" they at present possessed, or hinting to some young heiress to lend them, "hoping not to receive again," or deduct what was necessary from their christian example. Leaving their charges at the hotel, they go in search of conveyance to this beautiful spot. How the trite notice, graced by the representation of a stopped clock, "no tick here," must have excited anguish, and the equally unpleasant "terms cash" caused the internal groanings of spirit.

But at last the end is accomplished, and their lines fallen in a pleasant place. Picture a large van painted red, and drawn by four horses, much, in fact, as is often seen in the train of a travelling circus, and you have the triumphal car. They enter and turn their faces northward. All that is wanting to complete the circus illusion is a band of music on the "upper deck," but this Nature strives to supply by sending the rain with its musical patter and playful driftings through the sides.

At last the destination is reached in the gray of the morning. Joyfully are the damsels received by the anxious preceptress, and the youth may well depart repaid for their heroic action by the approval of an enlightened conscience, and the assurance that "none but the brave deserve the fair."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

IGNIS FATUUS.

As the Catilinian conspiracy, as the Guy Falkes gunpowder plot, so were the incendiary purposes of the Phillipians on the natal day of the year, stupendous in their preparations, and alike futile. In vain did we heap tar barrels, and squander the midnight oil; in vain did the tocsin fish horn sound, and the apalling cry of fire rend the midnight air. Why did the scene of action resemble in its perilous situations the enchanted ground of ancient legends, where the unsuspecting devotees of fire were made the prey of a wicked genii or malignant foe approaching under the "invidious guise of friendship." Where the traveller rushed into the apparently friendly arms of some phantom only to be clasped tighter in its malicious embrace. Truly the region resembled the land of Chaos, till Mercurius, the messenger and general utility man of the gods, was aroused from the arms of Morpheus, the steeds which toil for the good of mankind, were yoked to the chariot, and with super-human efforts the altar of fire was broken down, for Jove had spoken, while from the darkness a voice cheered the toil by the observation, "Labor amnia vincit."

But why speak of reverses; did not the unfortunate few who languished in "durance vile" dearly pay for what they did accomplish, listen to them.

THE IMMORTAL SIX.

One moonlight night, some time ago,
When mother earth was wrapt in snow;
Six sons of Phillips had agreed
To take a sleigh ride unpercieved.

So when the appointed night came round,
Behold our heroes on the ground;
The six are joined without delay
By one who's not in school they say.

Not many moments more have passed,
When—each beside his smiling lass;
Beyond the sight of home and school,
These six are breaking "uncle's" rule.

And so, in one large open sleigh,
With horses four—they dash away;
With merry laughter, song and shout
All thoughts of school are put to rout.

At ten o'clock, by church bell chime,
Or more explicit—*Lowell time*;
Behold drawn up before the door
Of "Washington" our sleigh and four.

In hall and parlor, seated round,
Our party soon enjoyment found;
The rippling laugh and merry jest,
The pleasures of the hour attest.

And would that here our tale might end,
And further lines remain unpenned;
That to this draught of quiet joy
There were no need to add alloy.

But fact—stern fact will not permit
That here, when fortune frowns, we quit;
As "After darkness,—cometh light,"
So—after daylight—cometh night.

And thus it proved with "Philips'" six,
Who found just here "a pretty fix;"
For watchful George was on the track,
And when he starts he don't turn back.

"Ah, ha!" said our George
As he rubbed his hands,
"I've seen quite enough,"
And then straight commands
His sleigh to be brought.
And as off he drives,
He says to himself
"Not one survives,
I've spotted them all;
I can tell those six
I'm sure,"—and he smiled
As he whispered—"*trix*."

"I'll not disturb them now." he said,
And as he went a weight like lead
From off the minds of all was raised,
And each one said—"our stars be praised!"

Although our six knew well the fate
That waited them for crime so great;
Said they—"we're happy for the night,
What care we for to-morrow's blight."

And thus, as on the moments flew,
They gave to care a brief adieu;
And on the ride returning home
Their thoughts were few of things to come.

'Tis scarcely needed here to tell
The sequel, or what next befell
Our six, and those who might before
The same wrong road had travelled o'er.

Of six who took that famous drive
But one was destined to survive;
How long he 'scapes and fate derides,
Not he, but time alone decides.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is one of our teachers like a tree in the spring of the year? Ans.—Because he is going to *leave*.

Why are our teachers strong advocates of capital punishment? Ans.—Because they have caused a large number of culprits to be *suspended*.

Why is the class of '72 destined to prosper? Ans.—Because it not only has the docility of a *Lamb*, but also sufficient *Gile* and the inflexibility of *Flint*, together with unassuming *Stiles*, and above all a noble *Ensign*.

The junior English class can boast of but one *Fine* fellow.

As the senior class has only one more term to exist it has provided itself with a Coffin.

A change of base: the second gymnasium squad stepping into the first squad's slippers in the dressing room.

EDITORIAL.

Another epoch of school life passed, we pause a moment to glean from its historic pages the few items of interest that have served to relieve the monotony of a long and dreary term. As a long period of fasting sharpens the appetite to an almost unnatural keenness, so the seclusion of the study and a diet of roots and stems renders the student's senses peculiarly alive to every incident foreign to study.

All lovers of music have had an excellent opportunity of gratifying that taste. We have been particularly favored with the finest of musical talent during the present session. In the early part of the term Mrs. Smith, the well known and talented vocalist, assisted by an able choir from Boston, favored us with one of her finest concerts. A few weeks later the Listeman Quartette, under the auspices of the senior English ('70), gave a concert at the Town Hall, assisted by Miss Addie Ryan. As talented musicians they need no praise at our hands, but we cannot refrain from speaking in terms of the highest commendation of Mr. Bernhard Listeman. As a violinist he has few superiors, and his performance on the eve mentioned, bore testimony to long years of steady untiring devotion to his favorite art. The inimitable Barnabee has enlivened us with his peculiar entertainment entitled "A Patchwork of Song and Story. He is a merry bee," and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was greeted with a full house. Our sister institution seems also to have caught the mania, presenting an entertainment upon Friday evening of the same week. A large number of students were in attendance, influenced, of course (for we would not for a moment think of calling their motive into question), by an irresistable desire of witnessing "home talent." So well pleased were all that the young ladies were prevailed upon to repeat their charming entertainment. The Russian Troupe, composed exclusively of native Russians, through the influence of Mr. Downs, have favored us with one of their unique entertainments, while those interested in Oriental customs and manners spent a pleasant eve with Messrs. Stocking and Ford at the school hall.

Notwithstanding the mild and open winter, the general health of the school has been excellent. There have been no deaths in the school, and but a few cases of sickness of such a character as to require students to return home, presenting a favorable contrast with the state of affairs the previous winter.

The religious interest in the school is increasing. Prayer meetings have been held during the term at the rooms of the students, while the constantly increasing attendance, and the zeal manifested give promise of a good work.

The eating clubs have been conducted in a manner every way praiseworthy and satisfactory. The secretaries have shown themselves to be men fully appreciating the responsibility of their tasks, earnest workers, devoted to the interests of their clubs, while the officers, by a faithful and conscientious discharge of their duties, have won the confidence and esteem of their fellows. The price of board at the "Cresent" was announced at $3.85, and at the "Union," $3.75.

The Society of Inquiry, which sometime since seemed to be retrograding, appears to have gathered new strength under the hand of its efficient President. The society can be made a power for good in the school, and the untiring efforts of its officers to raise its standard should meet with the warm approval and hearty co-operation of every member of the school.

Finally, "Old Philo" calls for a word. While our predecessors have been prone to unearth her faults, while extolling her merits, yet during the present term we find little to censure. Never until we leave her sacred walls, which have looked down upon so many well contested fields, shall we fully realize the hold she has upon us, or the influence she exerts. Her's is a power, felt not in the present but in the future. Within her precincts are sown the seed which nourished by her fostering care, yield in years to come an abundant harvest of eloquence and dignity. We can but note the improvement in the manner of conducting the meetings as compared with years gone by. Her floor is no longer the arena where the leaders of factions, burning with personal animosities, meet to hurl invectives of wrath and scorn against each other; but we see men meeting in friendly debate, earnest, yet calm, their feelings ruffled by no private pique or personal hatred, stating their arguments in a clear convincing manner, often exhibiting a depth of thought worthy of more mature years. The questions discussed have been those of the greatest interest, including the present term, "The Divorce Law," "Relation of Commerce and Agriculture," "Henry Ward Beecher's participation in the Richardson and McFarland case," "Franking Privilege," "Physical Culture," "The Admission of Woman to Colleges," "Influence of Wealth and Talent." Finally we think we but express the feelings of all, when we tender to our retiring President our highest respect and admiration for the gentlemanly and efficient manner in which he has performed the duties of his office.

Contrary to the usual custom, we have no excuses to make, conscious that our many faults will be only too apparent without any effort on our part at pointing them out.

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SCIRE EST REGERE.

ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

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THE LABOR REFORM PARTY.

It is eminently proper, before approaching the future of any subject, to make the strictest inquiry and most dilligent search in and around the present, to look with retrospective glance upon the convergent paths of the past, that have led to its present, and catch the indices pointing onward, and having found them, judge whether such as time's unfolding calendar has left here and there along the pathway of passing events, were reliable prophecies of what was to come—were truthful indications of what was to follow; in the judgment determined and warranted by the evidence obtained, a certain basis may be found upon which to predicate the prophecies of the living present.

The history of the past as well as the tendencies of the present, prophesy with distinctness and positiveness that the demand will soon go out from all quarters of this republic for a government whose laws shall be administered with justice and equity. From evidences rapidly accumulating, it is believed that this country is ripening for such an administration of the government; for at present, policy, not principle, is the ruling power behind all present legislation. Policy inevitable and indiscriminately leads to corruption. In the earlier days of the republic, legislation seems to have been conducted upon constitutional principles; but in these latter days, it has so far departed from its seeming main springs of action, that it is safe to assert, that legislation, founded strictly upon considerations of principles of justice and right, is unknown in the land; if sometimes a great principle is demonstrated through legislation, it will invariably be found, upon strict investigation, that the legislation was not predicated upon the principle, but on some personal or party benefit expected to flow therefrom; therefore the principle stands under obligation to the expected benefit and to the party needing it, and will, doubtless, in its impartial operations, remember them. While this condition is a perfectly legitimate one, flowing from adequate producing causes, there are individual minds and souls by thousands who rise and demand reform.

Having thus briefly set forth the present state of the government, let us consider some of the principles of this party which has lately taken its rise in several States, and is destined to stretch out its protecting arms to all parts of the country.

It is no class movement in the interest of any particular branch of industry; but is a broad, comprehensive effort to lift up the laboring classes from their present dependent condition, and can be made effective only by "cutting loose" from the old parties who have so long used them for selfish party ends, and organizing a new party in the support of labor, the great underlying principle of this nation. But some may ask, why is it necessary to form a new party? Do not the old parties promise to support the labor cause? They do, indeed, promise, and have promised for years; but what have they done for its promotion? We believe that neither of the present parties are capable of restoring the country to its original condition of quiet and prosperity.

The democratic party has been identified with all the anti-war measures, and has suffered its leaders to put it in such a condition during the war, as to consign it to a hopeless and deserved minority. Therefore, from its very condition, it cannot be the party that shall build up the waste of war and start the country on a new career of prosperity and power. Now, let us trace the course of the republican party for a few years past, and see if by so doing, we can not find some causes which should give rise to a new party. The party which elected Abraham Lincoln, in 1860, was one of the purest motives, and was in the true sense of the word, a party of the people. But immediately on his taking his office, war spread its baneful pestilence over the southern portion of this beautiful country; and thousands of this nation's loyal sons laid down their lives, that it might survive. While the war was going on, it was necessary that contracts should be given out, and, according to custom, these are given by those in power to their supporters. Hence, we see that there was a great rush of the capitalists to the republican party, and then it became not a party of the people, but one of capital.

The national debt, as it has been manipulated since the war, is, as Senator Sprague considers it, "an unmitigated evil, a national curse." The twenty hundred million dollars which invested in slaves gave the Southern slave-holders such a dictatorial control of the Federal politics and administration, now transformed into the same amount of government securities, gives the bond-holders the same despotic control of the central government, and makes the leaders of the republican party its supple tools. Therefore, we see that neither of the old parties represent the true principles of the people of this nation.

Because they are in favor of paying the public debt according to law, they are charged with repudiation. I can not endorse the financial policy of the republican party, because the moment our government stamped upon the greenback the pledge that it should be a legal tender in the payment of all debts public and private, the faith of this nation was pledged that this should be our money in the payment of all public debts.

Therefore, I say the party — I care not what banner it may carry—that declares that the debt is payable only in coin is the party of repudiation, for it repudiates the pledges made to the people of this country, the most sacred pledge a government can enter into.

Some seem to think that the bonds are payable only in coin. But this is false, as any one can see, who will consult section one of the act of July 11th, 1862, which says, "it (the greenback) is receivable in payment of all loans made to the United States." Yet some may say, that law was passed in 1862, but Congress at its last session passed a bill which was intended to strengthen the national credit. The latter bill being subsequent to the legal tender act, takes precedence. It states that 5-20 bonds shall be paid in coin. We reply, that bill is not worthy of the least consideration; there is really nothing to it. Notwithstanding that the bill declares "the 5-20 bonds shall be paid in coin," still it has no force, since it further declares "the bonds shall not be paid until greenbacks are on a par with gold." That is to say, they shall be paid in greenbacks or their equivalents; for I believe we have an axiom that "things that are equal to the same thing, are equal to each other." Furthermore, Congress had no right to meddle with this matter of paying the bonds; the contract was previously made between the government and the bond-holder, and that contract should be carried out in letter and in spirit. The capitalists who lent money to the government, did not lend gold. Hence, I can not see how people can so misconstrue the contract as to think it is payable only in coin.

B. C. R.

HOBBIES, AND THEIR RIDERS.

According as man's occupations and natural inclinations differ, so do their habits of thought as well as action vary, and each one's thought, conversation, and in fact, general character assume their peculiar and distinguishing characteristics in accordance with the various surrounding circumstances which influence to a greater or less degree, the character of the individual. The artist, the scholar, and the man of business looks upon life and its ever changing scenes, the world and the wonderful exhibitions of nature's vast resources, each from his own point of view, and each regards the affairs of life as seen and considered in connection with his own immediate surroundings. And thus it is that each individual excels in some particular department of learning, for as some subjects present themselves to his mind in an aspect differing both in extent and character from what they do to most minds, he is of necessity better acquainted with, as well as more deeply interested in them, than it is likely most persons would be.

In this fact we have the origin of hobbies. For some, finding themselves thus deeply interested, as well as unusually proficient in some particular subject, will devote to it their constant attention, and are ever ready and anxious to make it the subject of their conversation, either on account of the mere preference they have for the subject itself, or for the sake of displaying a conceived proficiency. In either case it is for the gratification of self alone that the individual first strides his hobby. This fact, however, argues but little against the value of hobbies in general, for they do but follow one of those universal laws whose influence may be seen everywhere in society.

Does any one question their value? It may safely be asserted that but for hobbies and their riders, society, and even the world itself would present an aspect far different and far inferior to its present advanced state. For the greater number of the discoveries and inventions which have been, and are constantly being made, and by which society has been so greatly benefited, are the results of hobby riding; for almost every discoverer and inventor must necessarily make his subject of discovery or invention his hobby before he attains complete success. For, as a general rule, discoveries and inventions are the results of a long continued course of thought and experiment, which must be encouraged and sustained at the expense of the ordinary routine of occupation, and hence occupying the mind and attention of the individual to an unusual degree, it at once assumes the character of a hobby. Watt made the expansive power of steam his hobby, and to-day, throughout the civilized world, men are being whirled along at the rate of thirty, forty and fifty miles an hour, and by no other power than Watt's hobby, in the form of the modern locomotive. Columbus, with his ideas of the existence of a western continent, and his schemes for its discovery, was doubtless regarded by his friends and countrymen as a man "going it blind" on his hobby. And thus it has ever been. Many of the greatest discoverers and inventors, men who have been among the greatest benefactors of mankind, have been ridiculed and even judged monomaniacs, and only because of an enthusiasm displayed in zealously riding their hobbies. And often has civilization in her onward march been carried no mean distance by some man's hobby. "The rapid strides of civilization" 'tis often said, while in fact, at the very times she has appeared to have been making the most "rapid strides," not unfrequently the strides have been taken, not by civilization herself, but by some much abused hobby, while civilization, leaning back in ease, has received the credit for the progress made.

Thus, directly or indirectly, have we all been benefited by other men's hobbies; but the greatest happiness is to be derived from the possession of a hobby of one's own. A good-natured man, wholly absorbed in the contemplation of his favorite hobby, presents as near an approach to perfect human felicity as one can well hope to see here below. A man possessing a hobby is ennui proof. He is entirely exempt from that languor of spirits and want of interest which at times creeps into the lives of many persons. All his leisure hours require a point and purpose, and where otherwise he would very frequently have spent them in listless inactivity, he now employs them in industriously riding his hobby. And by thus employing them he renders them the pleasantest of the day, and not unfrequently as profitably occupied as many which were perhaps characterized by an appearance of greater industry. One of the great advantages of a hobby is that it is portable. You can carry it about with you wherever you go, and with it a fund of inexhaustable interest,—to yourself at least. If Art be your hobby, a visit to a museum or art gallery affords a fine opportunity to bring out your hobby and give him a round of exercise. If Literature is the subject of your special interest,—if you are a "book-worm," a public library presents rich pasturage for your hobby. And so whatever may be the peculiar traits of your hobby, the opportunities for needful exercise or acceptable grazing need never be wanting.

Whatever may be the character of the hobby, its effect, so far as individual happiness is concerned, is the same; to provide an unceasing stream of pleasure which shall flow in parallel course with our daily toil. The grand point is to get a hobby; of what particular kind is a matter of secondary importance. But when you have once got your hobby, use him. Do not allow him to remain idle, for you must remember that a certain amount of riding is necessary on your part, to substantiate your claim to the hobby.

But let discretion govern you in the management of your hobby, for some hobbies will bear, nay, require more exercise than others, and it is a point of judgment as well as taste, to know just where, when, and how long to ride your hobby. You must not only guard against any inclination on your own part to ride too long, but must also be ready to curb any disposition your hobby may manifest to be intrusive, or to encroach on the time and attention of your friends. For an unrestrained hobby is apt to become tedious and unpleasant to others than the rider, and where a hobby has obtained such control as to literally run away with its rider, there is no knowing where either rider or hobby will bring up.

But it is only necessary to exercise ordinary judgment in the selection of the subject which is to receive your special attention, and to bestow this attention with some discrimination both as to time and amount, to render your hobby, in common with all others, worthy of the appellation we here bestow upon them, Hobbies, or Condensed Happiness.

Y. F. L.

THE EMPEROR'S EXHIBITION.

It is characteristic of the French to do something brilliant. The Napoleon family are true Gauls, and it is the great desire of the present Emperor to re-establish the lustre of the French throne, which the great Bonaparte as gloriously strove to maintain. But the days of conquest are past, and fame can no longer be sought upon the battle-field.

"The glory of war has passed away with my uncle," thought the regnant descendant of the great family. "I will show the world, however, that Minerva is as triumphant in my reign as was Mars in his. I will give an exhibition, and invite the whole earth to contend with France for the olive of peace."

According, in 1866, a royal decree was issued, announcing that the following year an International Exposition would be held at

Paris, and the nations of both continents were invited to take part. The Champ de Mars, the great Parisian parade ground, was converted into an Elysium. In the centre was erected an immense palace, illiptical in form, and consisting of seven circles or galleries. The frame work was of iron, the sides and roof of glass. It covered thirty-three acres, and the exterior gallery was a mile in circumference. It was, perhaps, the greatest temporary building ever erected. Its interior was arranged and adorned with that uniformity and beauty which is known alone to the French. The grounds surrounding the great palace were planned with the most attractive regularity. Beautiful walks and gardens were laid out, artistic grottoes, miniature lakes, and all the beauties of nature were imitated with an exactness and taste truly wonderful. Upon this artificial earth, no less than two hundred buildings were erected by the different nations, in all the various styles of architecture and design known to each. It was a world in miniature, a perfect model, and the traveller stopped and gazed, and went no farther, because he had no need to. Paris suddenly became the centre of the world, and all nations flocked to it, each bringing the best and choicest of its productions, to vie with its fellow countries.

What a scene. Such a conglomeration of races was perhaps never before witnessed. The people of every clime, color and creed were suddenly brought face to face with one another. The Chinaman shut up within his walls for thousands of years, came forth and saw the world at a glance. The Indian of our far West came and pitched his wigwam; the Hindoo came with his idols; the Mahomedan with his mosque; the Italian brought his sculpture and paintings; the American his latest inventions; the Russian came in his furs; the Egyptian with his caravan; the Prussian brought his implements of modern war; the German his wine, from the banks of the Rhine; the Turk and Persian came in all the elegance and ease of the Orient; the Norwegian in all the simplicity of his arctic home; the philosopher brought his new theories; the inventor the latest results of genius; the man of science his new discoveries; the theologian his different religions; and the scholar his learning. Such was the Paris Exposition. It was a theatre; the play—the world of to-day, the actors were all real, and the scenes so perfect in imitation, that one cared not to see the original.

People assembled from all quarters of the globe to witness this great gathering. The Palace of the Tuileries was honored with the sovereigns of all Europe, who came to see this peaceful contest of nations. Was ever such homage paid to a city?

But the great feature of this gathering, and one which the present generation should be proud of, was the seeming friendship and good will with which this heterogeneous concourse mingled. Each nation greeted the other with a friendly smile. They taught and learned of each other. All superstition, prejudice and feuds were forgotten. Wars and rumors of wars raged no longer in the land, and as the great Olympics of ancient Greece, the warrior ceased his carnage, the battle-fields were deserted, and all animosities laid aside that each might make his offerings upon the altar of peace.

It was a land-mark in the world's history, showing the achievements of civilization, and the degree of perfection to which manhood had arrived in religion, art, literature and science.

The Emperor was succcessful. He had held up a mirror for the world to see itself. Man saw his progress, and felt a new incentive to persevere in his onward course. A new era dawned, and for the first time "All was peace on earth and good will towards men."

E. O. R.

THE LOSS OF THE ONEIDA.

It was evening on the Bay of Yeddo. The American frigate Oneida, homeward bound, was ploughing its waters. The sun had sunk below the horizon with all the splendor of a sunset at sea. Mysterious night had wrapped the waters in its sable mantle. In silence, broken only by the shouts of merry life on board, and the beating of the waves against her sides, the ship held on her course.

Little thought the joyous crew that most of them had gazed upon their last sunset, that, unshrouded and uncoffined, the very waters on which rocked their vessel like a thing of life, would be their tomb. Yet so it was, though all was apparently secure.

The signals proclaimed an approaching steamship, bearing directly upon them. Is it friend or foe? Every effort is made to arrest the attention of the unwelcome visitor, but the warning signals are unheaded. Like a harpy eager for her prey the unknown craft advances. Now from calm security, fear seizes them. It is a moment of awful suspense for the Oneida. But every man is at his post. Every command is obeyed with alacrity.

On the approaching steamship sits a pilot whom no eye can discern, whose presence no one knew. Glutting upon the rich harvest he so soon shall reap, *Death* holds the tiller and nothing can move him. He turns neither to the right nor left. One moment more and the ill-omened Bombay deals a death blow to the Oneida.

Surely this was an accident! Surely the destroyer will seek to save! But no! The same cruel hand is upon the tiller. The author of the disaster, with unpardonable stupidity or heartless cruelty, sails proudly away. Quickly on the Oneida is the order given, and sharply peal the signal guns of distress,—yet no response. Again and again the signal sounds. Again and again the silence tells of despair.

With blanched cheek each hero stands at his post. All are great in the struggle for life. Not a murmur, or a complaint is heard. The boats are lowered and quickly filled. These only can be saved. In the vain hope of prolonging life a few short moments, the remainder are ordered to the rigging. Instantly the ropes and spars are black with men, waiting in dread agony, away from home and friends, waiting without one word of earthly cheer for the waters to open and receive them to rest.

The brave and beautiful ship which had breasted many a foaming sea and known no terror, quivering from stem to stern, as if conscious of her awful doom, like a wounded bird with heavy wings, sways, and flutters, and plunges into the deep. As the surging waters open, one last piercing cry goes up to heaven from every rope and spar. She has given her last signal for help, and the waves close silently over her grave and flow on as before.

But where was the commander of the Bombay? Possibly perusing the parable of the "Good Samaritan," and at the very moment of the shock, asking himself the question "who is my neighbor." As well might he have said "so absorbed am I in my philanthropic projects, I know nothing of my vessels course." Stupid in him to plead ignorance at such a time! Vain for him to exult in the belief that the wild waves would hush each groan, and refuse to bear back to the shore the tidings of woe! Thrice had the signal gun thundered in his ears, but the strange spell was not broken. The piercing shrieks of the drowning failed to revive the expiring spark of humanity in his breast.

Let the flag which protected robberies of American merchantmen protect him if it will; let him be sustained by his country's tribunal if it seems to them fit, yet the cries of the murdered shall reach the eternal world and ring forever in his ears.

No bell tolled their funeral. No music was heard but the moaning of the waves as they closed over them, and which are still chanting their requiem. There they will repose till the sea shall give up its dead.

Give us their courage! Give us the heroism of the brave commander, who, when despair had gotten hold of him and death stood confronting him exclaimed, "Save yourselves, never mind me, this is my post, I will stay here." In the palmiest days of Rome, it was the custom to bestow a civic wreath upon him who should save the life of a citizen. But here the savior's were the lost, and the saved must owe their lives to a sacrifice noble and grand. "Glory and honor to the gentle and the brave. The examples of such men never die, but like their memories are immortal."

L. M.

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THE SENIOR'S DREAM.

As the poets so oft do quote,
It was the witching hour of night,
As in Latin commons *any* house,
A Senior bent o'er table
Piled with books of classic lore.
Before him a Virgil is laid,
While he with melancholy look
Turns the leaves of a lexicon.
The bell o'er PHILLIPS silent halls
Strikes nine, the close of study hours,
But our hero toils slowly on.
"One hundred and fifty hard lines,
And I have only got thirty,"
Dolefully escapes from his lips.
Another short hour passes by,
And he groans out, "only fifty."
Weary in well doing, he pauses,
Midnight shades are fast descending,
And one hundred lines yet to get.
Visions of "fizzles" and "dead flunks"
Dim his already drooping eyes;
"I'll 'cut' on the morrow, thought he,
And tell 'Unc' I had a headache."
No, that won't do; ah! I have it,
My neighbor over the *stair* way
Is of the Epicurean kind,
He never "walks" when he can "ride,"
I'll borrow his "velocipede."
"A *horse!* my kingdom for a *horse!*"
And the "*pony*" is soon led in;
The lexicon he lays aside,
The favorite Anthon he spurns,
And swiftly "rides through his lesson."
"How easy this is," and he laughs
As he pulls up at the last line.

But 'tis tiresome even to " ride,"
And his head drops upon his hands
As yet tightly holding the reins,
Morpheus touches him, and he sleeps.
Though he doesn't have a night mare,
His dreams of the equine order
Through his mind this vision passes.
Before him lies a lofty mount,
'Tis steep, and its sides are rugged.
On the summit a building stands,
A castle we'll call it for short ;
Though 'twas like our halls of learning.
Many are slowly climbing up,
And what is most strange to relate,
Those who'd no help climbed fastest.
He asks the meaning of all this,
And is told the mountain is the
" Hill of Science." In the castle
Resides knowledge, and whoever
Reaches its high walls and enters
May drink from the cup of learning.
I, too, will ascend, he resolves,
And straight starts upon his journey,
But the road's steep and difficult,
And ere long he sits down to rest.
As he sits a steed passes by,
"Why can't I ride up hill," thought he,
"Surely it will be easier ;"
So he mounts, and laughing at those
Who must walk, rides up the steep hill.
At last he reached the summit,
And would enter the castle gates,
But lo ! a deep and wider moat
Encircles round the massive walls,
It's spanned by a single bridge,
That is narrow, slender and frail.
And over it he sees posted
" FOR FOOT PASSENGERS ONLY."

He drops his horses reins, alights,
And boldly steps upon the bridge.
But alas, he'd ridden so long
That his limbs had become quite stiff.
His legs grow weak, he cannot walk.
He falls, and sinks upon the ground.
As he lies there disheartened
And pitied by the many, who
Strong in their full vigor, pass on,
Lo! a spectre appears to him
With ghastly face and bony hand,
It points to his steed and exclaims,
"BEWARE THE PONY. He knew no more.
The Senior awakes from his dream,
He looks for the ghost, it is gone.
He looks for his steed, and beholds
Before him, CLARK'S INTERLINEAR.

E. O. R.

ORIGINALITY IN LITERARY COMPOSITION.

One of the highest merits a literary production can possess is originality. Elegance of style and beauty of sentiment are deservedly esteemed, and some of the finest specimens of literature, though entirely lacking in originality are still to be admired on account of one or the other of these characteristics. And yet what is style but the mere garb in which the thought is clothed, and how unsatisfactory the result if it is found that the thought possesses nothing further by which to recommend itself than simply its external appearance. And what is beauty of sentiment in a composition, if there is not combined with it the least trace of originality of thought, and if the conceptions, beautiful though they may be, are only repetitions, without improvement or variation, of what other minds have already produced. The thought may be presented with all the adornment and brilliance which an elegant style can bestow, or the conception may be one of surpassing beauty, and yet if these excellencies have but served to embellish an idea which in itself is of little worth, or one which, though possessing beauty, is so familiar and common as to have lost its novelty and interest, they have assisted in the expression of a thought whose only value lies in these beauties of adornment themselves, and one which, even with their aid can bear no comparison with the expression of a thought sparkling with originality. Elegance and brilliancy of style may dazzle the mind for the moment, and beauty of sentiment, even though displayed in the expression of a familiar thought, may afford a certain passive enjoyment, but neither of these effects is to be compared with the deep and lasting admiration which a production displaying originality of thought as well as an acceptable style, never fails to elicit. The former please the mind, the latter claims its highest admiration.

A composition may display originality of thought in either of two ways: the subject itself may be an entirely new one, it may be one which has never before been written upon, in which case the ideas presented must of necessity display more or less of originality in their conception; or the subject selected may be a common one, which the writer may so present as to bring forth new ideas, or by combining old ideas in new and pleasing arrangements, thus produce original and striking combinations of thought, and open to the mind new methods of reflection. It is in this second manner that most of the literary productions of the day which display originality of thought do so; for the subjects are indeed rare which have not already been written upon, to a greater or less extent, by others. And thus it is that the authors of one age treat of almost the same subjects as those of preceding ages, always adding, however, to the previous stock of knowledge what the civilization and culture of their more advanced age may furnish.

But originality of thought is necessarily lessened as the world grows older. For all literary productions are but the outgrowths of men's observations of the world and its affairs, as seen by each; and this observation differs but little in different men and times, as human nature, and the physical world are essentially the same in all ages. We, of to-day, look out upon the same physical world as did the man of the days of Homer or Virgil. We have the same

> "Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
> * * * * The hills
> Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
> Stretching in pensive quietness between;
> The venerable woods—and rivers that move
> In majesty, and the complaining brooks
> That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
> Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—"

These are the same to-day as in ages past. Nature does not vary in the operation of her laws: season succeeds season; forests rise in slow and steady growth, and by as steady a decay return to the elements from which they sprung; throughout all the department of animate existence growth and decay alternate. Man himself lives his allotted time, seeks happiness by the pursuit of the cherished object of his life,—wealth, honor, fame or pleasure, as the case may be, and during his short career displays the common desires, impulses and motives of human nature.

It is the observance of all the phenomena of nature and the laws which govern them, and of the actions and habits of men and the motives which prompt to action, that suggests to the author the train of reflection of which his written production is the embodiment. From the times of the earliest writers to the present day, these have been the subjects of consideration and reflection on the part of authors, and their conclusions have been preserved to us in their numerous writings. Now, by the whole amount of these investigations and conclusions has the opportunity for continued originality of thought in literature been lessened. For, a production to be original in any considerable degree must present ideas or combinations of ideas unlike any previously set forth in other writings; and where there is a continuous drawing on the great common source of all ideas, it is evident that as time passes on, it becomes more and more difficult to discover methods of thought and expression which have not before been employed by others. In fact it seems as though the authors had extracted from this old, unaltered world, and the scenes of the constantly recurring cycles of events through which man is ever passing, all that could be of possible use in the world of literature. And yet productions appear from time to time, which by the novelty of the ideas presented, or perhaps by a certain felicity of expression, or the striking and pleasing arrangements and combinations of old and familiar thoughts, show themselves by these characteristics to be eminently original, and distinct from anything before produced. It is this ability to produce a composition which shall please the mind, because of its novelty and its distinction from all else in literature, that is constantly becoming scarcer, and hence is the more valuable and the more worthy of admiration when it does appear.

V. F. L.

NATIONAL INGRATITUDE.

FIRST MEANS PRIZE ORATION.

" Of all dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensible supports." This is the utterance of Washington in his farewell address, and it embodies the conclusions of a rare intellect, fitted to grasp the great ideas upon which the welfare of nations is founded, developed by the scenes of a most eventful life. The experiences of an hard fought revolution, the hardships of Valley Forge, and eight years in the Presidential chair, give these words a weight which none can refuse to acknowledge. And yet there are those, even among our own countrymen, who are willing to give up the strongest bulwark of our nations prosperity, the source from which all these great principles are derived. Our free school system, had its origin in the interests of christianity, and was established in Massachusetts in the year 1647. The excellence of the system was apparent; other portions of New England adopted it, and as the country was developed it gradually spread over the Union. For two hundred years portions of the Scripture were read daily in the schools. Who questions the prosperity of America during this time! But a danger was impending. A worn out despotism abroad, losing its foothold at Rome, cast longing eyes to this broad and beautiful land. Taking advantage of the liberty of conscience allowed to all, it gradually established itself on our shores and began its secret work. In 1850, the first step was openly taken against the Bible in our schools. In 1859, by the advice of the priests a large number of pupils, in a certain school, refused one morning to take part in repeating the Lord's prayer. In 1866 (again at the instigation of the priests) a similar difficulty, but of a more serious nature arose, and has been increasing ever since, until now they *demand* that we divide with them our school fund or take the Bible from our schools. And by the help of God we will do neither.

7,000,000 Romanists demand that the Bible be taken from our public schools, and 40,000,000 Protestants, nearly six times as many, are willing to acquiesce. "Yes, oh yes, the Bible shall be taken from our schools, we will allow you to teach principles directly antagonistic to our government and free institutions, even our clergymen will argue in favor of your fallacious schemes, and people of Free America will bow before the terrors of the inquisition."

This picture is not overdrawn. We are not left in doubt as to their course if they ever *do* obtain power in this country.

A Roman Catholic catechism, just published, propounds this doctrine, "Heresy (that is protestantism) being a crime against the state, ought to be proceeded against by civil power and the inquisition." And not only that, they propose also to *destroy utterly* our entire system of public schools. Bishop Lynch, of New Orleans, says: "We ask that our public schools be cleansed from this peace-destroying monstrosity—Bible Reading." Another catholic organ exclaims, "it will be a glorious day for catholics in this country when the whole public school system will be shivered to pieces." Yes! Fit utterances of the same spirit which persecuted Gallileo, and imprisoned Columbus; which has reduced Italy, once the seat of learning and the fine arts, to such a state of degradation, that it is now of all the states of Europe, that where the smallest number of natives know how to read. Again, to show the state of morality in those countries, while in England there are annually four murders to one million of inhabitants, in the Papal States there are one hundred to the million.

There are many persons, educated and influential men too, who say that the state should have no religion. As well say the state should have no laws, no constitution, for upon what are our laws founded if not upon the Bible? We speak of countries as Heathen, Mohamedan, Papal, Christian; by which of these titles shall America be known? Ah! if you would see a country without a bible, a nation without religion, look at France during the French Revolution; picture to yourself the reign of terror! The fact that a certain form of religion is adopted and approved by the government of a country does not permit the people from enjoying the highest liberty of conscience. This is sufficiently proved by the history of our own country. And yet while each individual is permitted to enjoy the greatest religious liberty, he is not to insist that his particular belief must be followed by others. Shall the Chinese dictate to the government the adoption of their pagan forms? or the heathen demand that the administration erect for them idol temples? The right of majority to govern is one of the cardinal principles of our government and has never been disputed. Alas! for America, when she has no longer a majority for Christianity!

Our forefathers, by their unswerving faith and devotion to the Bible, had courage and resolution to endure persecution, had strength to meet the tempests of a mighty sea, and after toiling through every hardship and periling their lives in their noble undertaking, to succeed at last in planting a government whose corner stone was the Bible and whose very existence depended upon it.

And now with a full consciousness of all these facts, can we be so ungrateful, and so short sighted that we can stand coldly by and see the life and vital principles of our most glorious institution taken away! See it taken away! Yes and help even in removing it! Can we submit to that system which has ever been the determined foe of freedom, of education, of the highest and truest development of the human race? Can we thus be false to the principles of our ancestors and give up our glorious birthright?

No! answers the descendants of Carver and Bradford. No! re-echoes civilization and Christianity the world over. No! thunders the eternal waves as they break upon Plymouth Rock. Never!

T. P. W.,

✓ THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

SECOND MEANS PRIZE ORATION.

The Reign of Terror, with its fearful associations, was subsiding. The age of Reason, after its short-lived and unimpartial trial, had been declared worthless by the popular verdict. Unsated with the blood of Danton, of Madame Roland or Louis the XVI, the people, ever fickle and inconstant, had openly threatened the hand that had been most prodigal in its sacrifices. The Convention had sought the fall of the Great Dictator himself. It was midnight. The tumult of factions had ceased. Paris, wearied by the eventful contest,had gradually sought rest and renewed strength in the shades of evening for the morrow—when the final and decisive struggle would approach. Hark! It is the roll of muffled drums, nearer and clearer it vibrates on the ear. The streets, silent but an hour ago, are alive with men. The measured tramp of infantry mingles with the rolling of the guns over the stony street. The fitful glare of the torch, reflecting from and dancing along the polished points of the pikes and bayonets, lights up the determined faces. Now and then would be dimly recognized the wild and inspiring chorus of the Marsaillaise. This horde, akin to some uncouth monster, winding its tortuous way through the city, its numbers constantly augmented by accessions from the working places of Paris, until now swollen into an immense multitude, it bends itself into the Place de Grere.

Said the mob of Paris: "Let us teach the Convention *who* are the true masters. Let us tighten the curb ere it forget *who* holds the power and supremacy." The *Guarde Nationale* were deployed here and there, and awaited in perfect silence the advent of the people, presenting a forcible contrast with their quiet ranks and perfect discipline, to that wild rabble that are huddled together directly opposite. The gunners renew their flambeaux. The Dragoons grasp their sabres. The people grasp their arms, animating one another, and then for an instant a dreadful and breathless silence pervades the whole square. It is the lull which precedes and announces the whirlwind. At this crisis, a few officers advance and impassionately harangue the mob—one word has been sufficient—and the ever fickle French now eagerly embrace the troops of the Convention. The crisis has passed. The whirlwind has blown over. "*Vive la Convention.*" "*A Bas le Tyran.*" Robespierre fully realized the final struggle was at hand. He had placed his great hope on the constancy of the lower classes. To them alone did he look for the most earnest endorsement and hearty support of his rule. He heard the rising of the mob, awaited the sequel with hope and anticipation, and realized too clearly the wane of his power when he saw the *denoument*. Eagerly weighing his chances, he determined to stand the hazard of the dice, to enter the Convention. His appearance the next morning outwardly calm and collected, created the greatest consternation and dismay amid the conspirators. Blanched faces and hurried whispers proclaimed too clearly the agitation of the mountain. Realizing the scene at a single glance, he demanded the freedom of speech. Obtaining his request, and ascending the Tribune, he pours forth a wild harrangue, in his shrill and piercing tones, accompanied with his frenzied utterance, wild gesticulation and peculiar invocations, denouncing his enemies, defending his policy and boasting of his love and sacrifices for the French. He ceased, and waited as though to catch the burst of accustomed applause which always crowned his slightest effort. Not a single plaudit reaches his attentive ear. The Convention sit silent and amazed; a terrible fascination seems to have pervaded all minds with its subtle influence, which seemed to maze their now bewildered minds and to deprive them of the power of speech. Finally the trance is broken by an obscure deputy, of Bretagne, who arising, says; "I demand the arrest of Robespierre." This sentence served to unlock all tongues, and like some mighty pent up torrent, the deputies break forth simultaneously; the threatening murmur increasing until a perfect Pandemonium of hisses, groans and curses mingle through the hall. Robespierre rushes wildly to the Tribunal, and demands to be heard; looks to the Mountain for support, and obtains howls of rage and glowing faces. The more liberal Plain responds only with averted glances. Finally he puts the test question, he demands the freedom of speech. Now comes the eventful crisis, what answer? Oh, we have heard it before, 'tis but the refrain of the mob, "*A Bas le Tyran, Vive la Convention.*"

So fell Robespierre, only to be dragged from the death of a suicide to perish at the Guillotine, amid the execrations of a mob who but the day before had been his most willing tools and partizans. So fell the greatest demagogue of modern time. How rapid his rise! how complete his fall. Living in a period when true merit and virtue had no popular claims for advancement, when even him whom the people idolized as the hero of to-day, they execrated as the tyrant of to-morrow, he commenced his career without friends or fame, neither did he seem to have fortune thrust upon him, for he obtained all his power by *Perseverance.* An obscure country lawyer, a deputy of Arras, a Triumvir, a Dictator of France, a victim of the Guillotine. In whatever light we scrutinize the character of this remarkable man, whether as a Philosopher or a Fanatic, a Demagogue or an Aristocrat, a profound Egotist, the Aristides of Camille Desmoulines, let us bow in respect before one redeeming feature in his peculiar character. That while the people, in their madness sought to revolutionize Religion itself, to institute the age of reason, to transform an actress into a divinity, he had always head and heart enough in the very teeth of popular opinion and party prejudice to acknowledge the majesty of Almighty God. Let us here read history calmly and quietly, not "with our prejudices but with our eyes."

A. F. J.

SENATOR FESSENDEN'S VOTE ON IMPEACHMENT.

THIRD MEANS PRIZE ORATION.

Shakspeare put into the mouth of Mark Anthony these words: "The evil that men do, lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones. In one sense this time-honored quotation is especially true in the case of William Pitt Fessenden. For the fruits of a noble life's work in the view of some, have been buried in the grave of our departed statesman, while his slight imperfections are cherished in the hearts of his calumniators. Without dwelling upon his early life, we will speak briefly of his leading characteristics, and of his course in the Impeachment trial. Intellectually, Mr. Fessenden was among the first men of his time. Deep thought, shrewdness and energy characterized all his addresses. Unaffected in manner and habit, so was he in speech; his style was as pure as the water of a mountain stream. As a debater, he had few equals; logic, sarcasm and ridicule he employed as circumstances required. In earnest, impromptu debate, he summoned all his powers; every nerve was stretched to its utmost: and it was when his noble passions were fully aroused, and his whole soul fired with the importance of the occasion that he gave us the most striking proofs of his oratory. The course of Mr. Fessenden in reference to the impeachment trial was not only justifiable, but holding the opinion he did, he could not have done otherwise and maintained his position as an honorable man. When he gave his vote for the acquittal of Andrew Johnson, he did it at a great personal sacrifice; he incurred the hatred of all the Republicans who expected him to stand firmly by his party in the great struggle of the people against a traitorous executive. Besides his constituency at home demanded that their representative should exert all his influence for the President's impeachment. Finally, since the Democratic party which he favored on that occasion was not the dominant one, and since he could not have expected in the future any assistance from them, we conclude that he must have voted with the convictions that he was sacrificing all hope of further advancement, all future honors, and in the estimation of some, at the very risk of his reputation. Had Mr. Fessenden voted otherwise than he did, he would have violated his solemn oath to do impartial justice on the evidence alone, since after a thorough examination of the articles of impeachment, his conscience told him that they were insufficient to demand an expulsion of the President. For, as every Senator took this oath, "I solemnly swear that in all things appertaining to the trial of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, now pending, I will do impartial justice according to the Constitution and laws." So we maintain that if Mr. Fessenden had followed his party, and voted for the impeachment, contrary to his convictions, he would have violated every principle of justice, the clearest dictates of right, and would have been unfaithful to his country and disobedient to her laws. Just here is the crowning glory, the most brilliant part of Fessenden's whole life. What an example to mankind? Exposed to a fierce storm of public opinion, he stood firm and unwavering; nothing could turn him from the path of rectitude. In one of his speeches he thus refers to his vote, "A desire to be consistent would not excuse a violation of my oath to do impartial justice. In the words of Lord Eldon, I take no notice of what is passing out of doors, because I am supposed constitutionally not to be acquainted with it, and I should consider myself unworthy of a place among honorable men if for any fear of public reprobation, and for the sake of securing popular favor, I should disregard the convictions of my conscience." These sentiments are eminently worthy of an American Senator and are indicative of the sterling worth and spotless purity of Mr. Fessenden's character.

Thus we have endeavored to support, in his vote on impeachment, this truly great man and Christian philanthrophist. Shall we, living in this Christian age, condemn a man who dared to do right, who heroically met the taunts of the press, the insults of his party, the sneers of the populace, and took his stand as firm as the everlasting rocks, while the waves of popular indignation and hatred were surging at his feet. But this is not the place nor the occasion for a eulogistic address. The name of Fessenden has impressed itself upon the hearts of every true American citizen, and there that impression of a noble manhood will remain as lasting as monumental brass. Well may it be said of our beloved and departed statesman, as it has been said of Kentucky's patriot, that "when the rival passions which have assailed him shall have been buried at his tomb, his character as a patriot, orator and statesman will shine forth clear and refulgent, and like the setting of a stormy day, it will pass the horizon cloudless, spotless and full orbed.

S. S. D.

THALIA; OR SCHOOL-BOY DAYS.

DELIVERED ON THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY, BY FRED. W. LORING, CLASS OF '66.

Our school-boy days! Oh, who does not recall
Their memories in weary after years,
When tired and foot sore, only bitter tears
Can lay the dust that so enfolds us all.

Stage first of school-boy days! Before that we
From infancy's long pinafores are free,
Off we are sent by custom's rigid rule
Unto the Primary, oft called "Prim'ry" school.
These the first day this strange new world within
Brings a confused but still a pleasing din;
There are we shown, so that we ne'er forget,
The subtle mysteries of the alphabet;
There penetrate our brains through craniums thick,
The facts incisive of Arithmetic;
But as with time, most things grow somewhat stale,
Inherent sin doth soon o'er us prevail.
Upon the slate, meant only for our sums,
Some juvenile attempt at drawing comes.
Forth from the desk that stands before our seat
We furtively draw divers things to eat.

The teacher sees and plainly means us harm,
Like *Cassius*, soon we have an itching palm;
Until at last by cares hemmed round about
We simply sigh to have the school "let out."
How oft this childish wish in after life
Shall we repeat, wearied with worldly strife,
How often find this world a school-room then
And children terribly like grown up men.

But childhood's days soon pass, and greater knowledge
We must acquire to make us fit for college.
As jackets fade away and coat-tails come,
We bid a fond farewell unto our home.
Anxious, our parents bid us an adieu,
The father says, "my words will be but few.
Avoid bad company, and obey all rules,
Be sure your friends are neither knaves nor fools,
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
And try and act like,—well, in short, like me."
The mother says, "My dear, you are not strong,
So take these jellies and good things along.

Don't if in March there comes a pleasant day,
Leave off your flannels, thinking it is May.
Avoid wet feet and don't work hard,—don't!"
To which you truthfully reply, "I won't."
The younger brother with prophetic frown,
Says, "Your conceit will soon get taken down."
The sister, in her turn, is heard to speak,
And says, "Be sure and write three times a week."

Your next experience is at morning prayers,
When every eye, it seems, upon you glares,
And you look straight ahead until you think
The bust of Washington begins to wink.
The busy day, at length, you find, has passed,
Oh, how unlike it is unto the last.
Oh, home, sweet home! Naught else can fill your head,
You write a letter and you go to bed.
But as the days wear on, your joys increase,

Long letters to your family now cease,
They don't complain, you're working hard they guess.
The father has his doubts from the P. S.;
"Please send me, as I've got to have" and so forth,
He shakes his head but lets a bank CHECQUE go forth.

Meanwhile your progress sometimes goes too far,
Perhaps, you learn to smoke your first cigar.
Inveigled by some over zealous friend,
You seize a Figaro and bite its end.
"That's the wrong end" your friend remarks;—you say,
With dignity, "I always smoke this way."
Then the friend chuckles, and the chuckle lingers
When in your vain attempts, you burn your fingers.
Ready at last, you take a vigorous puff,
A very little soon seems enough.
You can't imagine why when smoke wreaths rise
They go and get into a fellows eyes.
A few more puffs and all the scene is gloom,
You say, "I-I think I better leave the room,"
And do so quickly. Oh, young man, young man,
Why are you bent on carrying out your plan.
Why won't you, your desire for smoking curb
And put your energies on a Greek verb.
Smoking has made you sick, sir, through and through,
Greek verbs don't make folks sick; who says they do?

And now unto my lot it seems to fall,
To sing the glories of the bat and ball,
For he who would discourse on school-boy days,
The nation's game must learn to praise.
Pity my weakness,—in such things a dunce,
I never played the noble game but once,
Of all the players I was held the worst,
At each run, I was "out upon the first"
And all my comrades raised a dismal howl
At seeing nearly all my balls were foul.
Convinced at last, by many an angry face,
For me, the ball-field wasn't just the place;

Just as I should a fly catch have been trying,
Just at that time, I say, I was caught flying,
Since then whenever to the field I've gone,
It's always been as a mere looker-on.
Another thing I cannot dwell upon,
Though it's been felt by almost every one ;—
The tender passion,—oft by the poets sung,
You see, some fellows have it very young,
Some when they're older, and some not at all,
So on this theme to-night my tongue shan't fall,
For though it hovers school-boy life within,
No one can tell just when it does begin ;
Moreover, guardians of youth I see
With anxious faces here surrounding me ;
No words about Fem. Sems. than before,
Though like the parrot, we will think the more.
But the pleasantest of all our school delights,
Were the occurrences of Friday nights,
When Juniors young and Seniors so elate,
Together mingled in the warm debate.
To history we often did refer,
And passed new sentence upon Aaron Burr ;
In his case our opinions did divide,
Though nearly all of us took but one side ;
In the great question, when we argued "lots"
On one pet subject—Mary, Queen of Scots.
Capital punishment we did despise,
And Robespierre was hideous to our eyes.
We quarrelled sometimes, it must be confessed,
About pet candidates and which was best,
From ages past upon our ears were sent,
Traditions dim of wars 'twixt Smith and Bent,
Who Smith was, and who Bent, we never knew,
Save that their parties fought the whole year through ;
But our dissentions here were shorter quite,
And lasted, as a rule, a single night ;
So that we gathered calmly in each seat,
The next time the society did meet ;

Winced at the critics method of proceeding,
Laughed at the Mirror and the select reading.

That reading comes to me with equal force,
For in my time it was a thing of course,
To read from him whom now two nations weep.
Gone now forever to his lasting sleep.
Who ever enjoyed like him, true school-boy life,
Its deeds, its reveries, its peace, its strife?
He was it who with master pencil drew,
So many school-boy types, all ages through;
Paul Dombey, Steerforth, Tradles, Toots and Smike
All wonderfully real, yet all unlike;
Though to all hearts, his death a pang must send,
We, especially, have lost in him a friend.
But in the varied stores the Muse has brought,
Our studies should demand a little thought.
And number nine! Such curious memories
All pleasant now bind it with heartfelt ties;
There did I rush, there also did I flunk,
Pardon me, Muse, if I to slang have sunk,
But now, though once I had not that idea,
I find old number Nine is very dear.
And Virgil's well known words themselves suggest:
"*Forsan et hæc olim*"—you know the rest.
Though public praise is oftentimes too rude,
Yet are all places fit for gratitude;
I thank my teacher, since I really feel
Now, more than ever, his conscientious zeal;
I thank him, too, because through him I've seen
All of the beauties, not the mere routine,
In reading those great classics which endure
Forever, the true source of literature.
Who wishes Education's hill to mount
Must first drink deeply from the classic fount,
For those can farthest, deepest, best explore
Whom other pioneers have gone before.
Let Science grow, let us from Nature learn

Her beauties and her wonders to discern,
But better not neglect life's lovely part
Which letters can alone to us impart.
Science and Literature stand side by side,
Two sisters they and evermore allied
And not two rivals, who with angry frown
Attempt fore'er to keep each other down.
True scholars know this fact and no control
Makes them select a part and not the whole,
But some good men such us we often see
Reducing everything to formulæ,
Practical men, esteeming all art flat,
Would rank Demosthenes with Daniel Pratt.
Had Cicero's great soul not soared so high
None would attempt his glory to outvie.
Had Homer never sung in thunder tone,
Dante and Shakespeare ne'er so great had grown.
In Italy, how many still repair
To Virgils grave, though he's not buried there.
Flood tides in life's perpetual tides are they,
Though the surrounding waves may ebb away,
The next great billow, higher still shall come
And drench the nations with its glittering foam.
All literature upon their works depends,
In these dead men I find my living friends,
All times a time for them, each place a place.
They drive away all ranks of birth and race,
And in themselves, that lovely truth they teach
That the great Roman told in lofty speech;
These studies nurture youth and bless old age,
They ornament life's volume's brightest page.
And when the bitterest cares corrode our soul,
E'en at that time they comfort and console,
Thy pass long nights with us, they grace our home
And go with us when far away we roam.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

As Secretary of the Society, I hereby submit the following report of the doings and condition of the said Society for Spring Term, 1870.

At the commencement of the term, the number of members belonging to the Society was 104, and the number that joined during this term was 24: thus making at the end of the term a total number of 128, and we feel happy in saying that not a single member, during the whole term, applied for an honorable dismission from the Society. It appears from the foregoing, that the number of members has increased 9 more this term than the preceding one, and the aggregate number is larger than what it has been for many years, with the exception of a single term.

By the hearty co-operation of the members, the Society held 10 regular and 2 special meetings; the average length of each was one hour and forty minutes, and at these meetings the Society was favored with the following literary exercises, viz:

Criticisms,	9.	Addresses,	4.
Extempores,	8.	Select Readings,	4.
Mirrors,	3.	Declamations,	2.
Debates,	10.		

The interest which has been manifested in the Society this term, has caused an unexampled prosperity. The condition of the Society has been elevated to a higher standard, and more earnestness has been felt in the exercises of the evening. Under the present administration, twelve new speakers have come out upon the floor, and the appointees have exhibited great skill and labor in performing their parts. Yet, while the general aspect has been a favorable one, we are sorry to record instances which have proved the contrary, viz: That nine of the appointees have wholly failed to perform their duty, and the various parts which have been shirked by them respectively, are, two Extempores, two Select Readings, two Declamations, one Address and two Debates.

The Debates during the term were the best and the most interesting. The questions of "Proficiency in Writing and Speaking," "Phrenology," "Public Debt," "Foreign Immigration," "Young men at the age of 18 should be allowed to vote," "Short terms of Political Office," "Income Tax," "Justification of a Lawyer in defending a client whom he believes to be guilty," and of "Justifying Ireland in forcibly separating herself from England," have received their proper discussion and reflected great credit upon the disputants.

We are happy to record that though the number of the members is large, still the utmost order prevailed and proper decorum observed at all times during the term, and the benefit derived therefrom was, that the meetings became more pleasing and instructive to all.

EDITORIAL.

Reader! pause ere you thoughtlessly close the "MIRROR," because you think it savors of old. Would you know the pleasure and sorrows of Phillippian life; would you hear its memories dear, and would you feel the last joyous throbbings of his heart as he emerges from his classic home. Then listen. Time has added another year to his scroll at old Phillips, and we look back upon it both longingly and unwishingly. For we would not turn back the wheel of Time, yet we would live anew many of those experiences which are alone dear to the school-boy.

A year of school life—what a volume of memories does it add to our mind! How varied its chapter; how dull many of its pages; how attractive some of its pictures; how lively many of its passages. As we turn back to its first leaves, we smile at those farthest yet freshest events. How, like Tom Brown at Rugby, in a whirl of wonderment, we were dropped in these classic shades. How we stood at first sight, and gazed with anticipations fearful and mysterious, upon those walls in which we were to search for knowledge of decayed nations. How with ominous forebodings we first assembled in chapel and heard that moral code we were to obey. Then how we "dug" in classic lore, and trembled as our card was turned, lest we did not "rush." How we sometimes looked longingly towards home, and wished that Cataline had been successful in his conspiracy against Cicero, thereby depriving us the pleasure of perusing those four interesting orations, or that Virgil had taken his works to Hades with him, and left them there. Then, how gradually we awoke from our innocent state, and learned from older and "experienced" heads:

> To study but little
> And just barely "fizzle."
> Then still lower we sunk,
> Till often we did "flunk."

Our toils through Fall and Winter have been recorded by former historians. We would tell you of the "last term," the "greatest of the three." When the last term arrives, we feel so knowing, so learned over our past works that we conclude we need look no more at books. Then, too, our mammas tell us we must not study too hard, and we like to be obedient; so we "bask," and dip into all those school pleasures which the outside world can never know.

The Phillippian, pent up in the precincts of ye antiquated Andover, meets few others than his fellow sufferers, sees little else than lexicon and grammar, makes a daily round of dull duties. In fact lives in another age, and is oblivious to the modern world. Picture all this, reader, in awful vividness, and then wonder that each little incident which is without the monotonous course laid down, swells itself into an enjoyment till it becomes a very epoch.

The past term has been one of unusual interest. Old Andover seems to be awakening from its antideluvian state and advancing slowly to the nineteenth century.

The first event worthy of record was the reunion of the Class of '69. About thirty fellows, who were once supposed to be students, but had gradually become absorbed by classic atmosphere until but little remained, except plug hats, canes and lavender kids, assembled and reveled at the Mansion House till long after the time for little boys to be in bed. As this was highly unbefitting ones so young, we concluded their "mothers didn't know they were out."

Fast Day and Decoration Day were appropriately observed; the school exercises being suspended on those days. Services were held at Old South, on the former, and a solemn procession visited the cemeteries and decked the graves with flowers, upon the latter day.

On May 29th, occurred one of the greatest conflagrations in the history of Andover. At midnight, the usual quiet of the town was broken by the alarm of fire. The livery stable of Mr. Cornell was found to be enveloped in flames. The students hastened to the scene with their trusty "Phillips." The "Shawshin" was also promptly upon the ground. But the flames had made such headway that it was evident the building must be consumed. It did not stop here; the fiend had only wheted his appetite, and soon the buildings on either side were being devoured by the fiery tongue. By this time the village was fully aroused, and a great crowd had assembled to witness the grand sight. All the engines within reach, and every available force was brought to fight the flames, but they only seemed to laugh at the feeble efforts to prevent their progress, and steadily marched southward, enveloping the building known as Abbott's Corner How much further the fell destroyer would have gone, is hardly to be conceived, had not assistance arrived from Lawrence. By the invincible power of steam the flames were checked and subdued, but they had done well their work, and in a few short hours seven buildings, in the centre of the town, were burnt to a heap of ashes. Many were the incidents and ludicrous scenes which might be described. During the whole night the Phillippians worked nobly, and perseveringly, not only manning their own engine, but often aiding the others. Well do they merit the praises that were given them.

On June 7th, the annual speaking for the Draper Prizes came off. It was largely attended, and passed off with great credit to the school and speakers. Upon the succeeding week the declaiming for the Means Prizes took place. Fully as much interest was manifested in it as in the former contest. The hall was crowded, and it was declared to be the most successful contest that has taken place. There were fifteen speakers, and all did themselves great credit. The successful speakers in each are given elsewhere, and the compositions of the prize speakers on the "Means" are published with this number.

Mr. George Taylor received the Middle Class upon the evening of June 2, and Dr. Taylor the Senior Class a few evenings after. Both entertainments were those pleasant episodes which the classes look forward to with so much pleasure. They are enjoyed with a keen relish, which only the students feel. Our generous teachers have our kindest wishes for their hospitable attention.

The Society of Inquiry held its annual exhibition in the Academy Hall, on June 24. A sermon was delivered by Rev. Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge. Text, Gen. xi: 32: "And Terah died in Haran." Music was given by a double quartette. The Society has supported itself nobly during the last term. It is certainly one of the best institutions of the school, and its influence for good cannot be estimated. And now "Old Philo" demands a few words. The society was never more successful than during the past term. Its membership is over a hundred, and unusual interest was taken in its proceedings. On each Friday evening the halls were filled with enthusiastic *literati*. The stately Senior, self-confident Middler and aspiring Junior mingled in friendly rivalry. Many questions were disposed of, which Congress and the Supreme Courts still bother over. Several fine addresses were delivered and all the various parts were efficiently fulfilled. The officers are worthy the highest commendations for their untiring and faithful efforts in maintaining the standard of the Society. Philo lends a charm to Philippian life which we probably shall not fully appreciate until we have left its influence, never to return. The Exhibition was held on June 16th. The exercises were of a somewhat different character from that of the past. An address was delivered by William Dorsheimer, of the Class of '49. Subject: "The American School." An original poem followed, by F. W. Loring, Class of '66, on "School Life." The Mendelssohn Quintette Club was in attendance, and added a most attractive feature to the evening.

Finally we would thank the Society for the hearty support it has given the *Mirror*, and hope that the manner in which we have endeavored to use the confidence you have placed in our abilities meets with your approval.

THE PHILLIPS POT POURRI.

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R. J. COOK,
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WITCHCRAFT.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

Popular infatuation is perhaps the saddest sight which mankind is ever compelled to behold. The awful impulses to which men are capable of being stirred; the deeds of daring which they will perform, and the hardships they will undergo in a popular cause, be it right or wrong, is one of the firmest evidences of the frailty of human reason. Among the most pernicious beliefs which have ever obtained ascendency over the minds of men is the doctrine of demonology, or witchcraft. As to where this tenet first originated, and in what time, or among what people it first obtained credence, we have no reliable evidence. It may, however, be stated with assurance, that it is among the oldest beliefs, as we find abundant notices of sorcery in all parts of the Bible; and as far back as the days of ancient Rome, authentic evidences are to be found of the readiness of the people to account for the marked advancement of others by attributing it to supernatural aid. It is a remarkable fact, and one of serious weight in its after effects upon the minds of men, that the first mention made of witchcraft in the Holy Writ is in the form of an express and solemn command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

The earlier Roman history furnishes numerous examples of persons being enabled to succeed through the help of beings of superior endowments to men. Numa, the earlier lawgiver of Rome, was, as we all remember, enabled to govern wisely by the advice of a nymph. Gradually the doctrine obtained a stronger and stronger foothold among men, until at last it was customary to attribute all extraordinary endowments and successes to the agency of supernatural beings. It was not, however, until the seventeenth century that the belief obtained its greatest supremacy.

Anything at all out of the customary routine, and indeed many occurrences which common sense, had it been applied, would have explained, were all attributed to the fiend incarnate.

The persons accused of withcraft were all supposed to have entered into a compact with the devil, and to be wholly under the latter's power.

The persons making the contract agreed to devote time and talents to the establishment of Satan's power; while he, on his part, agreed to give supernatural power to the witch. Witches were believed to be capable of bewitching whomsoever they might wish; to be able to transfer themselves over an indefinite space, and, notwithstanding that their bodies were absent, to be able to exercise their influence at a distance. It was not sufficient to clear a witch, to prove a genuine alibi in court, because the witches were capable of performing their wondrous feats at any distance through the spirit, and yet prisoners accused of witchcraft were always guarded with the utmost precaution and loaded with chains. The devil, according to popular belief, gave a witch power to become invisible, and to be transported to any distance; and yet we find that in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the stalwart men of Gloucester, Mass., reinforced by some fifty from Ipswich, were kept for some two weeks, marching and countermarching, discharging powder and ball, and expending both time and money, to ward off the legions of the devil, who were supposed to infest that district. To such an absurd extent was the belief in witchcraft carried, that it was thought possible for witches to transform themselves into the likeness of any living thing, and in that guise, to be capable of afflicting human beings.

If the guard over a supposed witch, saw a spider on the floor which he was not able to kill, because of its escaping to some crack or hole, it was regarded as complete evidence of the person's complicity with Satan, and could be adduced as testimony in the trial. As soon as persons were accused of witchcraft, they were immediately apprehended and subjected to a most thorough and barbarous examination, to see if any evidences of allegiance with the devil were to be found upon their bodies. If any portion of the flesh was found to be at all callous, so that blood did not flow from it when pierced, it was regarded as a sure proof of an alliance with the evil one. Another favorite method of ascertaining guilt, was by throwing the accused into water. If the unhappy victim sank, all was well, and innocence was clearly proved. But if they endeavored to save their lives by swimming, or in any other manner, as was only too often the case, their complicity with Satan was satisfactorily established.

Such were some of the methods of ascertaining guilt, from which we see how easily an accused person was convicted, and how very unfrequently innocence could be proved. When we consider for what a length of time witchcraft was a current belief, and over how great an extent of country it was disseminated, our wonder is, not that so many were executed, but rather that so many escaped being put to death. The days of the witches have passed away, and nought now remains but the traditional broomstick, and the legendary tale. While we condemn the folly that could convert such nonsense into a solid and established doctrine, let us take into consideration the character of the times, that education was confined to the few, while the many were illiterate; that the Bible is full of many and grave sayings concerning witchcraft, and more than all, that delusions of such a nature are always popular and universal. It behooves the nineteenth century to judge its predecessors leniently, and to earnestly pray, that with all its boasted progress, it may not relapse into as serious errors as those of former days.

W. B.

RESULTS OCCASIONED BY LABOR.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

A product is that which is formed either by nature, or by human labor. The earth in a state of nature, would not only furnish to man a scanty subsistence, but could furnish such sustenance to a very limited population.

In the production of wealth, three divisions of labor are employed; agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial; nor is it the product of either of them, but the united products that compose the annual produce of a nation; thus we see the mutual dependence of these different classes upon each other, and the error of those who consider one of them more honorable, or more useful than the other. And it is equally evident that if any one of them prospers or suffers, the others must of necessity, prosper and suffer with it.

Although these three different branches of labor contribute so much to the wealth of society, yet there are three distinct operations, which are the same in each and all of these classes. First, theory; second, application; and third, execution. We see, then, that in each branch, three classes of laborers are employed. In the first, are discoverers; including philosophers and men of science. In the second, inventors, and all who learn to apply the knowledge of these laws to practical purposes; among whom may be classed the lawyer, physician, clergyman, and student, by whose knowledge and influence society is kept in prosperity and happiness; and in the third class are found all those who are engaged in manual employment.

We would certainly do great injustice to our topic, if we should fail here to illustrate the results occasioned by rigid mental discipline in which labor is the sole agent with any one short of mania. The natural capacities of men often vary; some are susceptable of a higher degree of cultivation than others; some are rugged and rocky, like the hills in this vicinity; some are like the deep, rich alluvium along the shores of our western rivers; while others are like the desert, where barrenness holds unquestioned sway; but all may be improved, not excepting the last. An intelligent, resolute, and persevering effort will produce the most astonishing results. Some, whom fond parents have mourned over as dull, and impatient teachers upbraided as exceedingly stupid, have, by the most laborious tasks, secured for themselves an honorable fame. It was not designed that every one should course the heavens like Newton, or soar with Milton, as

> "He passed the bounds of flaming space,
> Where angels tremble while they gaze."

But it *was* designed that every one should make constant additions to his stock of knowledge, and in this manner he will elevate himself to usefulness, which is far superior to brilliancy.

What determines the different results in the case of young men, the opportunities of whom are the same? Is it because intellects vary? No, for the unfortunate in this respect, frequently gain eminence and distinction only by determined, persevering labor.

There may be some who gain knowledge by intuition; they attain eminence without an effort; they accomplish at a glance, what others have to pour over for weary days; they reach at a leap, what others attain only by toilsome climbing; they laugh at labor, and ridicule the dolt, who can learn only by study. But the examples of such persons are very rare; yet there is a class who pretend to be geniuses, in all Academies and Colleges; they are so peculiarly eminent for conceit, affectation, indolence and shallowness, that no one, but those equally shallow, wants them for friend, pupil, or companion.

History does not tell us of any really great and useful men, who gained a world-renowned reputation in this manner. The world would never have heard of Demosthenes, the greatest of uninspired orators, had he not first labored in the schools of Isaeus, Isocretes, and Plato, and afterwards overcame the most serious obstacles to eminence in his art, by declaiming on the beach at Phaleerum, to the waves as they swept along the shore; by shutting himself up in a subterranean cell; by suspending a sword over his shoulder, to cure himself of an awkward shrug; by practising before a mirror, to acquire dignity of manners, and by copying the history of Thucydides eight times to form his style. It was only after such laborous application as this, that he composed those masterly orations, to which posterity has assigned the first rank of eloquence. Think for a moment of the immense amount of labor that Virgil consumed in the production of his famous Poem. Newton in pointing his astonished countrymen to that subtile agent, which holds worlds at bay; and Calvin in the realm of morals and religion; all of whom, with scores of others, have laid the world under infinite obligations. But these precious fruits were not produced without the most careful, laborious and protracted labor. And what is true in these cases, is true in every case. A young man may be noted for his natural abilities, but if he does not subject himself to a rigid discipline, both mental and physical, he will accomplish but little; his mind may be a sun, which under favorable circumstances would flood the world with light; and labor bears the same relation in making it a powerful intellect, as it does in forming the statue from the unhewn block.

R. J. C.

THE DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

Carrying its masses far, far beyond the square itself—extending its gigantic links until they dwindle into a narrow thread among the distant avenues and alleys—whirling and twisting, roaring and tossing and raging like a storm-beaten sea, the multitude surged its teeming mass backward and forward, all day long, long before the rising sun had bathed with its glory the columns and towers of that wondrous city, until now beneath the full tide of the noonday heat had they fought, and cursed and laughed, as the mood had possessed them. The roar of a great city despoiled of its prey, had followed the footsteps, and like a sentence of death upon the wretched man, had again and again haunted him through the weary watches of that awful night, and again echoed around him from the streets and the gates; aye, even the very prison walls did cry aloud: "To the guillotine—to the guillotine." One can never imagine how much really brutal there is in humanity until developed and engendered in one by association with like minds—it shows its power and irresistible force in a mob. But even our better feelings often obtain the upper hand in a crowd. No sublimer spectacle was ever exhibited in any country or at any time—than the ten thousand in Wall street bursting instantaneously in the Doxology at the surrender of Richmond in our late war. So it was with them. The thirst for excitement which had not found its surfeit in common scenes, had only been checked, and not really allayed until the popular mind had been pandered by the bloody spectacle of the guillotine. It is a perfect sea of heads—a perfect encyclopedia of faces—such a rabble and mob, such a diversity of class and face as *only* that city could intermingle upon *only* such an occasion. The poor and the rich, high and low, all commingled their opposite and united their opposing elements in this waring mob. Just as far as the eye can range, a perfect sea of heads. Hark! The base jest is incompleted—the Marseillaise ceases, and the clamor is hushed and silent now. For their attentive ears have caught the distant clangor of the bassoons—a terrible awe—a subtle fascination, in its approach subtle, in its effect immovable, had drowned all laughter now. And rolling and echoing its hoarse clangor through the living and trembling throng, nearer yet rings the bassoon; blanching the faces and even thrilling the hearts of the most vindictive and bloodthirsty.

Yesterday he had been perched upon the highest tide of popularity. His word was law; his slightest wish a command; in the palm of his hand had he held that people, and had swayed them pliable to his fancies; the hero of the hour, the pet of the mob, the universal terror of all alike; this wondrous man of iron, this leader of thousands, this dictator of the French had beheld all his fears and popularity crumble into nothings and take themselves wings and flit away; and wearied by his troubles, and truly cowardly in his adversity, had sought the miserable destruction of a suicide. His own arrogance, sown in fertile ground had sprung up before him and choked his way; and he had no sacrifice, no store of diplomacy or foreign attention to produce ferment amongst them. His struggle for the prominence had been terrible, his fall complete save annihilating; and blotted by his attempted suicide, his fall as glorious and grand as his career. See! there is a little wooden cart, wending its way between the thronging crowd, as it draws its course nearer and nearer. Behold! there are three men its occupants, two grand and calm, and with that calmness that always characterizes true patriotism in face of death; and the third and most prominent is calm indeed, but it is the calmness of despair, the last cords of life is unraveling before his glance. His face is bound up in a linen bandage, and in his hand, strange visitants in such a scene, he bears a bouquet of roses. Look at him, and he is an insignificant appearing man; but ah! what terrible might has he possessed; how potent his slightest wish—perched yesterday upon the highest wave of popular enthusiasm; to-day he is engulphed in the popular fury. And as that multitude behold him there, breaks forth madly into furious curses, taunting him with furious gesture and terrible oath; yesterday they would have crouched before him like hounds; to-day the lion is powerless. Can we imagine his thoughts. How terrible then his silent soliloquy. Perhaps his mind wanders back into that time when he pled, a simple lawyer in Arras. How rapidly the shifting panorama of his life must have opened before his eye. What a golden opportunity had he lost, influenced by the extreme views of his fanaticism. But conveying with that calm countenance no key to their raging, maddening thoughts within, he calmly faces that howling throng. The cart reaches the guillotine, and all pause in expectation, and shrink trembling from themselves; they unbind his hands, and bear him pale and tottering up the steps which had received the footprints of his thousand victims. They unbind his face, and the agony of that shattered jaw, powerless now, wrings from the miserable wretch a terrible weird cry that cuts like a knife, and he is silent now. They bind him to the car and bear him beneath the beams; the fatal axe is fixed. One awful second, then the spring is touched, and like a flash of light, the ponderous knife descends and severs the ghastly head from off his body. The people lured and awed by the fearful scene, sway toward the body, insulting and reviling the lifeless trunk of him who had been their idol and terror. The fanatic has perished a victim to his own fanaticism. The philosopher proved the fallacy of his own philosophy. A. F. J.

MY ADVENTURES ON NOD'S ISLAND.

BY FYSKELL THOMPSON.

How provokingly long were the hours of that Monday,
Their unpleasant scenes haunt my memory still ;
The cornfield, the haystacks, the road with the rail fence,
The farm-house surmounting the top of the hill ;
The brook in its windings through thick tangled willows,
The pasture and gate at the foot of the lane ;
The pine trees, the oak trees, the stumps, logs, and ledges,
And e'en the great chasm in front of the train.

On the left of the car was a pond of fresh water ;
On the right was the highway, which ran rather near ;
Away in the distance, half hid by the bushes,
A little brown cottage, and barn in the rear.
The telegraph posts, and the brush-covered hillside,
The gutters and rivulets made by the rain,
And just on ahead, a rudely built log-bridge,
Which spanned the great chasm in front of the train.

Our condition was such, and such our surroundings,
That ill-natured people were tempted to scold ;
They railed at the freshet, the railroad, the weather :
Some growled at the heat, and others the cold ;
A few here and there made light of the matter,
And talked about Prussia, Prince Charles, and Bazaine ;
But still their surmises, confined with their logic
Did not fill the chasm in front of the train.

As I sat by the window, hard racked with vexation,
Uneasy, and tired of my velvet stuffed seat,
My attention was caught by a scene in the highway:
An ox team, with driver astraddle the neap;
How I envied that man with his yoke of strong oxen,
And seat of white oak—tho' suggestive of pain,
For he was progressing with path unobstructed,
By chasms like that one in front of our train.

But the beasts plodded on, and left me reflecting;
And it flashed thro' my mind as I thought of their pace,
That often the foremost in this life's beginning,
Are found far behind at the end of the race.
With this bit of thought I drew down the shutter,
Adjusted the cushion, disposed of my hat,
And arranging my shawl as I could, for a pillow,
I settled myself for a comfortable nap.

The sound of the voices grew fainter and fainter,
And finally ceased, with the clatter and jar;
My brain seemed a muddle of railroads and engines,
A conglomeration of ox-teams and cars.
I thought I was lost in a great gloomy chasm;
My heart was fast sinking in utter despair,
When suddenly something with strength more than human,
Bore me out of the chasm and on through the air.

On, on, what a journey! through space all unbounded,
On wings as of æther I sailed to the stars,
I ran across Saturn, just called upon Venus,
Had a chat with old Neptune, took dinner with Mars;
Caught a glimpse, too, of Hebe, of Vesta and Juno,
Drank out of the dipper, shook hands with Orion,
Got scorched by the tail of a villainous comet,
Was hugged by the Ursa, and chased by the Lion.

But ah, shall I tell it? The power that sustained me,
Relinquished it's hold, and I fell like a clod;

A revolving motion, a rush, and concussion,
I landed, it chanced, on the Island of Nod.
Having reached this strange island in this way, uninjured,
I thought to myself, " Now I'll see what's to see."
And in looking around for a *locus prospectus*,
I spied on the hill-top, a tall cedar tree ;

To this I proceeded, and straightway I climbed it ;
And ensconcing myself about fifty feet high,
I looked toward the west, and was filled with amaze,
At the wonderful prospect that greeted my eye ;
A vast panorama of mountains and valleys,
Of cottages, palaces, cities and towns ;
And near me a tomb-stone, which bore this inscription :
"The country of mortals, and here are its bounds."

Just at hand, on the right, was a steep rugged mountain,
Enclosed on all sides by a high granite wall ;
Here and there were wide gateways, through which was hard pressing
An unnumbered throng, rich and poor, short and tall.
High up on the wall was this homely proverb,
In letters so large, that those running, might see :
" Ignorantia, ignavia et *mannes* impediunt,
De omni prudentia, vitutis veque."

Just over the mountain, inscribed as with vapor,
" Scientia et verum," was seen in the air ;
And towards this the thousands who'd passed through the portals,
Were gazing and toiling, with eager desire.
It chanced that the entrance to which I was nearest,
Was spanned by an arch, under which ran the way
To the top of the mountain ; and on it, I noticed
Cut deep in the granite, the initials, P. A.

I watched the gay youths as they passed through the gateway,
And plodded along up the dry scorching sands ;

And noted, that, doubtless for excellent reasons—
They divided themselves into separate bands.
The Seniors well laden with two years experience,
Their Monogram Caps, and their heads full of lore,
Disdaining to mingle with "greenies," and "small trash,"
Take both caps and wisdom, and pass on before.

The Juniors, poor youngsters, though verdant and bashful,
Have mastered the *Ego* in Latin,—naught else,
And thus lightly burdened, they push up the hillside,
Pleased with nothing, so much as they are with themselves.
The Middlers, poor chaps, like the boy on the ridge-pole,
Exposed on both sides to a shower of hard snow,
Are pelted with small talk sent down from the Seniors,
And juvenile bomb-shells, sent up from below.

A little way up, and encircling the mountain,
I noticed another wall, like to the first;
And like that, 'twas broken with portals and archways,
Over which was inscribed, Yale, Harvard, Amherst,
Princeton, and Hamilton, Dartmouth, and Oberlin,
Williams and Union, Brown, Tufts', and Cornell,
And others; but these offered stronger attractions,
Each seeming in some special point to excel.

Having traveled thus far in their wearisome journey,
The Seniors, at length stood in front of this wall;
But here a discussion arose in the party,
Concerning which entrance was suited to all.
They could'nt agree, and accordingly scattered;
Each taking the way which he thought to be right;
And leaving behind their caps and seniority,
Passed through the gateways, but not out of sight.

Alas, for their knowledge of Greek, and of Latin,
Their dignity, walking sticks, stove-pipes, and airs;
They scarcely had entered, when "pæne," and "flunkey,"
And other vile epithets fell on their ears;

Poor fellows, 'twas hard to be stripped of their glory,
And taunted, and laughed at, bamboozled, and hazed ;
But yet—to their credit, they bore it all meekly,
Deporting themselves with commendable grace.

I glanced at the Middlers, not Middlers, but Seniors ;
And saw them invested with sound sense and rank.
The Juniors, were Middlers and well nigh divested
Of former conceit, and their puerile pranks.
" The train has arrived, all aboard ! " cried the brakeman,
" The timbers will hold you,—don't hurry,—take care ;"
We crossed o'er in safety, stepped into the carriages,
And soon the great chasm was left in the rear.

SALT LAKE CITY AND THE MORMONS.

From Boston to New York, New York to Chicago, Chicago to Omaha, Omaha to the Golden Gate. Presto ! it is done ; the great American continent has been crossed in less than a week. What need to go back to ancient mythology for marvellous deeds, while we have such a wonder in our own land ? But our purpose is not to describe the Pacific Railroad, but to give a few facts in regard to Salt Lake City and the Mormons. Leaving the elegant palace cars of the Union Pacific Railroad at Ogden, a thriving Mormon town in the Northern part of Utah, we get aboard the cars of the Utah Central Road, which has only been in running order about ten months. We are soon whirling down the Salt Lake Valley. We notice a large body of water off to the right, and know at once that it is the famous Salt Lake. After a pleasant ride of about two hours through a finely producing country, but cultivated entirely by irrigation, we come in sight of the city. We find it beautifully situated, having the Salt Lake on the right, and a range of lofty mountains on the left, the peaks of these are covered with snow during the whole year ; they seem about five miles off, but on inquiring we find that they are about twenty-five. The atmosphere is so pure in this region that a stranger cannot calculate distances with any certainty whatever. The city presents a very fine appearance ; broad, regular streets, so hard that they never need any repairing ; the houses mostly built of "*adobes*" or sun dried brick, one or two stories high. But what strikes you as the most beautiful thing they have about Salt Lake is the pure stream of cold mountain water which runs through the gutters in every street in the city. Persons take a pail and dip up the water from the gutters and use it for household purposes, as it is perfectly pure. The water that is not used in the city runs off and is used for irrigation. Shade trees are quite plenty, and the water keeps them fresh and green. There is one street which is mainly built of stores and business offices, both Gentiles and Mormons occupying them. The Mormons have a sign over theirs to distinguish them from the Gentiles ; it reads "Zion's Co-operative Union. Holiness to the Lord." The Tabernacle is the chief public building that occupies your attention ; it resembles a Turkish Mosque in form and is capable of holding about twelve or fifteen thousand persons. It is supported by wooden pillars, with spaces between them for the people to pass in and out ; it is admirably arranged, and makes one of the best ventilated buildings in the country. The organ is of Mormon manufacture, and is only one-third less than the great Boston organ. The choir numbers about twenty persons, and is splendidly trained. Brigham Young sits in the chair of state ; below him are the twelve apostles, and below them the seventy elders ; the congregations are large and very attentive ; a perpetual communion with bread and water goes on during the service, and men are breaking bread, pouring out water and serving it to the people all the while. Young has been taxing the people for years for money to build a new temple which is expected, when completed, to cost two millions of dollars. The workmen are now engaged in constructing the building from granite of an excellent quality, which is found near the city. The churches occupy a square in the centre of the city, surrounded by a high wall, and we could not help thinking it might have been designed for a fortification, in case the government should meddle with their pet institutions. The Mormons have a bitter hatred to the government, and take no pains to conceal it; Brigham Young is not even on speaking terms with the Governor of the Territory. Young is very careful in his conversation with visitors, and never says anything that could injure him, if repeated. He is of medium size, sandy hair, gray eyes, looks well fed, and one would be more apt to take him for the president of some flourishing bank than the ruler of this people. No one knows how many wives he has, it is his boast that he can travel six hundred miles in any direction from Salt Lake and be at home every night. His children are numerous; we saw twenty-five of his girls in one squad at the theatre.

The Mormon men are generally fine looking fellows; the women look miserably; we did not meet a pretty one during the three days that we were in the city; they all looked sad and dejected, and we did not see a single one laugh or even smile. The blighting effects of Polygamy are seen on every side, and it is sure to die out soon. An opposition newspaper, "*The Mormon Tribune*," has already been started, and many of the Mormon church who are opposed to polygamy, have seceded from the main body and are worshipping in a building of their own; these are known as the Godbeites, their leader being a Mr. Godbe. The Methodist church has a congregation of about three hundred in the city, and the Gentile element is growing quite strong. Salt Lake City has many natural advantages, and is destined to become a great watering place, there is salt water bathing in the lake, and sulphur springs about one mile from the centre of the city furnish excellent bathing accommodations at the present time. With all the hatred we bear to their institutions, we cannot help admiring the perseverance of this people and the executive ability of their leader. Brigham Young is a great man!

Just think of their emigrating to this barren valley, over a "trackless waste." Of the hostility of the Indian tribes, of their cultivating the soil and making themselves a self-sustaining people, and now sending missionaries to different parts of the world, to found churches, and propogate their religious views. On speaking with Young, in regard to their trials, his reply was, "*Yes, our* *people are pretty hard to discourage.*"

Mormonism, as it stands to-day, is a foul blot on the national escutcheon and should not be tolerated. The influences which are at work, are perceptibly weakening it, and it will soon give way to progress and christianity.

J. P. JR.

HASH.

Fillet of fenny make,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of neut and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog," *cet, cet.*

Macbeth, (a play by Shakespeare.)

In the treatment of *this subject*, we *must* abandon the region of fact, for there are no *facts* in its composition, and roam without reserve through the realm of fancy and supposition. After carefully reading the Witch's Chorus, in the *work* of the bard, " who wrote for all times," we conclude that those " Weird Sisters " were boarding-house keepers *in disguise;* their nefarious and horrible occupation was the composition of *hash*, and the result was ——— ; the article in its highest state of perfection. The theme, like a scientific treatise, embraces *matter in all its varieties*, and there is no limit to supposition, *for* whatever *hash* has been, *where* is the man bold enough to state *what it can be?* We don't think it a hasty conclusion to affirm, that no two dishes of hash ever existed, the same in their composition. *Hash* is the " unconditional surrender " on the *part* of the *eater;* while the boarding-house keeper " dictates the terms." He sits down with that indifference commended in scripture, as to " What shall we eat ? " and a trust in Providence worthy of a better cause. Still, although a wide range is allowed in its ingredients, *hash is monotonous.* The feeder on hash eats only to prolong his *existence.* Long acquaintance with the article has made him a cynic ; three times a day his destiny stares him in the face ; a *gastric Sahara*, one dreary waste of hash. Who can " set the table in a roar," when it groans under the weight of hash? Who can imagine a more *revolting* spectacle than human beings *reveling*, actually *reveling* over a banquet of hash? The last man, standing among the ruins of nature, when all natural objects have been resolved into hash. Who invented it? Let him or her rest "unwept, unhonored and unsung." The compound is not aristocratic. Nothing so suggests the idea of previous use. A plate of hash bears the impress "second hand" on the face of it. When Macbeth enquired, "What is that ye do?" the females unhesitatingly replied: "A deed without a name." Behold the definition of hash! And shall we be told that this is good enough for Academy boys, by those who are engaged in preparing *deeds without a name?* Do we seek locks of the compounder's hair through the medium of her compound? Can the blandishments of our landlady's daughter, atone for an outraged æsophagus? or that state of mind which prompts us to exclaim, at the sight of an inoffensive puppy, "To what *base uses* may *he* come, Horatio," or I should say, Bill? C. I.

THE MODERN NOVEL.

Never, in any stage of literature, has the world been so flooded with that species of literary work called the novel, as at present. Every press in this country and in the old world, is busy printing this kind of books. The more solid essay or historical work is neglected, and we see nothing succeed, in the literary world but novels. It is not our purpose, in this sketch, to disparage the novel. It reaches and has an effect upon a class of readers whom no other style of work would interest. Thus it is, that the novel is accountable for its influence, good or bad. If good, it may effect a radical change in society for the better, but if bad, for what misery, wretchedness and crime, is it responsible. But while admiring the effect which some novels have, we would express, in the strongest terms our condemnation on that style of novel which is written to a very large extent, at the present time.

We refer to what, if we may copy an expression from the slang of the day, can be called the "fast" books, and by this we do not mean the cheap works which are in circulation among the uncultivated, but works which reach, in their sphere a far more cultivated and enlightened class of society. But the influence of both is equally pernicious and corrupting. Pernicious, in that they lay the axe at the foot of many ideas which are essential to the well being of society, corrupting in that they sow broadcast through the world, the seeds of ignorance, vice and crime.

But perhaps we have been dwelling too long on the dark side of the picture. Every dark cloud has its silver lining, and our subject is no exception to the rule. While we look with distrust and anxiety on the effect of some works, we can but pause and look with admiration on others. Dickens, Thackeray, Irving, and a host of others, offer an inexhaustable fund of amusement, instruction and delight. One can hardly dwell on the sorrows of some of Dickens' characters without a tear, so powerfully does he draw upon the feelings. Then to him, more than to any one else, are due the reforms which have been brought about among the poor in England. How much we owe to Thackeray and his untiring efforts in behalf of reform in his country. There are many novel writers, the works of whom have had a good effect in moulding the manners and shaping the social system of the day. Far and wide, throughout the world, their works are read by a grateful public, and they receive the homage due to their great character and exalted position. An elaborate defence or account of these novels it is not in our power to give. But it is in our power to name some of the more worthy. The works of the great novelists whom we have mentioned, and many others, can be read with infinite zest and amusement. The only great novelists whom America has so far produced, are, in our opinion, Irving, Cooper and Hawthorne, and we could heartily commend them to any one desiring amusement mingled with intellectual improvement. In the old days of Greece and Rome, it was considered the greatest honor to obtain a civic crown, and in our modern times the unsuccessful novelist receives honors nearly as great. Witness the proof of this in the triumphs achieved by many modern authors on the publication of a successful work. We would mention one style of novel very extensively read by a class of readers. It is that species of nondescript, "neither fish, flesh nor fowl,'' which is known as "The Boy's Book." Now it may be very well to indulge in this species of book once in a while for change, but to read them continually and nothing else, is to pervert the taste and change the whole course of reading.

For gracious sake, my friend, if you want to read a novel get Dickens, Scott, Cooper, or somebody worth reading, but don't spend your time reading "Lightning Express," "Frank on a Gunboat," or something which has no character or individuality. As an example of what authors of this kind of work can do, we would mention a case of the most celebrated writer of boy's literature in the country. He has written not five, or ten, or twenty works, but fifty-two, and he is constantly writing. What deep thought, or fine delineation of character can we find in such works as this! Then there is another kind of work, with much more character, but equally foolish, which we may designate as "The Intense Love Story." Now the tender passion has been sung in all ages, and in all climes. Far be it from us to attempt to underrate it. Moreover, the best novels ever written, in our opinion, have been love stories, at least some of the most touching and effective. But in this class of books the scenes are made highly ridiculous by their intensity and passion, while the sensational points are brought out to their furtherest extent, indeed far beyond the bounds of probability, and the characters are often immoral in the extreme.

The effect of such books will be readily seen at the first glance, to be productive of unhappiness and many other pernicious results. Among the hosts of novel readers, there are many whose work can be read with great advantage, and how strange it is, that when these broad fields lie open to all, many should turn aside and seek the dark and noisome lanes where nothing of worth to the mind cares to linger. We choose to cull the flowers in pleasant meads of fiction and leave the rank and unhealthy weeds to die the death of cold neglect which they deserve.

S. B. W.

WOMAN.

Although woman is so physically constructed as to render the more tender and delicate offices of life her appropriate work, still this is no reason to suppose that she cannot perform those harsher and more laborious duties, which are generally assigned to man. We have no reason to suppose that because woman—woman

> "Whom God created with a smile of grace,
> And left the smile that made her on her face,"

has been made more delicately and less capable of performing the manifold duties of life; because she is not so constructed as to endure the trials and sufferings of the world, she cannot grace her sphere, and fill her niche equally as well as the other sex. And this supposition by no means justifies the illiberal and ungallant assertion "that her mental abilities are only equal to her corporeal energies." Because she is a *woman* is no reason why she may not occupy as high a position either in the world of literature or of art, as any of the sterner sex. We might, if it were at all necessary, adduce numberless instances to prove that this inference is false, and history would bear us witness, for its pages are full of woman's noble deeds and sacrifices; her generous and heroic devotion to the cause of liberty and freedom.

When affection for husband or children; the noble sentiments of true patriotism, or the presence of death, has awakened in woman that more than masculine firmness, both of purpose and of character, where can we look for more cool deliberation, more sagacious forethought, more wise counsel, more mature thought, more true heroism, than in woman.

The Holy Writ, the history of every civilized nation, and our own Revolutionary record, all exhibit, to use the words of an eminent author, "in their brightest hues, the moral excellences and unsubdued strength of woman." Woman's energy and character, and all the virtues that grace the female mind and heart, are illustrated by such names as Isabella of Castile, Joan d' Arc, Beatrice Cenci, Lady Jane Grey, Charlotte Corday, and Florence Nightingale;—names which stand forth, shining as brightly through the lapse of years, as their noble originals did, while they were living. What soldier of the Crimean war will not shower blessings on the head of Florence Nightingale? What one of those sick and wounded soldiers, who were blessed in having her for their nurse, can ever forget her soft step, her soothing words, her gentle touch? What scholar or what statesman will not bow at the shrine of such women as Lady Jane Grey or Queen Elizabeth? If any one doubts that as high and as finished scholarship does not exist in woman as in man, let him search the pages of history over and over again, and he will find but few men whose education and learning are on the same level with that of either Lady Jane Grey or Madame de Stael.

But a woman's abilities for the duties of life must be measured by her corporeal energies. If so, why not throw man's fitness for such duties in the same scale?

And to put it in another light, a woman's abilities are, and may be up to the high standard that we require that they should be. Poor, persecuted woman! If she stays at home and spins; sees that the hearth-stone is bright, the *candid* world says she is all right. But the moment that she becomes filled with a desire for something higher, a longing after something nobler, then the mere drudgery of an almost menial existence, then Mrs. Grundy draws up her skirts and shrinks out of the way when she meets her, as if she were contamination. A hue and cry was raised not long ago, when women were admitted to some of our medical schools and colleges. What did woman want to go to college for? We have enough college bred men now, but college bred women! Why the idea was perfectly absurd. Why, woman can never hope to cope with men in the study of Latin, Greek or Medicine. In those institutions into which women have been admitted as students, they have proved themselves to be apter pupils, with a greater capacity for learning, and a more retentive memory than any male member of the college in which they were. Why should not a woman have as good an education as a man? Why should she not be just as well fitted for the battle of life as man? Is it because she belongs to the weaker sex? Woman may be, and undoubtedly is the weaker physically, but mentally and morally, *never*. We don't believe in the divine right of man to rule over woman. There was and is a law in France, called the Salic law, which precludes woman from the throne. And taking that country for the last three hundred years, has there been a *man* who has occupied the throne, with two exceptions, whose reign has been as prosperous, or whose kingdom better governed than the kingdom of England, or the reign of the *woman* who now sits upon the throne of that country? C. S.

MILL AND HAMILTON.

The ideas of Plato, the monads of Leibnitz, the abstractions of Kant to the popular mind, appear quite as odious as the speculations of modern stock brokers. There is use and abuse in both cases, still no subject has a more important bearing upon the welfare of humanity, than the theories of metaphysicians. Never was there a time when this bearing was more direct upon ourselves than the present, and never have two men lived more fitted to be the very systems which they advocate, than John Stuart Mill and the late Sir William Hamilton.

The latter, Websterian, physically and mentally prepared, when asked on what books he would be examined, with confidence to answer "all books," penetrating subleties of philosophy, as did the light of his study lamp, "the wee sma hours ayont the twal" was well fitted to present with perfect precision a theory almost perfect. John Stuart Mill, though self-taught, is well informed. His thoughts are finely arranged, beautifully clear, and the degree of authority which his opinions command throughout Great Britain is the best illustration of the influence of philosophical speculation upon the masses.

The distinguishing feature between the two systems is found at the starting point. Theories of perception, cause and effect, the unconditions and so on are as much discussed, yet the position taken in respect to these depends upon the answer to the question, "Whence come our ideas, notions, beliefs?" Do we know nothing but by experience, or have we ideas springing from the original structure of the mind itself? One writer calls this the great watershed of philosophic thought and speculation in all ages from which adverse theories start upon their course toward widely distant oceans. By far the broader current sweeps toward the waters of idealism. On this side we find the sensational school, including Locke, Berkeley, and scores of others, with Mill at their head, deny all *a priori* truth, and derive all our knowledge from experience. On the other, the transcendental school, with a few bold writers, as Rich and Stewart, clearly declaring that we have ideas which transcend the limits of experience, and none more boldly than Hamilton.

Tracing them from this point of view, we find Mill launched into blank nothing, which obliges him to say, "Matter is the permanent possibility of sensation; mind a series of feelings, a running thread of consciousness, with a permanent possibility of the same." While Hamilton anchors upon consciousness, or more properly, common sense, and makes two discoveries, viz: That I am, that something external to me exists. This leads us to a third difference which is widened by a misunderstanding in language. As to the relativity of the knowledge they appear to almost agree, but when each gives his meaning for the term, Mill means one thing, Hamilton exactly something else.

How, in the very face of all his former statements, Hamilton could affirm that the idea of cause and effect is simply an inability of the mind to conceive an absolute commencement or termination. How, despite all reason, Mill can hold that only by experience do we learn that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, or that one course of conduct is right, and another wrong; how contrary to all common sense, either can say that we perceive through no sense aught external is difficult to determine. It is now, however, very plain that while Mills gives us, in the language of heaven, "a philosophy without first principles, a cosmology without a material world, a psychology without a soul, and a theology without a God," Hamilton has drawn out a structure at once so simple, so firm and so grand, but at the same time marred by one or two misguided blows, as to leave a lasting monument both to his soundness of thought, his immense erudition, and to the inconsistencies of philosophical speculation. From such defects may be traced many of the tendencies of modern science. Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil.

C. F. C.

MUSIC.

"Music," it is said, "hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but in contemplating this subject, we must know the origin of it and find wherein these charms are contained. Music, among those who were styled the chosen people, was a religious art. The songs from which we have reason to believe were in high repute, among the courts of the eastern monarchs, were nothing else but psalms and pieces of poetry that adored and celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest conqueror in this holy nation, after the manner of the old Grecian lyrics, did not only compose the words of his divine but generally set them to music himself; after which, his works, though they were consecrated to the tabernacle, became the national entertainment as well as the devotion of his people.

Music in this country is very rapidly extending itself. In all parts of England, singing classes have lately been formed for all grades of society, which promises to effect much for the promotion and diffusion of this delightful art. In fact, it is scarcely possible to enter a house in which we do not find some of its inmates proficients in music, and such is the fondness for the art that many are not satisfied with the *practice* merely, but devote themselves to the study of the principles of harmony, and the rules for musical composition. Music is the art of expressing the emotions of the soul by means of beautiful tones. In one sense, it stands *higher* than poetry and painting. It probably originated among the Jews, and among the Egyptians, too we find the clearest evidences of its cultivation as an art. From Egypt music was carried to Greece, where it was greatly cultivated. Music was transferred from the Greeks to the Romans, who, however, cultivated it but little, as they considered it an enervating art. It was not 'till the christian worship assumed a more refined and elaborate form that music arrived to any distinction. At the close of the 15th century, when the revival of letters and science created so great a sensation, then music came in for its share of improvement, and in this as well as in the fine arts, Italy decidedly took the lead of the rest of Europe. At the close of the 16th century, music began to be applied to the ballad, and still later to accompanying the chorus in theatricals; then, too, arose the opera.

Italian music has proved itself so superior that but few German and French masters have been successful in competing with it, and a fondness for it has been exhibited there, such as is hardly equalled in any other country. Also, the musical institutions and unions which have arisen in this country, contribute much, both to keeping up this fondness, and to cultivating the art in all its branches.

O. W. M.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

The Chinaman is among us. We see his bullet eyes and cue, hear the sound of his chop-sticks and listen to his pigeon-English. There are many of them, considering the limited advantages of immigration, and their numbers are constantly increasing. In view of this, and knowing that from 400,000,000 Chinamen, the loss of a few millions would hardly be felt, while the increase of this country's population by a few more millions would form a mighty power for good or evil. We are led to ask, ought the Chinese to be allowed to immigrate to America? It is my belief that we have no right to legislate to prevent their immigration, and that should they come, neither agriculture, manufactures nor commerce would suffer; while justice would be just as equitable, religion and education loose none of its power, and that our prosperity as a *nation* would be greater and more enduring.

In manufactures and agriculture, two leading vocations, the call is for *help*. Our native population is not sufficiently numerous to meet this ever increasing demand, consequently we are obliged to look over the boundary lines to learn where and how the appeals of our business men can be answered. For years we have depended upon German and Irish laborers to till our fields and weave our cloth, yet though thousands are coming every month, the supply has never equalled the demand. Therefore the manufacturer, turning his attention from Germany and Ireland to China, sees in this numerous and ancient people the solution to his problem. He causes the Chinaman to immigrate ; he employs him in mills, in shops, in stores, on wharves, on railroads and in mines. John works well and cheaply, satisfies his employer, and, in a word, develops the country's resources. He has not driven the shoemaker from his bench, nor the day laborer from the field, but all have enough to do.

One of our financiers has said that in the United States, the supply of laborers was never equal to the demand, for, though the supply may be ever increasing, owing to the greater demand, still the supply would never equal the demand, since both would increase in the same ratio. To prove this, we only refer to the spinning wheel and the cotton gin. And if this principle is true, then most certainly we have no right to prevent their immigration, but on the contrary, should welcome them as they approach our coasts. This talk of cheapening and degrading labor, that we hear so much about, is the same old cry of conservatism that has greeted every improvement from the days of Faust and Fulton until now.

Civilization and christianity can but rejoice at this flocking to our shores of these millions of Chinese. Coming, and remaining several years, meantime learning our trades and the customs of a civilized nation, then returning home, (for each one returns, dying in this country his remains are interred there,) what an opportunity is presented for the christianizing of 400,000,000 of heathen. Instead of forcing her harbors, and breaking down not only her great walls, but also the stronger barriers of prejudices and ignorance, they are rushing in resistless numbers to that land where the lamp of religion burns most brightly. And if we endeavor to prevent this coming, they have the same right to close their ports against all Americans. If we should say "clear out and stay away," they, with equal justice, can reply "there is no room for you in China." Yes, christianity and civilization demand that they should be allowed to voluntary immigrate to that land whose government is founded on the principle of "liberty to all." While it might be hard to prove that there can be one-half the risk of danger to our religious, or other institutions from the disciples and joss-houses of Confucius, that may reasonably be apprehended from the subjects and cathedrals of the Pope.

An impartial observer, looking over our country, would suppose that we could only welcome them. See vast and fertile prairies, only waiting for the plough, before they teem with a christian civilization; immense forests decaying, and no axe to fell them, and projects of internal improvement which fail of execution by the scarcity of laborers.

The Chinese will supply this very want, and by doing so, will develop the resources of the country and enrich her inhabitants. Then, truly, they should be allowed to come to this land, which has been greatly benefitted, not only by the immigration of all classes but also by Chinese immigration.

Those who pretend to be the working-man's friend, cry "*away with them; close our ports against them! never allow one Chinaman to set foot on our soil!*" But *welcome* is imprinted upon every fold of freedom's flag, as it waves above the National Capitol. *Welcome*, rings the locomotive as it climbs the Rocky Mountains, and snuffs the breezes of the Pacific coast; and Americans join in giving one heart-felt, soul-stirring welcome to the Chinaman.

C. F. T.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

As dreams are all in fashion now,
As dreamy visions are in coming,
As honest musings seem played out;
And only somnambulists bumming
Around, and seeing wondrous sights,
To our society are so becoming.
And these our palate ne'er surfeits,
Perhaps, indeed, you'll excuse me to-night,
And perhaps remark, "That I did quite right;"
In resolving my dreams and wonders to write,
And like Madam Weigell baveller,
The celebrated dream and fortune unraveller.
I'll lower my terms, and this is my offer,
Gentlemen fifty cents, and ladies a quarter
To see this "*mirror*" of life of mine;
To visit in *dreams* only this wondrous clime,
For otherwise *cutting to Lowell* of ancient time,
Can bring no good.
But only "blazes from Unk and "sol" itude,
So now we'll begin, and the curtain unfold,
With a rush eve'n to frighten a "supe" ever so bold;
That ever on Bowery stage did walk,
Looked Hamlets and Richards, who almost talked;
And that all for a quarter.
'Tis not progress I mean to write,
Nor yet of railroads and hillsides,
We had sufficient of that last night,
And should not always make our own plight,
A thing so amusing that it should seem right,
And life ne'er be looked at in its "*ill sides.*"

I'd been to Sharke's saloon the other night,
And under the guidance of Lou—
The chief assistant Soyer of that sweet boon,
Had an oyster stew;
And that stew and that beer,
And those grapes and that cigar,
Had made me feel so wondrous queer.
For not like the galley slave in Thanatopsis,
Who between you and me
Had been out on a spree,
And was rather "Brooms and Mopses;"
But I went to bed rather like Dear Margaret Daw,
Renowned for her liking for good clean straw:
(I mean not "Straw" of the Junior class,
We acknowledge the corn, and let it pass;)
But like excellent Margaret, I put on a good face,
And getting to bed with an excellent good grace,
Declared I had never seen such a good place;
And taking a sip of Nature's sweet restorer,
Became "inscensit vinumque sono," a regular snorer;
I dreamed a while in endless way and every style, and
Finally I was borne away to many a charming island,
I passed around dear Cuba's coast,
Around Jamaica's isle;
I sighted Hayti in my course,
I left Bahama's sandy pile;
I lighted around the golden gate,
I passed the Chinese horde;
I wanted much, but could not wait,
My dreams cried, "All aboard!"
But never did it seem like good old ancient times,
Until I landed upon the Sandwich Island climes;
But progress, with her onward stride,
Had changed that ancient coast;
Where savages had danced before,
And had "missionary roast;"
Had served up babies by the score,
Nicely devilled up with toast.

The meeting house now rose to view,
With a lightning rod and steeple ;
And traders, not in numbers few,
Who cheated all the people ;
Had planted now their " carpet bags " along the coral shore,
And man and woman stood and talked
Where cannibals had screamed and walked,
But twenty years before.
I like fashion of Dante well,
Who always has some " *ancient swell* "
Who is acquainted with the Ropes ;
Who meets you on a foreign strand,
And takes your carpet bag in hand ;
And shows you all around the land,
Although you are a landsman.
So I was met by a ghost of a chief,
Who, much to the missionary's final relief,
Had been transformed into very good beef ;
Without saying by your leave,
By another awful warrior ;
For this one had often butchered missionaries before,
Had killed the people by the score ;
And had done all this in view of his " maw,"
And amid various other acts,
Had roasted the missionary with his tracts ;
Until amid the various whacks
And horrible cracks,
With the war clubs and stone-headed axe ;
He had answered "Adsum," on the banks of the Styx.
So he led me along the " sandy " shore,
By the teaming surge and the breaker's roar ;
Past these schools, and past the door
Where sat the " Theologues " on the floor ;
Tearing their hair and breaking their jaw,
Making their facial muscles raw ;
In learning the terrible language.
He led me into a room of moderate size,
Where, much indeed to my great surprise ;

Were tables and desks and kerosene lights,
And people just like among the whites;
All squabbling, and each maintaining his rights,
While every one the other slights;
At the expense of all the order.
I started back in a terrible fright,
And begged the sable warrior quite
Out of his wits to set me aright;
And get me out of this terrible plight,
And he replied with a solemn air,
Running my carpet bag through his hair;
And thus replied, (minus gin, plus sobriety,)
It's the Callawalla-chow-chow Debating Society.
Oh ye Gods! as Cicero justly remarks,
Upon abusing Cataline for his larks;
At the house of Marcus Læca, M. C.
(Worcester! pardon me, if for rhyme,
We spell "senate" with c this time;)
In what part of the globe are we,
Here on the coast where but few years round;
They had done the missionaries all so brown,
But only meeting houses all appear;
Not only whiskey we have here,
But debating societies all in gear;
And running nightly around the year.
There sat the President in the chair,
There sat the secretary, with wide awake air;
You'd said he'd had a war club at hand,
Or at least a tomahawk or bag of sand;
To call the members to order.
But there he sat, quite pleasant and dignified,
And never any executive signified
Whether or not he ever spied
Any disorder on his side,
Nor stamping, nor howling nor any groan,
And pea-nut eating was quite unknown.
Then the critic he did not cut,
Though he cut up the members,

He filled his post and was all prepared,
Nor any of them stared to see this prompt attendance;
The debate was good—the subject new.
And Kahameha cut off Camecaboo,
And proved his arguments very few;
Were fewer in points, and none of them too
Good to hold the question;
And all of them got upon the floor,
But not one of them swore;
Nor was sent out of the door
For "disorder."
And when the debate was through,
And all talked about arresting
Kamehaha beat Camelaboo
By a majority of two,
"On the merits of the question."

Mr. Editor: I am alarmed. I began to be alarmed on the twenty-ninth day of last May, the date of the extensive fire, and my alarm culminated one day last week, when I was informed that the town of Andover had purchased grounds for a new cemetery. *Andover is progressing.* That fire was a successful and respectable affair. It would have done credit to any place. It was no miserable, insignificant sizzle and "fizzle," but a clean "rush." In a word, it was a progressive fire, such as all progressive towns boast of, and the marks of its progress are still manifest. These fires are evidences of the progressive spirit of the age, for their mission is to remove the old and imperfect structures, which are the remains of past days, that they may be succeeded by the improved structures of the present. So when I saw that Andover had begun one of these progressive movements I was alarmed, for I naturally supposed she would complete it by rebuilding, in improved style, all the structures destroyed. But this fear, it now appears, was unnecessary.

This excitement had hardly subsided, when it was announced that the town was about to purchase a steam engine. Here was another evidence of the presence of a spirit of modern progress in Andover. It is but just, however, to say that this spirit was not universal, and that there were some who thought there was no need of investing in a steam engine and running the town into debt. Andover had got along without one before, and there was no need of having one now because other towns had them, and found them useful and necessary; Andover should be above imitating others. These sensible people, however, were in the minority, and unable to prevent the extravagance. But this mania for improvement did not stop here. Soon it succeeded in placing a large fire bell on the engine house, such as are common in all ordinary towns, thus presenting another instance of that slavish imitation of customs of other places, which seems to be invading Andover. Even private capital has been sacrificed to this strange infatuation, and already two new stores have been built, and two more are fast approaching completion. The mania next manifests itself in the rebuilding of the Punchard High School, and its last and crowning triumph is the purchase of extensive grounds to be used as a cemetery. Now, in view of all these mysterious and inexplicable proceedings, I ask are there not just grounds for alarm? Indeed, I am in daily fear of hearing that side-walks are to be laid on all the principal streets throughout town; that the Academy clock is to be replaced by one that shall keep correct time; and that all the seats in the chapel of the Theological Seminary are to be cushioned. All these innovations on the regime of the "good old times" are so many manifestations of that progressive spirit of the age, which is in direct variance with all hitherto prevailing Andover ideas and opinions.

Unless this alarming tendency shall soon be checked, it will cause the complete destruction of Andover's identity. All the old and familiar sights and experiences of Andover life will be swept away, in the onward march of that innovator, Progress. The Andover of to-morrow will bear little resemblance to the Andover of to-day. Anticipating the course of events, I see her in her degraded condition. Her small and select number of business houses have been increased to a vulgar number; the peaceful quiet and calm independence characteristic to monopoly, have been succeeded by the tiresome noise and bustle of enterprise and competition; while in the places of those dignified and honorable dealers who always sold their goods at uniform prices, namely—exorbitant prices—stand men who have so degenerated from the high standard of their predecessors, that they deign to consider a sale which will yield a profit of less than ninety per cent. Where formerly students might be seen performing the weary ascent of "Zion's Hill" beneath the friendly shade of passing clouds of dust—kind risings of mother earth in their behalf, to shield them from old Sol's fierce rays—now are seen youths who struggle onward unbefriended by nature's wise provision, since modern progress, with its lumbering street sprinkler has overpowered nature's kind intention. And they, at whose bounteous hands the student's prayer for "daily bread" receives its overflowing answer — even they have changed, and through the influence of enterprise and competition — brothers of the innovator, Progress—have so degenerated, that, with unblushing audacity, they now placed before the famished student—not that old and well-tried promoter of vital energy, "hash," but the savory steak and chop. O! "this is the most unkindest *chop* of all." Spare me the further revelation.

What shall save Andover from this impending danger?

Yours,

PERPLEXITY PERKINS.

ANDOVER, *Sept.* 29, 1870.

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THE TWO CÆSARS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

In the proudest days of the old Roman empire, when her eagles were to be seen in every land, and her sails whitened every sea, the proudest, most regal title which could be given to any ruler was that of Cæsar. Whenever any man, by the force of his intellect, or by any means whatever, was elected emperor, he eagerly adopted this title, and judged it to be among the greatest boons which the empire could confer.

The days of Roman glory are gone by. That gigantic power, which overawed the world, is a thing of the past; but in our days there have been some rulers to whom this name could justly be given.

About one hundred years ago, in an obscure island in the Mediterranean, was borne one of those men, who, by their ability, have come to the front rank in the world's catalogue of mighty leaders. Of obscure parents, with his fortune to make, he came forth in the world, and by his power soon appeared before the eyes of the people. Aided at first by circumstances, he soon moulded circumstances so that they obeyed him and became his willing slaves. Ruled at first by others, in the end he made others kneel to him and yield him homage, however reluctantly they might consent. Despised in the beginning by crowned monarchs, before his course was run, he was united to the daughter of one of the proudest potentates. Read it as we will, his history appears more like the creation of some eastern fairy-tale than sober, truthful fact. Mighty by his power, ruling by the force of his intellect alone, he stands on a height in history which no one, either before or since, has ever approached.

While he stood at the summit of his power, and before fickle fortune had deserted him, there was born of the same race as himself, another man who was destined to occupy a high position in the world's annals. His position at his birth was far different from that of the man of whom we have just spoken. The first had to work his way up by his own efforts, the second was the child of a king. Equally different was he in temperament from his uncle. When misfortune came upon him, he disappeared entirely from the sight of men. How improbable it seemed that he would ever fill an imperial throne, and share in the deliberations of monarchs. He wandered to foreign countries, served in various menial employments, yet kept dreaming of his heritage all the while. We find him in America running foot-races for a wager, in England, walking as a common policeman in the streets, wandering, an exile, in German cities, without a dollar to pay for his next meal; despised, jeered at by the multitude, written about as "The Little Napoleon" but cherishing in his heart all the while visions of an empire which will be his some day, and a throne on which he will one day sit. In a little while we see him making efforts to establish himself on the throne which he thinks is his by right. He fails, fails miserably—things are not ready for him yet. Yet still, nothing daunted, he keeps on with the perseverance and tenacity which are his principal characteristics. His dreams are yet of a kingdom which he is sure will belong to him. At last—the time has come—Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France. The poor outcast, the London policeman, the homeless beggar, whose very native land refused him dwelling-place, is now Emperor of a great and powerful nation and fit to vie with any of the proud rulers who a little while ago would have refused him a passing glance. One of the foremost champions of civilization, he inaugurates great public works, makes rail-roads, canals, improves the condition of his people. For a long time he rules successfully and well, and then —what evil genius is it that prompts the family of the Napoleons, when at the zenith of their glory, to make some false step? Often successful in war, he thinks to be successful once again. With brilliant hopes and fine prospects he enters into war with another nation, and then "the nephew of his uncle," the second Cæsar, is emperor no more.

In a careful comparison of these two men, we see very little common to them both. It was intellect, power, energy, force of will, which gained for the first Cæsar his throne, and compelled men to bow before him as before a God. The only distinguishing peculiarity in the second is his wonderful perseverance. Both were good rulers. Let the opponents of the Napoleon dynasty say what they will, charge Louis Napoleon with being a perjurer, assasin, liar and thief, still this fact remains, his government was the best which France has seen for a long time. The people at home were more comfortable, their authority was more respected abroad, than under the rule either of the later Bourbons or of the Orleans dynasty. One thing was similar in the career of the two men. As their rise was sudden and brilliant, so was their fall terrible. In contemplating their career we are awe-stricken by the enormous intellect of the first, and we equally admire the perseverance of the second.

In the time to come it may be that a Napoleon will again sit on the throne of France, but whether or no, history presents to its dilligent reader, few more striking characters than the two modern Cæsars.

S. B. W.

FRENCH REPUBLICS.

Paris witnessed a strange sight Saturday night, September third, of last year. The news had gradually leaked out through a few of the hundred public journals, that a great battle had been fought, the French army defeated, and in one little "plebian line," far down in the list of dispatches, was this, "the Emperor has been made a prisoner." All Paris was alive. Here and there processions were formed, marching all the night long. It was not the triumph of a conqueror, returning laden with the spoils of war; neither was it like the heavy tramp of armed men, marching for the contest. But rather the onset of freemen, enslaved for twenty years. While a shadow in each countenance seemed to say, France is in danger; we rejoice with tears. But first exclaim all—"let us, Oh! my brothers, have the Republic, the long despaired of destiny; let us once more call it ours, before the eyes of all men; let us once more put on the Pheygian cap and raise the tricolor, and sing the Marseillaise." Onward it proceeds, and halts before the doors of the Assembly. Nothing is heard, save the yells of "*Decheance, decheance*," which it has been shouting ever since the news of the Emperor's capture. On the surrounding walls it is placarded in huge letters that the Republic has been formed by the Assembly vote of one hundred and eighty-three to one hundred and thirteen.

But it was the people who *proclaimed* it by an overwhelming majority. A Republican government was organized, while in the field the French soldier was suffering defeat, and the invincible Prussian army was steadily advancing toward the goal, cheered by singing "The Watch on the Rhine," and shouting the battle cry "on to Paris."

Slowly the autumnal months wore away, and the Committee of Defence were continually devising new means of protection, but each plan shared the fortune of its predecessor—failure. The Prussian lines are gradually narrowing about the city, till under its very walls the siege guns are placed, and the seventeenth bombardment of Paris commences. Well, the result is known. I need not tell you of the surrender—of the election of an Assembly—composed of four hundred monarchists, to three hundred of all other views, and of the probable re-establishment of the Orleans dynasty.

In the fall of the third French republic disappears for a long time, I think, the hope of a republican government. Thrice has the "Republic one and indivisible" been proclaimed. Thrice has she held this tribute, purchased with the blood of the good and great, only that again it should be torn away by ruthless slavery, cruelty, and selfishness. At each period have the attending circumstances differed. From 1788 to 1799 four distinct forms of government were organized in France. The Constituent Assembly, the Legislative Assembly, the Republic and Directory, follow each other in rapid succession. At length, by the falsehood of Robespierre, the selfishness of Murat, and the fanaticism of Danton, the grand old building of French liberty lay in shattered fragments on the very spot of its origin; but the architect is at hand who shall collect these divers elements, and mould them into a new fabric, but none the more calculated to endure.

Gradually did Napoleon, by his brilliant success, draw the attention of the people away from liberty to himself. He was to rule France. First consul for the short period of ten years, first consul for life, then Emperor, and the French sceptre hereditary in the Bonaparte family.

For forty-four years the voice of freedom is hushed; it is aroused by the general discontent at the undignified reign of Louis Phillipe, and the cry a "Republic" is again heard in the streets of Paris. One is organized, and for nearly three years France is free. Near the close of the year 1851, Louis Napoleon, who had been elected president of the ruling assembly, dissolves it, and calls upon the people to sanction his course. It is done by a a majority of millions. And Napoleon, known as the Third, becomes firmly seated upon the throne of his uncle.

For twenty-one years he has ruled France with iron rigor. All public and much private business was done under the direct supervision of his officers. The press was fettered. Public opinion restrained. He accumulated more power upon his shoulder than the sword of Philip Augustus, or the policy of Louis the Fourteenth could gain.

Ambition is a prominent trait of the Bonaparte family. It was more than could be endured to see Germany united, and a German prince on the Spanish throne. Jealous of the former, and to prevent the latter, ambitious for the same success as general that he had gained as ruler, he declares war against Prussia; but the presumed strength was wanting, and Napoleon's banners trailed. A captive to those upon whose bones he would have built an empire, and cemented it with the blood of Germans. Three times has a French Republic been promulgated. As many times it has failed. The causes of its failure are chiefly due to the ignorance of her people. True, she has produced notable thinkers and men of culture, but the greater part of the people are uneducated, immoral and degraded. Republics are formed in accordance with the characteristics or wishes of the majority, and as ignorance and immorality are leading factors in the composition of the French nation, then the republic itself would be established in ignorance and wickedness, under which circumstances it is difficult for a monarchy to remain firm, much less a republic. They are naturally fickle, unstable, changeable. Under an empire a republic seems a dream-land of peace and happiness, but when the empire is dissolved, and a republic instituted, results plainly indicate that to them at least, a republic is of the same "stuff that dreams are made of."

Political liberty is a great blessing, but to be for the public weal, and not for the public woe, liberal education, Christian morality and steadfastness to duty are wholly necessary, which the French people do not possess. Therefore, to maintain a republican government for any length of time, there must be a thorough reorganization of French society.

C. F. T.

A FABLE.

BY ÆSOP THE LITTLE.

In ancient times when beasts could talk,
When fish and fowl could reason,
When crimes were tried among the brutes,
From petty theft to treason,

It chanced that on a river's bank,
A flock of geese resided;
The age exact in which they lived,
As yet, is undecided.

But sure it is, they had their day,
To-day we have their story;
A tale as full of sham pretence,
As 'tis devoid of glory.

Like other geese, these had their faults;
Were vain and self-conceited,—
They thought themselves a favored race,
And wished to be so treated.

Of course this did'nt apply to all;
For some among their numbers
Were no more prone than other fowls,
To make egregious blunders.

It came to pass one summer night,
When all the heavens were gleaming
With twinkling stars, and o'er the earth
The full round moon was beaming,

That thirteen ganders from the flock
Assembled in convention,
Determined on a mighty scheme;
And this was their intention:

To make a law,—a rigid law,
  To keep the moon from shining.
They did'nt like the lunar orb,
  "Because" they said repining,

"She would'nt shine two days alike;
  And what was more surprising,
They never knew when she *would* shine,
  Nor yet her time of rising."

"And this is why," exclaimed a goose,
  His wings in anger flapping,
"That half our precious lives are spent
  In idle dreams and napping."

"Yes, yes," outspoke another bird,
  Whose tongue outweighed his learning,
"All things are made for ganders, sure;
  For us the world is turning."

"Then must we give our freedom up,
  With half our pleasures, and—er
Be nosed round by Madame Moon?
  No, —not if I'm a gander."

"That's where you'r right," hissed out a third,
  "The moon must leave the heaven;
She is'nt bright enough for us,
  Who in the sun have thriven."

"Her place must instantly be filled
  By some more brilliant planet;
An orb as brilliant as the sun,
  As stable as the granite."

"It is'nt right to vex our brains,
  As we've been doing lately,
In puzzling over moonish freaks.
  It racks our systems greatly.

"Accordingly I cast my vote
  For Madame Moon's resigning;
If she declines to acquiesce,
  And still persists in shining,"

"Why, then I vote to *send* her off,
  Regardless of her feelings;
For we have been perplexed enough
  With her eccentric dealings."

And so the worthies cast their votes;
  Each on himself relying,
And six resolved to let her shine,
  And seven to send her flying.

Of course the moon henceforth was doomed,
  But,—strange may seem the story,
She's run her orbit ever since,
  With undiminished glory.

MORAL(?)

C. A. D.

POLICY *versus* PRINCIPLE.

"*The brave man seeks not popular applause.*"—DRYDEN.

Popular opinion is a paradox. To day it manifests itself in applause; to-morrow in persecution. To-day propitious; to-morrow adverse. At this moment it is exhibited as a beautiful flower delighting us with its fragrance and form; at the next as a vindictive thorn. It lifts one man to the highest pinnacle of praise; it dashes another down to the depths of disdain. Haaman was hanged no less quickly than Mordecai was honored. The mind of the multitude is as fickle as fortune itself. The very men who waved palm branches, and spreading their clothes in the way, filled the air about Jerusalem with their hallelujahs, spit upon and buffeted the object of their enthusiastic devotion, and cried in their frenzied rage, "Away with him!" "Crucify him!"

A man seeking the applause of his fellows, and making that the prime object in his life, is like a ship off a lee shore. If the breeze of public favor die away, or the gale of unpopularity arise, he is sure to drift or be driven upon the cold unfeeling rocks of criticism and censure. He who panders to public opinion is listening to the sweet song of the sirens, beautiful creatures, but savage enough when once the victim is lured within their grasp. Better for such a one that, like Ulysses he should stuff his ears with wax and be deaf alike to the allurement and to his own praise.

Here is a man whom the people and the "king delight to honor." Has he faults? the public eye is blind to them. Is he unjust? The prejudiced public utters no protest. Does he a wrong? The public ear is deaf. The gaping crowd follow upon his heels. His word passes into a proverb. Sycophants lick the very dust before him. Kings and potentates feel honored if he but nod to them. He hangs suspended on a wave, which is the good opinion of the public. When that wave shall break, it may leave him high and dry upon the bleak and desolate shores of popular contempt and disdain, or in the trough of the sea, battered and overwhelmed in the gales of popular frenzy and hatred.

See the *wrecks* of true men drifting about at the mercy of wind, wave and weather,—martyrs they are to policy. They have curried to the favor of their fellows and now they are ragged, storm-beaten hulks, rudderless, crazy crafts. And yet we do not have to look a thousand miles away to find men with this very end staring them full in the face, striving and seeking with all their powers after this very object—popular applause. They well know that the man who adopts a politic course of action, builds upon a slippery foundation.

We placed at the head of this article that noble sentiment "The *brave* man seeks not popular applause." None but a coward stifles his own sentiments. The greatest moral cowardice is to be afraid to let others know what you think. To lose your own individuality, is to lose yourself.

It has been truly said that "The popular man is little better than a common prostitute to fame and to the people." He is as many-sided as a circle, and as many shaped as a kaleidescope. He has a side and a shape for everybody. He is religious with the parson, jolly with a joker, and sober with the deacon. He is honest when he thinks it is the best policy, and a swindling cheat when he thinks any thing is to be made by it. He follows the public mind. In times of general excitement, he is excited; in times of apathy, he is indifferent. He is a true thermometer, testifying to the public heat and cold, and like the barometer, he is an excellent exponent of the public weather. His decisions are like the ancient Delphic responses, always capable of a double construction. Nobody relies on him in a crisis and the young man never goes to *him* for advice.

But on the other hand, how is it with the man of high and steadfast principle? His thinking is not done by proxy. It cannot be told by his conversation this morning who was his bed-fellow last night. His character has not been cast in another man's mould. He has but one side, and that is his best, his true side. With him there is no trick or deception "behind the scenes." He shines with one light. His salt has not lost its original savor. He is honest not because it is the best policy, or to gain the confidence of his fellow-men, but from motives of *right* and *duty*. He has his own opinion on every subject, not the opinion of prejudice, but the unbiased opinion of judgment. He seeks for truth and when he has found it, *acts* it, regardless of what people may say of him. No double meaning attaches to his decisions. He is a man "to tie up to."

What a contrast then do policy and principle present. Policy is the flitting sunbeam, principle the steady glow; policy brings its reward in a bright flash like a meteor—and it is gone! Principle shines bright eternally like the sun. Policy is dangerous, principle is safe; policy is entangling, principle is a plain guide; policy is slippery, principle is firm; policy is a quagmire, principle is a rock: policy is the resort of knaves and cowards, principle is the fortress of the wise and brave.

In carying out our parallel between policy and principle, we have not meant to imply that men should have no respect for what others think of them. To teach this, would be to subvert principles which underlie all morality and virtue. Ambition is not always an ignoble motive, but it is a powerful and a dangerous one.

The very men who affect to despise fame are not insensible to ambition. Cicero says, in his oration for the Poet Archias, that "Those very philosophers, who write in their books about despising glory, write their own names in them; thus, in that very respect, in which *they* pretend to despise fame and celebrity, they wished to be praised and named themselves."

But we wish to show the *danger* of a politic course of action. "To be up in a balloon," presents fewer dangers to the æronaut than do the freaks of popular feeling to the politic man. Insurance companies would make more at issuing policies on dashboards, behind Spanish mustangs, or the lives of Chinamen in San Francisco, on Mississippi steamboats, or even trains on the Hudson River Railroad, than insuring the success of a man who depends on the people; for if popular applause is easy to get, it is hard to hold. A very little *gas* will blow a very beautiful bubble, and a very little honest breath will burst it; the existence of the brilliant bubble is as certain as that of popular favor.

"Mahomet left Mecca a wretched fugitive; he returned a merciless conqueror." The two great Napoleons commenced their careers in a palace; they both end them in a dungeon. Such freaks make fortune frightful. But what avails our balance sheet? Will infatuated men any the less chase this flying phantom through an endless bank of mist. It has been said that "The thief fears the officer; the debtor the creditor; the artist the critic; the criminal the judge; *everybody* public opinion."

All men who have challenged the genuine *respect* of the world, have been men of high and steadfast principle. Some have pleased with wit, enchanted with beauty, been admired for elegance, have amazed with the brilliancy of their genius, provoked the huzzas of the populace with their eloquent harangues; but eloquence, wit, beauty, elegance and genius combined never won true respect, but when coupled with principle. Then hear the conclusion of the whole matter; it is to every man's *interest* to have *principle*.

J. H. C.

✓ CHANGE.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

One of the chief elements of change is ceaseless activity. Nowhere will you find rest. The seasons change, the atmosphere moves, the ocean surges from shore to shore, earthquakes compel mother earth to swallow whole cities and heave up an equal amount of land upon which to build again. Planets revolve upon their axes and swing round the sun as a common centre. All is activity. Everything is teeming with life, from the drop of water containing myriads of animalcules, to vast worlds inhabited by human beings. It is a well known axiom of natural philosophy that nothing is destroyed or annihilated; the same number of atoms exist to-day as ages ago, only in a different form. Accordingly, what we term death, is simply a transition from one state or sphere of action to another. The death and decay of one age furnish nutriment and materials for future ages; or in other words, death is essential to life. What vivid illustrations of this fact do we not see every day? Behold the vast droves of cattle, sheep and swine daily driven to the slaughter-house, that we may live, What numberless fowls, beasts of the forest, birds of the air and fishes of the deep, yield up their lives yearly, that we may enjoy the comfort and luxuries of life. Look at the Pacific Ocean crowded with islands and coral reefs, miles in extent, which, upon uniting in the ages to come will form a new continent for unborn nations. Think of the many brave men who sacrificed their lives that thousands might enjoy the blessed light of freedom. We also observe marked examples of transformation in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. The trees of the forest, the plants and grasses of hill and vale, are nourished by the growth and decay of previous years. The load of hay claims the acorn as one of its numerous ancestors; for first the grass receives strength from the ashes spread upon the land, the ashes came from the oak wood upon the fire-place, the wood from the oak, and that from the acorn. Thus, also, will it be found in the mineral kingdom. A writer has said, " Every rock in the desert, every boulder on the plain, every pebble by the brook-side, every grain of sand on the sea-shore is replete with lessons of wisdom to the mind that is fitted to receive and comprehend their sublime import." That the vegetable, mineral and animal kingdoms are intimately connected is shown by another writer, who says that "The plant is made of the mineral, and the animal consumes the plant and returns to the earth, again to enter into new combinations." But countless as these combinations are, it is an interesting fact they all have a common origin in a few simple elementary substances, the most important of which are oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen. These, by the influence of those great chemical agents, heat, light, electricity and other causes, unite with each other and form the bulk of what we see around us. What striking contrasts do we not perceive; for instance, the diamond which sparkles and glistens in the palace is composed of exactly the same material as the charcoal which glows upon the hearth-stone of the poor man. What a beautiful lesson is thus taught us! that the same good qualities ofttimes are found under a rough exterior as beneath the polished surface. By the action of these chemical agents and the union of the elementary substances, what remarkable changes may occur even in a short space of time. Perchance the zephyr which fans the flushed cheek of the southerner may sweep across the country and level coliseums in its mad career.

The sparkling water which allays our thirst, may be the hostile element which a few days ago contributed to swamp the ship freighted with our friends and relations. The ocean is scooped up in the form of vapor or clouds, and borne inland upon the wings of the air, to descend again in the shape of the dew or gentle shower, thereby refreshing the earth, and then speeding on its way toward the sea. By this process who shall say how many times the Mississippi or the Amazon may not have flowed down their courses? Or how many times the Gulf of Mexico and St. Lawrence may not have changed places. But the most interesting feature of all this transition is, that the present is a perfect index of the past; for as the same number of atoms exist to-day as in the beginning, the history of the world may be said to be engraved on every atom. "Where is the dust that has not been alive?" Were we to follow an atom back through the labyrinth of ages, would it not lead us into every imaginable phase of life, from the depths of the ocean to the summits of mountains, from the hut of the poor man to the palace of the king? Perchance the pen of the historian is composed of the atoms which took an active part in the very deeds which it is recording. "Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of *change*." And from the apparent imperishability of matter, we will glean the sublime lesson of the immortality of the soul, and exclaim with Dr. Young, "Can it be,—

> Matter immortal, and shall spirit die?
> Above the nobler shall less noble rise?
> Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
> No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
> Imperial man, be sown on barren ground,
> Less privileged than the grain on which he feeds?"

A POEM ON THE DEATH OF DR. TAYLOR.

BY THOMAS RAFTERY, CLASS OF '61.

Hush! brother classmates, hush!
Stand gently to one side;
Here come the old Alumni,
From regions far and wide.

They loved the form before them;
They're weeping as they gaze;
They know how much we've lost,
Those boys of other days.

With their's we'll join our sorrow,
Our tears with their's combine;
There's many a heart to-day,
That mourns in "*No.* 9."

Oh, do not call it weakness,
  Affection's tears will flow;
The Phillips Boys are thinking
  Of the days of long ago.

We feared him, and we loved him,
  This "Uncle" so austere;
The very soil he trod upon,
  Henceforth, to us, is dear!

Our friend and father fallen!
  Our great preceptor low!
There's nought but gloom around us,
  Our hearts are filled with woe.

Then gather, classmates, gather,
  And take a last fond look;
No more we'll see our teacher's face,
  Bent gravely o'er his book.

The final "pause" is spoken,
  The last "sufficient" said;
The guardian of our younger years,
  Is numbered with the dead.

He did his duty nobly,
  He has gone to his reward;
There, angel spirits welcome him,
  To the glory of the Lord.

Farewell thou friend and scholar!
  Thy Boys are standing near;
Ten thousand times more hallowed,
  Are these shades already dear!

Thy labors now are ended,
  Thou'rt entered into rest;
Thou'lt welcome us hereafter,
  In the mansions of the blest.

REFORMERS.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

Disraeli says: "Brains every day become more precious than blood; you must give men new ideas, you must teach them new words, you must modify their manners, you must change their laws, you must root out prejudices, subvert convictions, if you wish to be great." That is the true idea of greatness, and from the few great ones who have lived, we take the names of those who have instituted great reforms, and place *them* high above the rest. The reformer is the man of his age. History is glad to honor him, and points with pride to his achievements, while it rebukes the harshness of the age that misjudged and persecuted him.

We are glad to know that Socrates and Plato lived to do so much towards correcting the faults of their times, but we give the proudest place in all history to Jesus Christ, because He was the great reformer, and all subsequent true reforms have sprung from His teachings, and a desire to raise man nearer to his God. Although the reign of Charlemagne was a bloody one, yet we are glad that he lived in the dark ages, to keep alive the flickering spark of learning and religion. Luther, Calvin, Huss and Wickliffe, will always live with the history of the Reformation that convulsed Europe in the 16th century; the church is never weary of repeating their names, and telling of the great work which they did when they contended for the principle that the Bible should be given to all, and that the object of Christianity is to elevate and ennoble all men, and not a select few. Progress has had its enemies from the days of our Saviour to the present time, and we find, that the reformation that is useful to mankind is that which is not considered so, when it takes place. Whenever a reform is brought forward, there are always some to cry out against "this taking away of old landmarks," establishing dangerous precedents, &c. Now, these narrow-minded souls forget that we owe all our Civilization and Christianity to these "crazy reformers," men who have been so filled and permeated with a principle, that they have devoted their lives to it, who have sacrificed feelings, reputation, and often even life itself, to what they believed to be the cause of God and Humanity. These men create public opinion, and lead the public mind, and they are often found far in advance of their age. Take the abolition of American slavery for instance; now, those who so nobly contended for this were in advance of the times, for it was only after we had been scourged by war that we were willing to see the enormity of the crime of slavery. What a source of satisfaction it must be to such men as Phillips, Garrison or Whittier, to know that they have been instrumental in bringing about the greatest reform of the century. Each has made this principle his life-work, and they have seen Justice rise triumphant, through storms of calumny and hatred, abuse and persecution.

During the last ten years, the world has made some grand history. Russia sent a thrill of joy through the whole universe when she abolished serfdom. The Emancipation Proclamation was not confined to America. Spain answered by destroying slavery in Cuba, and the terrible system is now in such a tottering condition in Brazil, that we may soon expect to hear the joyful news that shall proclaim another victory for freedom.

The Golden Age has not yet begun, and reform is needed everywhere; in politics, the bar, the judiciary, the civil service, and in morals. In the South Seas there is a jelly fish, which resembles a great mass of seaweed; it has arms thrown out in every direction, which, as they sway to and fro, look like harmless bits of seaweed, but let a fish or an insect but touch one of them, and quick as a flash, it disappears in the jaws of the monster. Now, the Devil has sent out his arms all over this fair land, in the shape of intemperance, and how few escape when once the arm is about them; the monster has destroyed some of the brightest minds of this nation. This temperance question may be a hackneyed one, but broken hearts and homes made more than desolate, are making strong appeals, and if there ever was a time when reform was needed *that* time is upon us now. How natural it is to find ourselves thinking of "old John Brown," when we talk of reformers. He whose death furnished the Marseillaise of America. When we look at the glorious results which have followed his death, we are ready to accept these words in their fullest significance—

> "Not all in vain is the lesson taught,
> That the great souls dream is the world's new thought;
> And the scaffold marked by a death sublime
> Is the throne ordained for the coming time."

A NEW SCHOOL.

Time is a sure criterion! The labor of Walter Scott, Bronte and Thackeray in gradually converting the readers of little Miss Burney's weak novels, and the efforts of Richardson, which though the admiration of our grandfathers, cannot be tolerated by our age, has been easy. Elbowing out Tristam Shandy, and promoting Thackeray and if in the transformation losing a little broad humor, with a full recompense both in freshness and style, has been a labor participated in, to a great degree by the Public School, and by the general advent of woman to her true sphere in letters. Yet in strange contrast the labor of the Humorist has been Herculean in even obtaining a recognition for the Humorous in literature. Notwithstanding Farquar, Fielding, and Van Burgh, the real recognition of the humorist has only taken its rise under the Hanoverians, and hard enough was its progress—continually sneered and jeered at by the more tragic writers, who on the other hand readily admitted such arrant scribblers as Gregory Lewis and yet hardly pardoned Fielding for his humor, while all Grubb street, good, bad and indifferent, persistently frowned down Theodore Hook and Coleman, and shook their heads when Horace Smith attempted both the humorous and brokerage. Well they did acknowledge that Charles Lamb was a very fair clerk. But Thomas Hood gained the crowning triumph when he proved conclusively that he could write the pathetic better than the humorous, and thus with patience worthy of Sisyphus, Hood, Thackeray and John Leech, were finally recognized by the world of letters as successful humorists. Impudence coupled with wit has been always popular in England; true humor and pure wit but lately. In America however, the humorist has by far taken the lead of his more austere brother if not in merit, at least in popularity. Of late it has been a matter of query why it seems impossible for a comic periodical to succeed with us while the "London Punch" "Judy" and "Tomahawk" are so successful. Is not this a query easy of solution? There is too much ambition among our humorists; they are not content to co-operate; none are satisfied "to be second in Rome." Yet when assured of success if they should league together, blinded by egotism, they are constrained to struggle along single handed. While the majority of the later American authors are content either to paraphrase or imitate their more experienced brethren, the humorist has at least the merit of attempted originality. Their earlier struggles have been weak, and their school presented but little merit for commendation; but later as their ranks became swollen, competition has naturally arisen, and in consequence a higher order of thought and expression has originated. Their name is legion, each who seems to arrogate to himself the leadership of this new school. John Phœnix, Sam Slick, Mortimer Thompson, Josh Billings and many others, are all most successful types of this class. By the former two, but little praise can be merited; their efforts are in general, forced and unnatural. Although here and there one strikes upon some flash of wit which barely rescues them from total condemnation. In Josh Billings we confess we can neither see the index of originality or wit. As far as we can ascertain, his claim to the title of humorist is based upon his peculiar orthography, (which by the way he has stolen from Artemus Ward, who committed theft in his turn upon Thackeray's "Jeames") and to his dry sayings, which the most prejudiced admirer can only flatter as quaint, and his brightest sayings if but carefully analyzed will be found to be paraphrases from trite proverbs disguised in poor orthography and slang. We feel for him. He is continually conversing through his nose. Charles F. Browne is pre-eminently the man whose efforts have tended to elevate his class, and rescue them from absolute weakness and twaddle. Though evidently his idea of torturing his orthography was stolen from Thackeray, and many of his jokes became weary from constant repetition, yet there was in him a keen perception of the humorous and ludicrous, while his efforts are rarely blotched by coarseness of incuendo. We cannot but regret that he could not have lived to produce any efforts of a maturer mind. Yet he stands head and shoulders above all his rivals. Mark Twain has but made his appearance recently, and has at once proved his superiority to all his predecessors. Neither depending upon poor orthography or modern slang, he has more wit than humor, and more refinement than all his older brethren combined. His only book, with the exception of a few sketches collected under the name of the "Jumping Frog" (in which by the way he was very successful) is "the Innocents abroad" which in some portions is intensely funny; but in other portions we are pained, and sympathize with him, as he seems to be upon the constant mental rack to say something funny. There is a slang phrase which expresses our idea of Mr. Clemmens; and we don't know as we can give the idea more clearly in any other way. He is simply "running himself out." Contributions to periodicals regularly, book writing and lecturing, will prove almost too much for any one, and are rapidly showing this to be a truism in his case. He attempts all things, not content with doing a few things well. They cannot increase his reputation, although they may his notoriety. Mr. Bret Harte gave forth his first book to the world about four years since, in the shape of a few modest essays, which though marred by some faults, yet showed brilliant fancy and graceful language. In the same book he published a few imitations of the famous novelists of the day, in which the Pupil Harte has surpassed the Master Thackeray—his imitation of Dickens in particular being the happiest effort in power of analysis and beauty we have ever seen. His "Heathen Chinee" we all know by heart, with its sarcasm and power. In his later work, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," he has dwarfed all his previous efforts and produced the finest examples of the pathetic as well of the humorous published for many a day. His faculty for painting a picture in few words is most remarkable. His poems in dialect are in a totally new phase and a happy one; while the story of "Tennessee's Pardner" clings to us all by its beauty and simplicity. If he has a fault it is that of unconscious imitation which has elbowed itself into place where the writer seems least to intend it. He is the finest humorist, and bids fair to be the greatest master of the pathetic future of America. Humor rests in his hands, plastic to his touch. May he rival Dickens in the pathetic, and Thackeray in the ironical. Can there be a higher wish?

A. F. J.

INDIVIDUALITY.

In our estimation of men and things, we are too apt to overlook the important bearings of individuality. We forget that upon this characteristic alone are based all our judgments and criticisms; that upon it depends all that we enjoy through the medium of the senses.

In our daily communion with Nature, we learn that she makes no two things exactly alike; the flowers are not all roses, nor are the trees all cedars; there is but one Niagara and one Vesuvius; other cataracts and volcanoes exist to be sure, yet they resemble each other only in their obedience to general laws; mountains and valleys, forests and prairies, seas, lakes and rivers diversify our earth, and in the endless variety we find an endless enjoyment, for the eye never tires of it.

So with the ear; the purling of the brook, the ocean's solemn roar, the rustling of the pines, the robin's piping notes, in short, the thousand tongues with which Nature is continually speaking to us proclaim the individuality of sound. Harmony itself depends upon it, and without it there could be no music, for music is but the blending of individual tones.

Again, does it not appear as we look over the human race, and note the wonderful variety of form, feature and voice, the marked difference in character, taste and feeling, that the Creator designed man to be both physically and mentally individual?

Few, however, since Adam's day have apparently fulfilled this design; the race from the beginning seems to have been well satisfied if the age in which it lived happened to produce even a score of eminent men; while the great hosts of humanity have been content to bury their talents, comforting themselves with the foolish belief that *all* are not born geniuses.

To call him a genius who outstrips us in the race, is no doubt consoling to our self-conceit, nevertheless it is ruinous to all success in life; and he who allows himself to be thus consoled, seldom if ever makes a mark in the world. With a few exceptional cases, the race is inclined to indolence, rather than industry; hence it is, that the fearful prevalence of ignorance is indicated by the amount of patient, unremttting toil necessary in the acquirement of knowledge. Underlying, however, this inclination to ease and apathy in the human family, is a vein of commendable pride, which tends to make man both ashamed of his intellectual standing, and anxious to render an excuse for it; and so, thousands, who, but for their inactivity and non-applicotion, might, to-day, weild a mighty influence for good, are solacing themselves with an imaginary picture of what they would have been, had the gift of genius been theirs, or had their circumstances been different. Still others, for the same reason, are secretly cherishing the hope that some unprecedented stroke of good fortune will some day place them among the ruling spirits of the world.

Even a cursory glance at the character and habits of great men ought, at once and forever, to dispel this vain idea of born genius and mushroom intellectuality; great minds, like giant oaks, attain to their fullest developement only by the constant use of those elements of growth which Nature has provided. Admitting the fact—for, doubtless, it is a fact—that all men are not equally endowed with the mental faculties, the man of fewer endowments is no less reprehensible for neglecting to make the most of his talents, than he would be, were all men created on an intellectual par. Just here, then, individuality bespeaks itself; and the overlooking or undervaluing of this important element in the character, is, without doubt, the secret of so many life failures.

Minds are as diverse as faces, and it may safely be affirmed that each mind contains within itself the germ of something hitherto unheard of, which, if discovered and wisely nurtured, will place its posessor in the front ranks of usefulness. Happy is that man who finds this germ; and happier he who understands both how and when to use it to the best advantage! Such men may well be called geniuses; and as their number increases, the pulpit will have fewer sermonizers and more true preachers; the bar fewer blockheads and more lawyers; while the other professions and callings will be filled by those who have, not merely a love, but an adaptation for their work.

Originality will be a plant less rare, for its lack is alone due to our neglect in utilizing these individual traits in our characters. To be original is to be individual; and he who would startle the world with new ideas, has only to bear this fact in mind and act accordingly. So much for the theory.

And now the question arises: why is it that the ages have given to the world so limited a number of original thinkers, writers, and speakers? Why are powerful intellects the exception rather than the rule? In answer to the question, many reasons could be advanced, but they would all probably hinge upon this single tendency of the race, namely: a disposition to imitate, rather than to originate. Our natures are like sponges, ready to absorb whatever is absorbable; hence the manners, habits, and tastes of those with whom we are daily associated, have an incalculable influence in the moulding of our characters; we have an irresistable desire to make those qualities which we admire in others a part of ourselves. This is all very well to a limited extent; but when we indulge this propensity to the neglect of our own peculiar traits, we lose our individuality, and become nothing more nor less than human apes.

The world will never see but one Charles Dickens; and they who strive to imitate his style of thought and expression, hoping to obtain fame thereby, will fail utterly and deservedly. Luther, Napoleon and Webster were all great men in their several spheres; but it would be worse than useless for us to endeavor to make their lives our pattern.

If we would bear the stamp of genius upon our brows, and stand high among our fellow-men, we must assert our own individuality, stand upon our own foundation, and imitate the great spirits of the world only in their indomitable energy and untiring perseverance.

C. A. D.

OBITUARY.

Samuel Harvey Taylor, LL. D., Principal of Phillips Academy, died January 29, 1871.

"We miss him."

Among so many marks of appreciation and respect, let us by no means neglect to render our humble, heartfelt tribute to that tender, earnest, godly friend who is not, "for God took him." Was he not tender? Do you point to the stern command, to the bitter penalty, to the keen rebuke, and ask, Is that tenderness? Surely it was. Ay, more, the sternest command, the severest punishment, the sharpest reproof bespoke the greatest devotion to our welfare; for knowing full well the short-lived resentment they might enkindle, he felt far more deeply than we our shortcomings and our neediness. Yet what unfaithful one could take offence when told "There are breakers ahead!" Who of us feels as he ought that "This life is earnest"? His was a life of constant, cheerful toil to cultivate manly principles, and his greatest surprise was that he found so many boys who would not become men.

But far above intellectual worth or outward morality he esteemed that "good name" which "is rather to be chosen than great riches," and a Christian zeal in which he was so ardent.

To teach Christ, his latest favorite trust lay with his boys, and though deprived of the direct influence of such instruction and example, let us not forget that most touching hour of his life so vividly described to us as spent in Gethsemane, nor his almost final supplication for us to gain the Saviour's highest compliment, "He hath done what he could." C.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

EDITORIAL.

Gentlemen of Philo:

The past term has been an eventful one in the annals of Phillips Academy. And it is with unfeigned reluctance that we take up our pen to write, for we have to chronicle the death of our loved instructor, Dr. Samuel H. Taylor. He died as he was about to open the Biblical exercise, surrounded by his scholars, and at the post of duty. What grander death could any man die? The feelings of his pupils can better be imagined than described. At first, utter bewilderment, then, when the fact became clear that their teacher was no more, deep sorrow grew upon them. The news of his death cast a feeling of gloom upon the community. And how could it do otherwise? All felt that a good man had gone to his final resting place. The cheering word, the thoughtful face, the kind presence, were seen for the last time. His form, familiar to us all throughout our presence here, is gone forever, but his memory will long remain in the hearts of his pupils.

His funeral, which occurred on Thursday, February 2d, was attended by a large concourse of friends and admirers. Members of the Alumni, fellow teachers, and great numbers of distinguished men from all parts of the country, followed his body to the grave. His loss will long be felt, and it will be hard to find a man who can so well fill his place in the community.

Owing to peculiar circumstances, Philo has not been so successful this term as in the past. The lectures given by the students of the Theological Seminary, have occurred on the same evenings as the meetings of the Society, and thus have interfered with its business. However, the debates have well brought out the talent of the Society, and as a general thing, have been well supported. We notice, among some members, a tendency to absent themselves from the meetings whenever they have to perform a part. A member should at least care enough for the interests of the Society to procure a substitute if he wishes to be absent.

The lectures given by James Parton, on "One Hundred Years

Ago;" R W. Emerson, Wm. H. Parsons. Wendell Phillips, and Rev. Mr. Chapin, have drawn well filled houses, and elicited well deserved applause. The subjects which they treated of, have been so skillfully handled that it would be folly in us to attempt to criticise them. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club was heard by a large and appreciative audience which was delighted with the music that they so liberally dispensed to all lovers of melody.

The readings by Prof. Churchill, have been a decided success. The great talent which he evinces in all elocutionary exercises, was never brought out to better effect than in the readings which he gave before delighted audiences. The wit and humor of "Handy Andy," the touching pathos of "Dombey and Son," were very finely treated by Mr. Churchill.

Our usually quiet town has been visited once this term by the fire-fiend. On Jan. 29, the same day which was rendered memorable by the death of Dr. Taylor, at about five in the afternoon, fire was discovered in the stone mill, owned by the Smith and Dove Manufacturing Co. Owing to the depth of the snow, (it had been snowing all day,) it was some time before any engine could be got to the spot, and the fire had gained considerable headway. The "Phillips," for a long time bore the brunt of the battle, since the town steamer, owing to some mishap, was useless. The way in which the boys worked, was, on following day, the theme of universal commendation.

Since the death of Dr. Taylor, the recitations of the senior class have been conducted by Mr. George H. Taylor, and those of the first middle and first junior, by Mr. Eaton, of the Theological Seminary.

In the first part of the term an association was formed, called "The Phillips Reading Room," for the purpose of putting in the reach of every one the leading periodicals of the day. We are happy to say that it has prospered. The association has a room, furnished by the Trustees, where nearly all our leading papers and magazines are on file. It is open to all, and at any time, out of study hours, can be visited by its members. The advantage to the school, of such a room as this, can be seen almost at a glance. It places at our disposal the best current reading matter of the day, and enables us to see the position of the out-side world, beside giving us a fund of valuable information on almost every subject. The enterprise cannot be commended too highly.

In conclusion, gentlemen, we hope you will pardon whatever omission we have made, and that Philo in succeeding terms will again rise to her old standard.

√

"RE BELL."

Oh, the night it was dreary and funereal,
And the skies they were heavy and blear;
Then the town it was quiet and ghost-like,
Then the Academy lonely and drear;
And the members thronged about, host-like,
To the Society Meeting so dear;
And the members now do appear,
And the Prex is just "up on his ear."

Oh, then was the stillness and darkness,
And then was the moment for crime;
Ah, then was the last passing hour,
The clapper had rung its last chime;
Had rung then its last "Runic Rhyme,"
Had ceased now for the last time;
And the Bell stood alone in its starkness,
And of a sudden commenced to decline.

Unconscious, and unmindful of evil,
Came the Janitor into the room;
Ah, then 'twas the time of that stealing,
Of that stealing out into the gloom;
Of that sneaking out of the room,
When those wretches went carelessly reeling
For sealing that poor clappers doom;
N'er their errand direful, revealing,
Their errand of guilt and of gloom.

Then they climbed up the lonely staircase,
  Up the staircase so dreary and long;
Their steps were so soft and cat-like,
  Those trembling wretches of wrong,
Those criminals of the "Bong-Tong;"
  And they went up the ladder so rat-like
To hush the old clappers song;
  While their accomplices innocent sat like
Iniquity Members, haters of wrong.

Then they clambered out of the tower,
  And clung to that rope ladder so stout;
And they seized that poor clapper so boldly,
  And it with their wrenches tore out,
And the miscreants threw it about;
  And maltreated that clapper so coldly,
They, tears out of metal "rung" out;
  Tears actually real, and no doubt
Of their realness since "tearing" will bring tears about.

Down that staircase so lonely and drear,
  Ran they, leaving the bell useless and empty;
Like most of *some bells* do appear,
  Now, we don't allude to our *dumb bells*,
Nor any kind of gymnasium gear,
  Leaving the bell with no clapper near;
Taking, aye—stealing that clapper so dear;
  Bearing unlawfully, taking and stealing,
T'will so in the *warrant* appear.

Then long life to the bell and the clapper,
  Though separated and forever apart;
May this incident teach us a lesson,
  A lesson for every true heart;
That each must perform his part,
  And our duties are none the less pressing;
Because we can't take them apart,
  And I'll tell you there's no use a guessing,
Though the faculty's ever so smart.

A. F. J.

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SCIRE EST REGERE.

ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

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"DANGER AHEAD."

Were you ever sitting in a railroad car, whirling along at the rate of forty miles an hour, when the train ran over and exploded one of those torpedoes, which the switch tender had placed upon the track to warn the "Express" that there was *danger ahead?* If you ever were, you will know what I mean when I say that the special train of this century has run over some torpedoes lately, and it seems to me, that the car is in *danger* which carries the "hope of the world."

A few weeks ago the Catholics succeeded in taking the Bible from the public schools of the city of St. Louis. *That* was a *torpedo!* During the year 1869 the Catholic Church received seven-eighths of the money voted from the Public Treasury of the City of New York for Sectarian Institutions. Is there not a warning here? When the meetings were held last January, to celebrate Italian Freedom, some of our prominent statesmen *refused* to have anything to do with those meetings, simply because they feared if they should countenance them the Catholics would think they were exulting over the fall of the Papal Power. The politicians know it is *political wisdom* to stay away from such meetings while one-sixth of the nation is Roman Catholic. Now in view of all this, don't you think there is some cause for *alarm?*

But there is no excitement about it. We are going at such a tremendous rate that the noise of these torpedoes is scarcely heard above the rattle and roar of the train. But my friends, God never put these warnings in our way without a purpose, and it is for us to notice them, and examine this power, which is taking possession of America. How does this church appear in *history?* Has she used her vast power to redeem man, to elevate the race? *No!* History shows her guarding the dungeons where she has imprisoned noble souls who attempted to advance Progress and Science. In fact it is difficult to conceive of more *damning infamy* than that which the history of the Roman Catholic Church presents. I think when we read of the society of the Jesuits and the horrors of the Inquisition, we look at them too much as we do at the tales of mythology. We are apt to be charitable towards them because *they are* things of the past. But if we will sit down and read the history of the Inquisition with our eyes *open*, if we will view it with the nineteenth century as a back-ground, I think we shall all agree in saying that those who used this masterpiece of human torture, were *fiends*, *not men.*

Shall we take Italy as a specimen of Catholic rule? She has been nothing but a great boiling, seething volcano, ready at any moment to belch forth the flames of revolution. Shall we take France? see the Jesuits propagating the faith by destroying commerce and manufactures, by burning Bibles, by torturing Protestants. Would you have me point you to a deed that with the single exception of the Crucifixion, is the blackest in all history? Then look at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, read of the brave Huguenots who went up to God from that land in behalf of the Bible and liberty. There too, is Spain, how she has been held back by this incubus, Catholicism. The Roman Catholic Church deserves the eternal *curses* of mankind for the part it has played in Spanish History. How soon the Inquisition blotted out the light, literature, and high culture of Moorish civilization.

Germany never began to produce great men until she threw off the Papal Power, and to-day, Catholic Ireland is but a wreck, while Protestant Ireland is full of life and progress. Now these are *not exaggerated* statements, they are *facts* which speak right to the heart of every thinking man.

When the victorious Germans entered Paris, they did something more than humiliate France, and glorify the fatherland. That war was the blood-red that precedes the dawn. While Bismarck and the needle gun were working in France, *God* was working in Italy, and when Paris fell it sounded the death-knell of the temporal power of the Pope, for when the Italians knew that the Pope's great ally had fallen, they, by a peaceful revolution, freed the eternal city and made Italy one. But we cannot wonder that Italy is *free* when we remember that Garibaldi found brave hearts ready to accept such an offer as this: "In recompense for the love you may show your country, I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death, who accepts these terms, let him follow me." But while Italian Unity may be full of hope and promise for Italy, may it not, also, be full of *danger* to America. Since the power of the Pope is ruined in Italy, may he not turn his attention to America, where his church is large and he has every means of securing power?

Now, we do not want to shut out any religion: religious liberty is the glory of America. But when a church, with the record that this one has, a church that we *know* is hostile to *every* principle of American Institutions, begins to control elections, rule legislatures, and seeks a union of Church and State, *then* it is the *duty* of every loyal heart to resist it in God's name. And when the Great Book is opened and that vast army of witnesses comes up to testify of the crimes that this church has committed, under the sacred name of religion, God grant that America may *not* be in that number.

> "Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
> Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
> Are all with thee—are all with thee."

J. P. JR.

THE FIRST CONQUEST OF NAPOLEON.

As in taking, from some lofty point, a view of the surrounding country, we always observe that some point particularly strikes our attention, and excites our admiration, so history in glancing back over the lives of nations and men, always looks with especial interest towards some deed or period. Thus we see that in the history of the world the Reformation has always been a period of peculiar interest. In the history of France, the reign and life of Napoleon has always shone forth with peculiar lustre and brilliance. And in the life of Napoleon himself, some deeds or days, have always had peculiar associations, and been of pre-eminent interest. The battles of Marengo and Austerlitz have always excited the admiration of the world, while the assumption of government on the 18th Bumaise, and the quelling of the mob of Paris in 1796, have always been held the most daring of his civil acts. The quelling of the mob of Paris, is perhaps, the most interesting act of Napoleon's life ; for it is the first stamp which the genius of Napoleon made on the world's history.

It was 1794, the last year of that terrible "dance of blood" which swept over France at the close of the eighteenth century. The convention, elected by the people, had done their best to suit the wishes of the masses and to establish law and order in France. They represented the prominent men of that period. In the constitution which had finally been passed by them, the most liberal propositions were made with reference to suffrage, and the direct influence which the people were to exercise upon the government of the land. The country outside of Paris had almost unanimously concurred in the constitution. The city of Paris was then divided into ninety-six wards, of these wards forty-eight had voted in favor of the constitution, while forty-six were against it. The vote in the other two wards had not yet been announced. The other two wards were mostly inhabited and ruled by those who entertained the most radical views, the Royalists and Jacobins. These united against the constitution for the most opposite of motives ; the Jacobins because it took too much power away from the people ; the Royalists because it placed too much in their hands.

The wards were now equally divided. The Jacobins who dwelt in the lower parts of the city, and in their party combined the most lawless and dissolute of the inhabitants of Paris, were arousing the people everywhere in the city, with that fearful and well-known cry, "A bas le Convention." "A bas le Convention." Through the streets of Paris the infuriated mob was surging, ever shouting that fearful and ominous cry. Ever pouring onward with resistless movement towards the hall where the convention was in session. Brawny men and women, lost to every sense of shame and virtue, made up that wild throng. Here you might have seen the well clad and respectable artizan, while by his side strode the gigantic fisherwoman, that most terrible of Amazons. Who was guiding them they knew not; scarcely did they care who they moved against. With only one thought, that of murder, with that wild cry "A bas le Convention," they moved on. Without discipline, without arms, other than those they had seized on their way, they rushed on.

Within the walls of the convention, the aspect was far different. Well knew all within that room that almost superhuman genius was needed to check the onward course of that mob whose yells they could now almost hear. For their protection they had but the National Guard, and a few thousand regular troops; and even while they are deliberating, lo, the tocsin tolls, and word is brought to the convention that the National Guard, forty thousand strong with weapons and able leaders, have gone over to the mob, and in discipline and order are moving with them. To meet this large body of equipped soldiers, backed by a turbulent and almost numberless mob; the convention could oppose but five thousand regular troops. But who was to lead this little band, and direct their almost fruitless movements against that enormous host. Menov was entrusted with the command. He marched against this formidable body, and retired before them without any engagement. This only served to increase the courage of the mob, and with loud hootings, and much greater courage, they pushed on towards the hall of the convention. Greatly alarmed at the action of Menov the convention took the command of the troops from him, and transferred it to Barras. But Barras was no soldier, and Menov was. Could Barras succeed where Menov had failed!

The idea was absurd. Barras could not personally command the troops. What was tȯ be done? Barras glanced in fear around the room, when suddenly his eye rested on a pale face in one of the galleries, and with the force of conviction, he exclaimed, "I know a little Corsican that can save us." Napoleon was immediately introduced to the convention. To the question as to whether he was willing to undertake the defence of the convention, he laconically replied, "Yes." "Do you know the magnitude of the danger?" "Perfectly, and I am accustomed to accomplish whatever I undertake."

It may have been the impression which the answers of Napoleon made upon the convention; it may have been the utter despair of that whole body of men; but the command of all the troops was instantly given to Napoleon. There was at Sallon, five miles from Paris, a battery of fifty guns. With the energy which only Napoleon was master of, he immediately dispatched Murat with a body of mounted dragoons for the purpose of seizing these. They arrived upon the spot and carried them off successfully, not five minutes before a body of the National Guard arrived for the same purpose.

Napoleon as soon as he got possession of the cannon, immediately distributed them so as to command every street which approached the hall wherein waited the convention. The guns were loaded, the matches lighted, the gunners stood by their pieces. It was a moment of fearful suspense. The light of morning broke upon the scene. Behind the cannon waited the few troops of the convention. Up the street came the National Guard in proud array, with music and their banners floating in the morning breeze. Little did they expect the death that awaited them. Little did they know of the indomitable spirit that commanded the troops that opposed them. The troops of the convention stood firm. The national guard halted and fired. Scarcely had the roll of musketry died away, when the fearful thunder of the cannon resounded through those streets. The guns loaded with grape shot to the muzzle, dealt fearful destruction throughout the crowded streets. Broken at every point, the National Guard with the mob fled in wild confusion. Napoleon pursued firing blank cartridges after the retreating masses. As the match went out beneath the feet of the gunner, the sun looked down upon the streets of Paris, now as quiet as before they were noisy. But not thus did the fame of Napoleon go down.

From this moment the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon him, and never was that earnest gaze taken away till he sank into his grave at St. Helena. This victory was not like most of those of Napoleon, a victory of mere numerical force. The instinct of fear which is in every animal, was not wanting to the National Guard. This Napoleon knew, and by it he conquered. In short, the first conquest of Napoleon may be termed a victory over human nature.

W. B.

THE TAMMANY RING.

1860 to 1870. In just one decade from bullets to ballots. From war abroad to corruption at home. In '60, the question of the hour summoned the North to crush Secession, emancipate the negro. In '71 a fiercer struggle awaits us. To conquer ourselves, and to live free men, under free government. Progress in this, you say. Yes, progress toward disunion, dismemberment of our rights and free speech. The problem before the American nation to-day then, is this—to *really* and justly govern our great cities. The misrule of the city of New York stands unrivalled, with its magnitude, audacity and success. Success! that quality which in the eyes of the American people covers a multitude of sins. The 4th of July, 1776, taught us that. The municipal rule is simply an aristocracy of political functionaries—corrupt, we admit in '60, but then dishonesty was "a disgrace, not a distinction." The increase of immigration sending its better class to augment the Wertern prairies, leaving the most criminal and debased to swell the cities census, tells the story. Now, naturally, the issue evolves itself. Shall we deteriorate to their level, or exalt them to ours? that's the whole of it. A Gordian knot awaiting an Alexander. Who rules New York City? Oh! the Legislature. Who rules the Legislature? Four men—Tweed, Sweeney, Connolly and Hall. Catholics every man of them, or firmly allied to Catholic interests. Four men totally control the municipal government. Now, if we are sincere, we call this a Catholic oligarchy, not a Democracy. The weakness of a Democracy is, that unless properly guarded, it merges into a despotism, says De Tocqueville. In the Legislature which we are generally taught to regard as the delegated popular power, it is too well known to be contradicted that the quotation of prices paid for votes are as common, and fluctuate as much as any stocks. Their policy is like an auction sale, "To the highest bidder." A professional lobbyist says, "It is cheaper to *buy* than to elect legislators," and so our reformers go on, in their mental somnambulism, *electing*, and the Ring *buys* them at her own need and convenience. Their acts are infamous. Christian women apply for $20,000 to establish an orphan asylum, and it costs them $5,000 to get it. They attempted, by creating the anniversary of St. Patrick a legal holiday, to place it beside the 22d of February, a bid for the votes of the lowest classes; and these same lowest classes, in consequence lie subdued, *not* conquered by law and order. Tell me what were the riots of '63, but the flickering of latent embers? That state which rests its government with the many, while its property owners are numbered amid the few, is unfortunate indeed. Divide, now, the voting population of New York City into ten parts, and you have *got* to take seven of these to represent the foreign element, while only the remaining three stand for the native-born votes, while but *one*-tenth of the whole number hold the property. That single statistic is a key to all of her debasement. Her offices (sinecures, the majority of them) and her council chambers are replete with pugilists, ward politicians and liquor dealers, ignorant men who legislate recklessly and impartialty enormous sums to the personal advantage of the few, to the permanent detriment of many. Poor girls, public school teachers, pay seventy-five dollars annually to the Ring, for the *privilege* of earning three hundred dollars, and it has been ascertained, by actual calculation, that it costs the city of N. Y. just eighty-seven dollars for every *one* dollar license granted to a street peddler. Intelligence and honesty amid her employees is a "lost art" indeed. Take any little example at random. The other day, in the City Hall Park, they noticed a Hibernian busily employed in watering all the grass plots, in the midst of a heavy thunder shower. The result of all this corruption is inevitable. The laws are disregarded by the lawless legislature. Romanism is as publicly supported as Protestantism is condemned. They increase the taxation. They paralize trade. The *remedy* lies not in the conflict of political factions. John Stuart Mill says, "The weakness of the Democracy rests in the non-education of the great mass of the people." Then we cry, Reform—not mingle with them. Say a man shan't vote unless he can read. Establish district taxation. Then when a man pays exorbitant taxes, and his brains lie in his pocket, (as they usually do) he will do his own investigating. Do this, and we reply to the Catholics who say they will elect a President in '80 : never. Attempt to decide fairly by the ballot of to-day, but hesitate not to take up the Minnie rifle of '61, if we cannot. Liberty civil and religious, at all cost. Forty millions of people await anxiously the contest. For on its issue hinges the success or failure of future self-government. Great cities form great nations. Macaulay pityfully depicts the destruction of London. May we never see by the machination of Tammany, the Union severed into fratricidal factions. A fisherman casting his nets from ruined Manhattan. Rather may we learn to honestly use and earnestly use

> "That weapon which comes down as still
> As snow-flakes fall upon the clod,
> But executes the Freeman's will
> As lightning does the will of God,"

the Ballot Box.

So much for Tammany. To-day, from Gettysburg to Atlanta, the graves lie green of those men who sacrificed their lives for Liberty. Shall we decorate their graves and not learn the meaning of the symbol? Shall their lives teach us no lesson? leave no warning? There is another green grave lying amidst us to-day. Men called him, the sleeper there, a fanatic, and hanged him. But may God grant to America a second John Brown, to teach her again the lesson, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." We stand with the motto, "Freedom always for all." God, alone can judge him who attempts to misrule by it.

A. F. J.

TWILIGHT.

Again the twilight hour is here,
The sweetest of the day;
The prattle of the little folks,
The clicking of croquet.

And all the far-off, busy hum,
Betok'ning eventide;
Come floating upward on the breeze,
And through the casement wide.

The night hawk in the upper air
Is screaming loud and shrill;
The thrush has sung his vesper song,
The robins all are still.

Just through the top of yonder tree,
The new moon 'gins to show;
Now bright, now dim, as in the breeze
The boughs wave to and fro.

The pond'rous bells in distant towers
Peal forth the hour of eight;
And through and through the soft June air
Their tones reverberate.

A time to cast all burdens down,
Forget the bad in life;
Its troubles and perplexities,
Its scenes of noise and strife.

And think instead of life's great good,
For much of good there is
In every life, though shadowed oft,
Or clothed in ill's disguise.

And now as twilight fades away,
And darker hours come on;
Be this my soul's supreme desire,
My evening orison.

That living, I may live aright,
And die when death shall come;
As one, who leaving foreign shores,
Takes joyful passage home.

C. A. D.

LA COMMUNE.

Where can we find a more striking contrast than in the present condition of France and Germany. On the one hand we have victorious, triumphant Germany, whose cherished dream is accomplished, moulded into one vast, glorious people; on the other, dismembered, beaten France, whose eagles are trailed in the dust, burdened with an enormous debt and rent with intestine discord. And the late insurrection of the Reds in Paris, was without a parallel in history. When the Prussians first laid siege to the city it was feared that the elements of discord in that city, would break forth, and that to foes without would be joined discord within. But no, during all the long months of the siege, the people of Paris patiently stood by their leaders, and with few words of complaint manfully endured all the privations of a three months investment. Then we thought that the problem was solved, that Frenchmen *were* capable of governing themselves, and that we should see no more of those displays, showing that lamentable want of self control, for which Frenchmen have become noted. But again our hopes were destined to be dashed to the ground, and we were to receive a most cruel disappointment. For after peace had been concluded on the most advantageous terms possible, after a republic had been established, and affairs were beginning to assume the appearance of order, followed a scene, which as we have said has no parallel in history. It is very seldom that a community will rise and rebel without any definite object, or without knowing what it is fighting for. The revolution of '89 had a purpose, likewise those of '30 and '48. It was to remove rulers who by their evil deeds had rendered themselves obnoxious to the people. But here we see an insurrection without an object, a people fighting against, it knows not what, and all the characteristics displayed by the savage inhabitants of any uncivilized region. It can also be said of these men that they have no leaders fit for conducting them to battle, or guiding them in the council chamber. Here again they differ from any previous uprising of Frenchmen. In '98 Danton and Robespierre, however bloodthirsty and cruel they may have been, must be confessed to have been men of some talent. And the intellect of Lamartin, Ledru, Rollin, and Louis Blanc has never been doubted, but here we see a faction which proclaims itself the party of the people, led by such incapables as Bergeret, Cluseret and Henri Rochefort, whose only merit is that they have been loud mouthed in favor of Red Republicanism, the very worst shape in which the government of the people could possibly show itself.

If it is the greatest thing in the accurate writing of history to understand the causes which have produced great events, then the future historian will fail in the history which yet remains to be written, of the Red Republican insurrection of 1871. This uprising seems to be more the result of stirring up the bad passions which lie at the root of every man's heart, than anything else that can be assigned. Just at the moment when all danger of this kind seems to be averted, at the very time it sprung forth in gigantic proportions. And the Thiers government, which really represents the heart and brain of France, committed a great error when it delayed the moment for striking so long. This delay enabled the revolutionists to gain strength till they attained a formidable size. But the result could never be uncertain. In Paris has been the only trouble. The insurrection in the other parts of France was a miserable failure. In Marseilles, Lyons and Bordeaux, slight uprisings occurred which were promptly suppressed. Nowhere but in Paris, was there a commotion of any moment. And perhaps here we arrive at the root of the evil and the cause of the whole matter. It is this idea that Paris is France that has brought on this whole scene of desolation and ruin. What has she ever done to abrogate to herself the rule of a great and powerful nation? Yet it has always been so. It was Paris that brought on this bitter war, fraught with so much suffering to the fair land of France. For had not the multitude gathered in crowds under the windows of the Tuileries and shouted War! War! in the ears of the emperor, we believe this tale of suffering would never have been told. But bitterly has Paris reaped the fruit of her pride. First, a long, tiresome siege, then a bombardment of the city from the hands of Frenchmen, last and bitterest, the burning of her proud palaces by the infuriated mob. But the proud city cannot reproach them. By her haughtiness and assuming pride, she has brought it on herself. Away then with this idle saying, "Paris is France!" She is not, and never can be. Nor can she ever possess the prestige that has been hers for a long time. When we shall hear a Parisian say, "I am a Frenchman," rather than "I am a Parisian," then we may hope to see an end to insurrections and revolutions. And when it shall be firmly fixed in the mind of Paris, as we hope it is since the close of the past trouble, that she does not sway the destinies of France, then and not till then can France be made a great and independent republic.

S. B. W.

ACADEMICAL EDUCATION.

Delivered before the Philomathean Society at its Forty-Sixth Anniversary.

Education properly signifies a drawing out, and implies not so much knowledge as training. Not so much acquisition as the power of discrimination. Not only thought, but the clothing of thought, speech. Education is the discipline of all the mental powers and capacities. In a word, culture. Its object is to aid man in the fulfillment of every duty. Academic education is the foundation, the beginning of education in the abstract. It is conditional to a collegiate. It is less optional, less interesting. One of its most important offices is to form such habits of study as to ensure success in higher intellectual pursuits. In reference to this, it has been well said the academy exerts a greater influence in forming the character, and thereby in deciding future success or failure, than any other period of study. It is a patent fact that students at the commencement of the academic course have not, in general, formed habits of study; therefore, experienced disciplinarians regard it of the highest importance to teach them how to study. When a trade is to be mastered, it is not so necessary at first to know what to do, as how to do anything well. The latter learned, the former is understood. Just so it is in school life. To the student a methodical knowledge of Latin Grammar is more valuable than the ability to repeat, verbatim, every rule and exception. For a thorough knowledge of one subject is of vast assistance in the acquirement of every other. The object, then, is how to study; *knowledge* will necessarily follow. Patience and perseverence are requisite to successful scholarship. The old-time motto, "Perseverantia omnia vincit," is as true now as ever it was. Boys fail to make sterling men more from the lack of perseverence than from any other cause. Most boys strike once, and generally fail. Many boys strike twice, and then often fail. The successful boy, striking once, twice. thrice, and then if failure is imminent, strikes again and again until his hand holds the prize. Drops of water wear away the hardest rocks; pulse beats will move the highest mountains. That student who masters every difficulty, becomes patient of labor, sagacious, exact. In classical study, derivation, both subjective and objective, laws of construction, of the position of words, the attending circumstances, synonimes, history, geography, chronology, mythology, logic and rhetoric, all these, with many other subjects, must receive his attention. Even when the sentence is translated and the thought is comprehended, the true scholar is so uncertain whether this noun is correctly rendered, whether that particle receives its proper shade of meaning; that he is not proud, but rather honest; doubt is the main-spring of success. This leads us to remark that the academy should create a desire of future attainments, rather than causing self-sufficiency. To the faithful student, the field of culture, so enlarges itself on every side, that he is not vain regarding his progress. Knowledge exposes his ignorance, and urges him onward toward greater attainments.

The ripest scholar is usually the humblest. The dullest regards himself the master of all science. The conception of ignorance is knowledge. Socrates felt it. We ought to feel it.

It shall be my pleasing purpose to-night, in the progress of my theme, to set before you, as gentlemen of our association, some of the advantages of literary societies, as a most desirable adjunct towards the attainment of a complete education. Do not misunderstand me, for I would not elevate the society to an equality with the curriculum: much more do I not approve of the course adopted by many that leads them to neglect their studies in order to become empty, windy smutterers in debate. Such persons bear blossoms when they should be acquiring mental strength; they are giving when they should be receiving, and thus naturally in a few years they give way to the faithful student, even in their own special field of labor. On the other hand it is well that the classics and mathematics are made the chief studies in the Academy.

The objects of classical study are mainly to improve the judgment, to give a good command of language, to form and refine the taste, to chasten and exact the imagination, to raise man from a mere student to be a judge and a learner. In the study of the mathematics, which are yearly assuming their deserved place, the scholar is taught concentration, ability to dwell on abstract principles, especially does this science discipline the deductive faculties. But the curriculum alone gives a one sided development. In the pursuit of these studies only one set of faculties is employed, the ability to acquire. This ability determines the students sensible success; while the power of imparting knowledge, of making others know what we know, and feel what we feel, receives scarcely any discipline. A man may be versed in philosophy, may be exact in scientific investigation, may understand the mysteries of nature and of his own being, his mind may be of gigantic proportions, but if his wisdom can not be so, he is a log drifting on the great ocean of public opinion. To obviate this incongruity, and to give a uniform and proportional development, literary societies are established, and designated to discipline, in writing, speaking, debating, and reading; in a word, to teach us how to use knowledge. The literary society, and the curriculum are the true means of Academical education, the latter the trunk with its roots; the former, the flowing branches which bear the fruit; the latter is the gun, the former the shot.

Philo is designed to discipline the mental powers just where the curriculum fails, in imparting ideas accurately and clearly. Let this society ever be subordinate to the course of study marked out by him, than whom none is more honored and loved, and it will ever be a necessary institution of our academy, it will ever be an important factor in the training and perfecting of youthful minds, and we shall ever cherish it with the deepest and most endearing affection.

The need of this age is educated men. Every boy, even, should be a wall between right and wrong. Questions of government, of civilization and religion, which are now being decided, demand a clear head, a pure heart, and a steady hand. Lay, then, the foundation of manhood deep in active study and profound thought. Erect the superstructure with all the aids of the nineteenth century of Christian progress. Stamp life with truth and earnestness, then upon our opponent, failure will be erected, a monument more enduring than granite, more beautiful than the marble of Paris, more valuable than the wealth of the Indies, a Christian character.

C. F. T.

A SOLILOQUY.

BY A FEM. SEM.

To vote, or not to vote, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The sway and rigor of outrageous manhood,
Or to cry out against a sea of wrongs,
And by opposing, end them?—to vote,—to rule,—
Ah yes!—ah yes!—and thus, forsooth, to end
This heart-ache, and the thousand vexing trials

Our sex is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To rule ;—perchance
To sit within the Presidential chair :
For what bright dreams may not be realized,
When we have shuffled off these grinding links
That hold us down? Where's the respect
We owe ourselves, the love of truth and right?
Why do we bear the scoffs and jeers of fools,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of broken hearts, the law's delay,
The insolence of the press, and e'en the spurns
We take from those of womankind, when we might
Put an end to all, by rising up *en masse?*
Why is't we drudge from morning's sun till eve,
And groan and sweat under a weary life,
In order that the rulers of the land,—
Creation's Lords, as some are pleased to term—
May sit supine, in comfort, and in ease?—
'Tis, that custom makes cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is shaded o'er with habit's sickly tint :
Because our mothers lived the life of slaves,
Nor cared to change their state, assert their rights,
We, too, must need be slaves,—ay worse than slaves,
Nor dare to lift our voices 'gainst the wrong.
And hence the enterprise goes lumbering on ;
It's Champions few, it's prospects dark indeed.

A NAME.

FIRST MEANS PRIZE ORATION.

The simple ceremony is over; the deep toned Amen, pronounced; and, as the aged minister raises his eyes toward heaven, a flickering light comes streaming through the deep-set window, and falls upon his snowy locks; upon the smiling infants' brow, moist with the baptismal dew, upon the father, the mother, and on the sacred font. Is that uncertain, many shaded light symbolic of the life begun? Is it indicative of the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, destined to sway the heart of him who lies so helpless in his fathers' arms?

The child is borne from the altar, along the broad old aisle, out into the world; the unconscious possessor of that most common of all gifts: a name.

A name: What is it? It may be a link in the chain of the worlds' thought; it may be a leaf that flutters for a season and then falls to perish; it may be the incarnation of truth itself; or a synonyme for all that is unlovely: it will be what its possessor shall make it.

Suppose he wills it to be honored among men; what shall be his ambition, what his life work?

If he have the common tendency of mankind, he will bend his energies to the acquisition, either of wealth, power, or knowledge. That triple-headed goddess of the world never more absolutely enthralled the hearts of men than she does at present, and from the indications of the age, it would seem that she alone can vouchsafe happiness, and an enduring name. The race profits little by experience: in spite of the warnings that come ringing down to us from the past, the follies of two thousand years ago are reenacted to-day.

Does our ambition prompt us to buy, and sell, and get gain? do we believe each incoming dollar to be a guarantee of future happiness and honor? Happiness, honor. Have we forgotten the young ruler who went away sorrowful *because* he had great possessions? Is the name of the wealthy Alcibiades honored among us to-day? Need we invoke the testimony of the nameless thousands, who, for wealth sacrificed all nobility of soul, and glory of life—whose gold, even to-day, outlives their memory,—to prove the deceitfulness of such ambition!

But what of him who like the centurion of old, says unto one man, Go, and he goeth; and unto another, Come, and he cometh. Shall not his life be crowned with contentment and a lasting renown? Ask the dying exile of St. Helena the measure of genuine satisfaction in a life of power! Behold the wretched fugitive, who to-day stands accused of all the world, as the destroyer of a once mighty nation, whose mad ambition has brought down upon his head the curses of a ruined people, and scattered throughout fair France, humiliation, destruction, and death.—Where is the glory that an unlimited dominion of twenty years should have conferred upon him?

But what of knowledge? Surely the name of the wise man shall prove enduring. Perhaps so. The world has seen few wiser men than St. Paul and Voltaire, their names live to-day; the one covered with ever brightening glory; the other, with increasing dishonor; yet both were wise. As to the satisfaction which mere wisdom brings to its possessor, we have the testimony of the wise preacher himself, who with all riches, and power, and knowledge, cried in the bitterness of his soul, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

But, do we say, these are exceptional cases? Do we, in spite of such evidence, still regard these objects as worthy to engross our noblest energies,—as the only foundation of an imperishable name? Then let us sacrifice honor itself if need be, in their pursuit; and when obtained, let us revel in the pleasures which they bring. It matters not if we turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of humanity; if we make our way over the ruined hopes of those who love us. It matters not if these regal souls of ours are made the slaves of an ignoble ambition; if our hearts are corroded with the rust of ungoverned desires; we shall leave a name. So did Arnold, and Nero, and Judas.

Our completed lives are thoughts recorded in the volume of Time's History; thoughts born of the desires of our hearts. They are the work of our hands, destinies to become a part of futurity itself. Death can never destroy that influence which is the inevitable fruit of every life, however humble or obscure. If this indeed be true, then how should we pity that man, who to gain an immortal name, sacrifices all that is immortal in his nature. When shall we cease to look for grapes on thorns,—shall we never learn that like begets like? that true greatness cannot be the result of an ill spent life? Riches, power, and knowledge are all gifts intended for noble uses; but uncoupled with character, they can never confer lasting good.

Character in its highest, noblest sense, is the God given means by which we may all become truly great. We hear its ring in the names of Washington, and Lincoln. Would that America's seats of honor were filled with such men; then indeed would the hideous shapes of political corruption, and social evil that to-day stalk unfettered through our land, flee as the night-vapors before the morning sun.

Though hinderances may multiply, the day is surely approaching, when character will be the standard of true manhood and womanhood; when our names shall signify, not what we have, but what we are; when these grinding shackles of custom shall be snapped asunder by the strong hand of a noble individuality, and men shall live, not for themselves, but for God, and humanity. Then will the true purpose of life be accomplished, and these names of ours shall not only be established in the memory of a grateful posterity; but they shall be inscribed upon that everlasting tablet, even the Lamb's Book of Life.

C. A. D.

MODERN COMMUNISTS.

SECOND MEANS PRIZE ORATION.

When the Uhlan rode under the Arc de Triumphe, and presently the long rank and file of the invading army followed, the Parisians were chafing with anger and chagrin. Some of us were rather provoked. Was it not unwarrantable to insist on surrender? To actually bombard, *that* was the climax of Vandalism. Perhaps it was. But could we justify the action of the Parisian government? Their misfortunes excited our pity. But subsequent events seem to show that these people did not lay a very just claim to our sympathies. When a National Assembly was convened you all witnessed the action of Paris. The city was barricaded anew. The inhabitants appeared as armed champions of a rebellion. Now there was no moral basis on which to found a government; still a ruling power was proclaimed, more tyranous, irresponsible, irreligious than any modern despotism. It is amusing, in one sense, to hear these men style themselves reformers. Could that mob reform anything? Communism in its best sense is an artificial system. *It is against the natural laws of society.* For the last eighty years France has been engaged in a series of social and political experiments. We take the late Communists as we saw them. When the French school tried these theories before they cleared the ground of existing institutions, but did they erect anything worthy our admiration? So, we saw the late Communists, (we might call them Catilinians, the order is so ancient,) talking a great deal of Justice, Equality, Fraternity, etc. The result seemed to be as hateful an aristocracy as could be set up in a civilized country. In the first place did these men comprehend representative government? Apparently not. The grand error, as it would naturally appear to an American, was the doctrine that Paris, in some mysterious manner, was entitled to rule the country at large. Communism was the government of all France, by a majority of the Parisian voters. When La Commune obtained the ascendency, her principle object, of course, was to keep it. There was only one way to do this. Gratify her adherents. Were they not gratified? What they desired, it appears, was to enjoy life in what some would call the lowest sense of the term. This theory of equality, for example, must be delightful to the disciples of Commune. Why, it is simply the rich who are to be levied upon. You are wealthy; your wealth is robbery. I am idle, shiftless, vicious; I don't deny it. Let us have all things in common.

Well, we have seen the natural sequence of all this. How can these men answer us for the destruction of their beautiful city?

Can they give such ideas as an excuse for so humiliating their country? Suppose they could. As a useless destruction of human life, that revolt was atrocious. Now, looking at this result, we are unpleasantly impressed with the similarity between the designs of the French malcontents and the ill-concealed aims of some people at home. We might say of a certain species of labor reform, its enthusiastic leaders are striving after very much the same state of society as Paris presented, say four weeks since.

But what particularly impresses us in this connection is a city association, I refer to the New York Tammany Ring. Just consider these points of resemblance. We certainly have the same theory in regard to city and state. How assiduously, too, the favor of a certain class is courted—for their votes. We see them gradually obtaining control of public money and private property. Now it is harrowing to see money taken from us used in bribing judges and legislators, and fostering a Jesuitical Catholocism. Where are the men who make New York all it is in a commercial point of view? When Tammany first came in conflict with what is called the Young Democracy, Tammany was alarmed; much more so than many supposed. An opportunity presented itself for the better part of the community to obtain several seats in the City Council. A very rich man, prominent, among would be reformers, was asked to take one of these seats. He declined. He made use of a very characteristic expression. However it amounted to this: he was unwilling to sit with such men as ruled his city. A great many people say "we don't blame that man at all." Do you suppose any one will neglect his business to engage in a reform, and the result so doubtful? As long as that is the prevailing sentiment we may expect to see the city governed by unprincipled men.

In April, there was a reform meeting in New York. One of the orators, I think it was Mr. Evarts, illustrated the effrontery of the ring by a question, it is fond of asking, "What are you going to do about it?" Mr. Evarts said, "We'll show them." The assembly laughed. It must have been a melancholy laugh. The protectors of our city probably read the account of that meeting in the morning paper with a smile. It was talk. Here is another curious thing. Consider the position the German race has taken in connection with both these cities. The German outside Pairs regarded the late struggle within, unmoved. The German in New York is unmixed in city politics. Their numbers are sufficient if they would unite with those desiring reform, to sweep away every vestige of that ring. You remember it as an historical fact that the German race founded the city. If they would reform it, which act should they receive the more credit for?

Ambition increases with success. This is no longer confined to New York. If these men should ever obtain power at Washington, what do you suppose would be the result? Reform is necessary, that is generally admitted. Present reform might be called more an effort against degeneration than any advancement of new theories. When they are brought forward, let us take heed not to push them fanatically. We have had many opportunities of witnessing the effect, in ruthlessly tearing up an ancient landmark. *Character* is the only true basis of good government. We did not lack that·basis in the foundation of our institutions. Now is it a superstitious thing to suppose, if we prove unwilling or incapable of reform, we shall be left to struggle with this corruption, while the championship of those principles which have so long characterized us as a people, be transferred to some other. If they ever are, whom shall we find to blame, if not ourselves?

C. I.

A NATION'S SAFETY.

THIRD MEANS PRIZE ORATION.

History presents to us a succession of Governments. Nation has followed nation, and what has been achieved by the one over the other is known only in song or recorded in history. Decay has been so inevitable that it is now assumed by many, that nation's, like individuals, have their periods of growth, maturity and decline, and that the nation's now existing will share the same fate of their predecessors. There is no reason for this. Do as you will with the individual, you cannot prolong his life beyond a certain point. " Man returneth to dust," but no such law holds true with regard to nations. Yet, nation's are subject to law and suffer the penalty of its violation, as truly as the individual. " The nation and kingdom that will not serve thee, shall perish," is the testimony of the inspired word. Have nations ever been successful in the infringement of God's law; or in ignoring his claims; or in trampling on his poor?

Thomas Corwin, in the United States Senate, in 1847, in speaking against the bill for the increase of the army then in Mexico, and against the injustice of the war itself, used these words. "You may carry your banners to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras; they may wave in triumph in the halls of the Montezumas; the armed men of Mexico may quail before them, but the weakest hand in Mexico uplifted in prayer to the God of justice, may call down against you, a power in presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes."

Is it necessary here to prove that a nation cannot sin with impunity, when the alarm of war has scarcely died out in the land; when flowers have scarcely covered the graves of the dead; when wives and mothers still wear the emblems of sorrow? Why was it that men left the plough and the anvil, the college and the shop, and went to the field of battle? Why were the tents of armed men pitched on all the hills? Why were fields thick with corn crushed by the wheels, and trodden by the hoof of war? Alas, because the " fathers sowed the wind and we reaped the whirlwind." Who does not believe that it was God warring with the nation in behalf of the slave!

There are characteristics that belong to nation's as truly as to individuals, so that if rectitude, honesty, uprightness, in one word, if religion is found in the heart of an individual, or in the houses of a land, you will find vigor, enterprise, prosperity. It was not *religion* that caused the fall of ancient and modern kingdoms, but man's misconception of the place assigned to religion in the state. They built upon the " shifting sands of expediency," and not upon the immutable rock of justice. We say with Plutarch that " religion is the bond of all society and the pillar of all legislation.' What then shall we say of the profane maxims current in the mouths of "political speculatists" that "religion has nothing to do with politics" that "the state has no God," that "law knows no Bible." They are the voices of Infidelity and Popery the world over. And what have Popery and Infidelity ever done? and what do they now exhibit but "the dark places of the earth full of the habitations of cruelty?"

With what just pride does every American compare his country with her English Bible, open and free, with the most favored of the dominions of the Pope. Compare Bible-trained Scotland with all her bleak and barren mountains, with Jesuit-ruled Spain; compare Protestant with Catholic Ireland, Protestant with Catholic Germany. Extend the list of a scrutinizing comparison until you circle the globe, and the result will be uniform; the bright spots of earth belong to Bible christianity. Let the Bible be read in the homes of a land and in the schools of the people; let the people keep the Sabbath; then indeed shall glory dwell upon such a land, and peace be known in all her borders. Moral and religious principles must be found in nations, else they will be paralyzed in council and field.

If we turn our attention to the mighty nations so recently in conflict, we shall scarcely be mistaken as to the cause of recent events. Why did disaster, day by day, fall to the one, and victory to the other? Men may talk as they will about the genius of a Prime Minister, about the sagacity of leaders of armies, the *cause* lay in the spirit of the people, for things have undergone a wonderful change, the tables are turned; less than a century ago Prussia lay at the mercy of France; less than a century ago, the eagles of France were borne through the streets of Berlin to the music of bands; but to-day the soldiers of Prussia are guarding the gates of Paris, and Prussian banners were carried to music of bands, through the streets of the Capitol. The France of to-day is not the France of 1818; nor is Prussia what she then was. What can be said of the character of the people of these nations?

A correspondent writing to one of our home papers, tells us, that on one of the Sabbaths of August spent in the German camp, he saw thousands of soldiers receiving the sacrament, while wives and children beyond the Rhine, in their own quiet churches listened to prayers offered in behalf of friends away on the field. But in France, at that very hour, men and women were coming, with garlands to the statue of Fortune and invoking her aid. Ah beautiful France! land of the olive and vine, land of sunshine and song, why art thou fallen? will thy plagues never cease? Thy sons have fallen on the snow's of Russia, on the sands of Egypt, on the plains of Italy, on the fields of Mexico, and on the heights of Balaklava, still the sacrifice is not enough. The carnage of Waterloo is forgotten in the smoke of her torment that goes up from the battle fields of the Rhine; and to day from the walls of her own doomed Capitol.

The safety of a nation as well as of an individual, consists in the virtues that heaven approves and God blesses.

May the children of Pilgrim sires never mourn the decline and fall of their fair Republic; may the past be only the morning light of her existence, and may she ascend grandly to her place and stand forever and object of respect and admiration to the world.

S. R. J.

RAMBLING.

After a number of weeks apprenticeship to your professors of Latin and Mathematics, what a pleasant relief it is to feel that you are free from all restraint, and at liberty to quit the hot, dusty, noisy, and disagreeable atmosphere of the city, or even the classic precincts of old Phillips, where, for three long terms, secants and angles, corollaries and scholiums, *arma's* and *virumques*, have rendered life a lengthening chain of miseries, while we lay open to rapacious bipeds and baronial despots, our golden sheaves garnered with mighty toil in Learning's broad and ever widening fields.

Then it is that we appreciate the cool retreats among the mighty hills, and the never ending music of the breakers on the shore. Then indeed our gun, slender pole and cruel, steel-blue hooks are Anthons to lift us over barren wastes of unattractive hours. Yet the fascination does not lie wholly in these old companions; but the peculiar charm is mostly in the long ramble, the wandering through the woods: trampling the fallen leaves: fording narrow streams, perchance replete with anxious trout: scrambling up steep rocks: breaking through barriers of branches and tangled vines: wading through the shallow water and waving rushes of the shore: and perhaps, in ones wanderings, breaking in upon some fairy-like retreat, where resting, one loses himself in a salutary nap, and awakens to wander home in the twilight, stung by the devoted attachment of numerous winged insects, and conscious that, e're home gladdens his sight, he must halt to extract grass-hopers, blackwood-beetles, sand fleas, and the like from his over-stocked sleeves and pockets.

From the above expressions do not get the idea that he who writes is an inveterate gunner, or an expert fisher, for he is neither: only an enthusiastic —— rambler: always a rambler from babyhood up. For at a very early age he manifested a decided inclination for wandering, and this habit at last reached so alarming a height that his—that is to say *my*—anxious mother, fearing for the safety of her precocious cherub, checked my youthful wanderings by securing me to the outer door by means of the clothes line. This of course rendered further demonstrations on my part quite impossible. Now there was one discomfort connected with this arrangement. No matter how engaged, whether as a commander of fleets of floating chips, a bombarder of some basement window, or a manufacturer of earthen pies, whenever a team was heard approaching, the youngster was ruthlessly dragged from these and such-like innocent amusements, and hauled in hand over hand by his watchful mother.

At last I arrived at an age when the clothes line was deemed impracticable. Then I might be seen on almost any pleasant afternoon revelling among the green mounds and head-stones of a neighboring grave yard, dragging behind me the battered remains of a small tin wagon, and holding in my begrimed little fist, a half devoured sugar boat. Since those happy days, this natural tendency—this roaming disposition, has never in the least abated, and still continues one of my principal characteristics.

* * * * * * *

It is a hot and sultry day, you perhaps, are sweltering in the crowded city, but the rambler stretched upon some rocky point, looking out to sea, feels the cool breeze upon his face as he watches the white winged gulls floating like minute sun-lit clouds above and hears the surf come rolling in, breaking with its musical sparkle upon the white sand of a narrow beach. Thus he muses while pollock sport at the surface of the water, and shore birds, with slender legs run along the sand leaving little three-toed tracks and uttering their incessant and unvarying "peep."

O! ye delvers in mines of classic lore! come up to the surface of this bright world and look around upon the natural beauties and winning smiles of nature. O! ye who live so constantly in the dim past, and seem ever bending to catch the strains of Virgil's songs and words of ancient oratory! Amid the columns of the woods, ye may hear the melody of birds, and the grander music of the pines, and everywhere take inspiration—as did the ancient poet—from the grand old hills and surging billows of the deep. O! ye who sleep and pine away o'er ancient volumes, whose accumulated dust but fills your eyes, and hides these thousand blessings all around! Come out into God's glorious sunlight and drink deep at the fountain of health and happiness.

W. K. D.

EDITORIAL.

We are almost at the end of the most memorable year in the annals of Phillips Academy, and all who have attended the school during this year, can say that they were students of Phillips Academy at the most critical period of its history. When the Dr. died, many feared that the school could not survive the great blow it received by his death. But the school has been ably managed, and the summer term ends with Phillips Academy not dead, as some expected it would be, but prosperous and ready for the hand that shall rule it in coming years.

I think when the Phillipian emerges from the storms and tempests of the winter, into the beauty and glory of the summer term, he experiences something of the same kind of a feeling which a caterpillar must feel when he finds himself changed from a crawling worm, into a gay and happy butterfly. In this term, Andover seems to want to atone for the snowdrifts you have had to wade through during the winter, and so she puts on her best robes, invites you to enjoy the shade and beauty of the "Theologues walk," persuades the Fem. Sems. to promenade right past your particular window, get up an occasional fire, and in short, manages things so well that after all the Ball Games, Prize Speakings, Exhibitions, etc., you go home at the end of this term with the most joyous recollections of the old town of Andover.

In reviewing the term, we do not find any *startling* events to record, yet the term has been interesting, and has passed off very pleasantly. On Fast day the exercises of the school were suspended, and Union Services were held at the old South, the school attended in a body. The school also attended the reception given by the people of Andover, May 23, to John Smith, Esq., on his return from Europe ; it was an enthusiastic meeting, and the best of feeling prevailed. Speeches were made by Prof. Jno. L. Taylor, Prof. Park, and others. On the evening of May 25th, the annual declaiming for the Draper Prizes took place in Academy Hall. The speaking was remarkably good. The first prize was awarded to W. S. Latting, of New York city ; the second to Jarvis Dinsmooor, Sterling, Ill. ; and the third to S. B. Stiles, Middleton, Mass. Decoration day was observed in the usual manner, the school joined the procession and participated in decorating the graves of those who have died for the nation. On Friday eve., June 2d, Mrs. Dr. Taylor met the senior class at a tea party, at her house, the class passed a very pleasant evening, and feel truly grateful for this kind attention.

The town has been singularly free from fires this term, on May 25th, there was an alarm of fire, and the wood lot back of the Theological Seminary was found to be on fire ; the engines were promptly on hand and furnished all the assistance necessary. On Wednesday morning, June 3d, there was a fire in Ballard Vale, the Shawshin and Phillips were promptly on the ground and did good service. The Means Prize speaking took place June 8th ; there were sixteen contestants, and the pieces were very good indeed. The First Prize was awarded to C. A. Dickinson ; the second to C. Isham; the third to S. R. Johnston. The Prize orations are published in this number of the "Mirror."

The Philomathean Society celebrated its forty-sixth anniversary on Wednesday evening, June 14th. The exercises were held in the Academy Hall. The productions were all of a high order of merit, and received deserved applause. The music was furnished by the Germania Band, of Boston. And now, we would say a few words about "Old Philo." The Society is in a flourishing condition, there have been many good meetings during this term, and the members have been benefited and improved by them. No one can estimate the good that this Society does for the school. These meetings will never be forgotten, and the experiences that they bring will be of lasting good. We thank the Society for the support it has extended to the "Mirror," and we wish you all a hearty God speed in your efforts to improve.

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